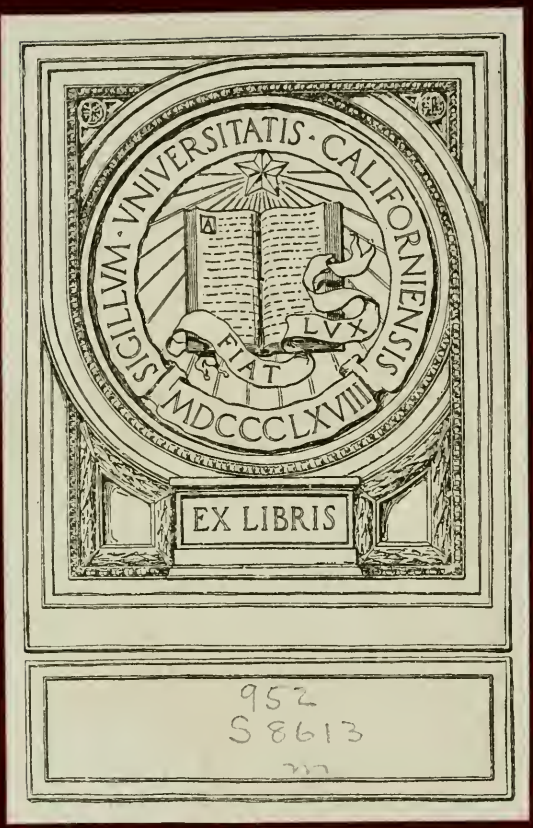
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BARONET.
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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

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MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

BY

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL
BARONET

ALSO

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

Illustrated with Six Engravings

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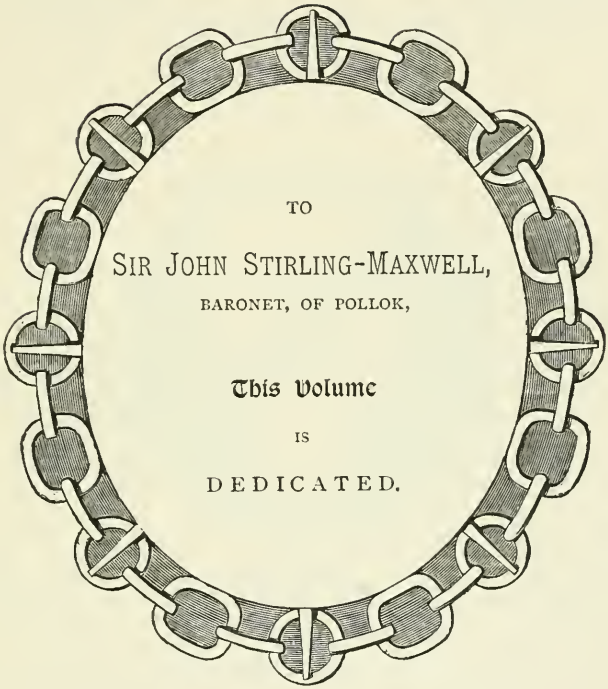

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CONTENTS

I.

THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY OF SCOTLAND.

	PAGE
National Proverbs of Scotland	4
Proverbs in general well explored	4
Author's early collection	4
Bibliographie of M. Duplessis	4
Subsequent collections	5
Complete series of books on proverbs, 2,000 vols.	5
Bibliography	5
A proverb defined	5
Its antiquity	6
Many lost	6
Ephemeral phrases	7
"And no mistake"	7
"The Bill, the whole Bill," &c.	7
"A heavy blow," &c.	7
"Aliens in language," &c.	7
"He might do what he would with his own"	8
"Property has its rights," &c.	8
"Judicious bottle-holding"	8
"The right man in the right place"	8
Present age cannot be fertile in proverbs	9
Modern complexity	9
Field of proverbs occupied	9
James Howell's Proverbs, 1659	9
Many borrowed	9
Best proverbs common to all nations	10
Some native, others exotic	10
Proverbs of "home"	10
Of vain labour	10
"A bird in the hand"	11
Climatic differences of expressing same idea	11
"Carrying owls to Athens"	11
"Coals to Newcastle"	11
Conflicting interests	11
"Ways and means"	11
Oriental despotism	11
Social conditions	12
Natural features	12
National peculiarities	12
Greeks	12
Southerns prolix	12
Northerns terse	12
Italians and Spaniards	12
Orientals prolix	13

	PAGE
Scottish proverbs reflect national characteristics	13
David Ferguson's collection	14
Kelly's	14
Ramsay's	14
Henderson's	14
Gaelic Proverbs	14
Mackintosh's	14
Many of Southern origin	14
Others characteristic	14
"Taking the breeks from a Hielandman"	16
Celtic endurance	16
Proverbs in Scottish vernacular	16
Proverbs born in the country	17
Rarely in the city or the seaport	17
Agricultural figures	17
"Talking of shop"	18
Aggression	18
Struggle with obstacles	18
Scotland's early struggles	18
War of Independence	19
Restoration to prosperity	19
Lowlands	19
Revival of arts and letters	19
The Scot abroad	20
Scottish reformers	20
Jurisprudence	20
Education	20
Famous men	21
The Union	21
Literature	21
Criticism	21
History	21
Fortitude	22
Patience, &c.	22
Independence	23
Courage	23
Prudence	23
Worldly prudence	23
Rectitude	24
Scorn for shams	24
National caution	24
Religious element in Scottish character	25
Few Scottish proverbs on religious forms	26
Continental proverbs against priests	26
France, Italy, and Spain	27
Scotland	28
Sir David Lindsay	28
Dunbar	29
David Ferguson	29
Proverbs made by men	29
Proverbs against women	30
Solomon's	30
Oriental	30
Arab	30
Marriage	31
Chivalrous proverb	32
Proverbs oftener adverse than favourable	32
Reason	32
Extent of subject	33
Many still uncollected	34
Growing reverence for the past	34
Good proverbs precious, and easily picked up	35

II.

A FEW SPANISH PROVERBS ABOUT FRIARS.

Refranes of Nuñez	37	Proverbs relating to priests and friars	38
Enumeration	37	Additions to these	38

III.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM WEST AFRICA.

	PAGE		PAGE
Some proverbs of common origin	41	Some parallel to European	46
The *Adagia* of Erasmus, 1500	42	"First catch your hare"	47
Sixteenth century collectors	42	"Owls to Athens," &c.	47
Refranes of Nuñez	43	Proverbs sneering at women	47
West African proverbs	43	Majority of proverbs worldly	48
Nearly all native	44	Some philosophical	48
Their local colour	44	Heroic sentiment of the Ojis	49
Proverbs on evils of poverty	46	Burton's collection	49

IV.

ADAGIA OF ERASMUS.

First edition very rare	51	Erasmus's preface	53
Title-page	52	Colophon	53

V.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

General sorrow at his death	55	Miscellaneous writings	60
In England	55	*Ferdinand and Isabella*	60
Ancestry distinguished	56	Difficulties from deficient eye-sight	60
Prescott "the Brave"	56	His perseverance	61
Captain Linzee	56	Writing-machine	61
Father Judge Prescott	57	Difficulties in finding a publisher	62
Mother	57	Publication, and great success of the work	62
Prescott's birth	57	In England	63
His education	57	Judgment of *Edinburgh Review*	63
Loss of an eye at college	57	*Quarterly*, by Ford	63
Travels in Europe	58	Germany, France, and Spain	64
Did not see Spain	59	*Conquest of Mexico*	64
Return and marriage	59	*Conquest of Peru*	64
Habits and studies	59		

	PAGE
Both well received	65
Literary recognition of Prescott	65
His income	65
Philip II. begun, but not finished	66
Second visit to England, 1850.	66
His popularity	67
Dinner at Greenwich	68
Dines with Sir R. Peel	69
Mistaken for M. Scribe	70
Tour in Belgium	70
D.C.L., Oxford	70
Scotland	71
Portraits by Phillips and Richmond	71
Returns home	71
Sequel to Robertson's *Charles V.*	71
Notice of Abbott Lawrence	71
Loss by decision of House of Lords on copyright	72
Part of *Philip II.* published	73
Prescott attacked by apoplexy, 1858	74
Rev. Mr. Milburn's recollections of his visit to Prescott	74
Their conversation on England	75
Last illness	76
Sudden death, 28th January 1859	77
Funeral	77
Family	78
His merits as a writer	78
His narrative	79
On manners and literature	80
Always quotes his authorities	80
His essays	81
Testimonies to his personal worth	82
Mr. Bancroft	83
Ticknor	83
Dr. Walker	83

VI.

TICKNOR'S LIFE OF PRESCOTT.

Affluent circumstances	85
Birth	86
Boyhood	86
College days	86
Accidental loss of his eye	86
Scholastic honours	87
Study for the bar, interrupted by illness	87
His patience	87
Recovery	87
Voyage to St. Michael's	88
Leaves for England	88
Paris, &c.	88
Oxford, Cambridge, &c.	89
Returns home	89
Marriage	89
Events of his life	90
Studies English, French, Italian, German, Spanish	90
Choice of a subject	90
Decides on Ferdinand and Isabella	91
Troubled by his eye	91
Arrangement of his study	92
Progress of his work	92
His noctograph	93
Power of mental composition	93
Exercise	93
Publication of *Ferdinand and Isabella*	93
First edition, 1837, quickly exhausted	94
Published in England	94
Favourable criticisms	94
Conquest of Mexico published	95
English editions	95
English opinions	95
Rogers	95
Hallam	95

PAGE

Humboldt 95
Essays, 1845 96
Conquest of Peru 96
Published in England . . . 96
Testimonies of Ticknor and Maria Edgeworth 96
Second visit to Europe, 1850 . . 96
Presentation at court . . . 97
Visits Mr. Rogers 97
Macaulay 97
Lockhart 97
Two vols. of *Philip II.* published, 1855 97
Its success 98
Account of the abdication of Charles V. 98
Third vol. of *Philip II.* . . . 98
Macaulay's criticism . . . 98
Illness, 1858 98
Last illness and death, 1859 . . 99

VII.

RICHARD FORD (1).

Death of Mr. Ford . . . 101
Ancestry 101
Education and study for the bar . 102
Continental travels . . . 102
Tastes 102
Visits Spain, 1830 102
Returns to England . . . 102
Writes for *Quarterly* . . . 103
First separate work, 1837 . . 103
Visits Italy 103
Collects Majolica 104
Handbook for Spain . . . 104
Publication, 1845 105
Success 105
Its merit 105
Second edition, 1847, abridged . 105
Third edition, 1855, restored . . 105
Gatherings from Spain . . . 106
Campaigns of Wellington . . 106
His political views 106
A Tory 106
Life of Velazquez 107
His style 107
His knowledge of art . . . 107
His sketches 108
Connoisseurship 108
His collections 108
Wilson's pictures 109
Ford's library 109
His social characteristics . . 109
Decline of his health . . . 110
Marriages, and family . . . 110

VII.

RICHARD FORD (2).

Birth 111
Ancestry 111
Education 111
Travels in Europe 112
Return 112
Visits Spain, 1830 112
His epitaph 112
Wife's death 112
Second marriage 112
Handbook for Spain . . . 113

PAGE

Its value 113
Its severity 114
Part of first edition cancelled . . 114
Publication 114
Its popularity 114
Gatherings from Spain . . . 114
His descriptions of bygone Spain . 115
Contributes to the *Quarterly* . . 115
Essay on the war in Spain . . 116
His political views 116
His house 117
Death 117

VIII.

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

Name 119
Family of Strange 119
Ancestry and birth of Strange . 120
His brothers 120
He enters the legal profession . 120
Passion for the sea 121
Experimental trip 121
Adverse advice 121
Relinquishes the sea, and returns to law 121
His drawings 122
Apprenticeship to Cooper . . 122
Condition of art in Scotland . . 123
Jameson 123
J. B. Medina 123
Medina knighted 123
De Witt 123
The younger Medinas . . . 123
Aikman 124
Snubert 124
Ramsay 124
Runciman 124
Strange's master, Richard Cooper . 124
Class of work 125
Death of Strange's brother . . 125
Home-sickness 126
Visits Kirkwall, and returns to Edinburgh 126
Leaves Cooper 126
Rebellion 126
His engagement to Isabella Lumisden 126
A strong Jacobite 126
He works for the Jacobites . . 127
Portrait of Prince Charles . . 127
Now very rare 127
Joins a Jacobite regiment . . 128
Engraves Jacobite paper money . 128
Culloden 129
Jacobite plans frustrated . . 129
His account of the battle . . 130
Returns to Edinburgh . . . 131
His escape from capture . . . 131
Marriage 132
Goes to London 132
Returns to Edinburgh . . . 132
His works 133
Portraits, &c. 133
Book plates 133
Miniature portraits of the Stuarts . 133
Goes to Rouen 133
Compatriots at Rouen . . . 134
Hamilton of Bangour's *Litany* . 134
Studies under Descamps . . . 134
Descamps 135
Strange removes to Paris . . 135
Learns dry-point 135
Le Bas 136
The "Death of the Stag" . . 136
Engraves pictures by Vanloo and Wouvermans 137

	PAGE
Returns to London	137
Occupation	137
His engravings popular	138
Praised by Mengs, &c.	138
Removes to Covent Garden	138
Increase of his fame	139
Plans a visit to Italy	139
Obstacles	139
Quarrel with Allan Ramsay	139
Leaves England	142
Paris and Florence	142
Rome	142
The Vatican	143
Naples	143
Foreign recognition	143
Popular in Italian society	143
Interviews with Cardinal of York	143
Returns to England	144
Winters in Paris	144
Elected a member of the French Royal Academy	144
Returns to London	144
Jealousy of English artists and critics	144
Jealousy and *Meekness*	145
Guido's *Magdalene* refused by Society of Artists	145
Head by Guercino accepted	145
Letter to Lord Bute	145
Royal Academy excludes engravers	146
Strange's retaliation	146
His collection of old masters	146
Sells some drawings	147
Exhibition and sale of old masters, 1769–71	147
Paris, 1775–80	147
London, 1780	147
Daughter Mary dies, 1784	147
Death of Princes Octavius and Alfred	148
Apotheosis, by B. West, engraved by Strange	148
Knighted by George III.	148
Press criticisms	149
Prosperity	149
Sons	149
His wife's advice	150
Paris, 1789–91	150
Volume of prints	150
Death, 5th July 1792	150
Personal effects	151
Stock of prints	151
Plates destroyed	151
His zeal for his art	151
His work	152
Subjects	152
Effect on national taste	152
Reputation	153
Appreciation by critics—English and Italian	154
Lady Strange	154
Her character	155
Her business capacity	155
Letter to her brother	155
Her domestic life	157
Her shrewdness	157
Her Jacobitism	158
Strange and Lumisden	160
Andrew Lumisden, under-secretary to the Chevalier St. George	161
He becomes full secretary	162
His duties	162
Mission to France	162
Various duties	163
His life with Charles Edward	163
Is dismissed	164
Goes to Paris	164
Income	164
Return home, and free pardon	164
His works	164
Death in Edinburgh, 1801	165
Exiled Stuarts	165
Mr. Dennistoun	165
His *Dukes of Urbino*	165

PAGE

Sketch of his life 165
Projected History of Dumbartonshire 166
Continental tour 166
Sale of his land 166
Buys property in Renfrewshire . 166
Marriage 167
Travels 167
Winters in Rome . . . 167
Summers in Italy and Germany, &c. 167
Collections 167
Edinburgh 167
Sale of his collection . . . 167
Works 168
Reviews 169
His evidence on the National Gallery 169

IX.

THE DUKES OF URBINO.

Urbino 171
Its importance in Art . . . 171
Its Counts 171
Fortunate in a historian . . . 172
Early history 172
Federigo, second Duke . . . 173
His period 173
Italian soldiership . . . 174
Condottiere 174
Federigo's feats 175
His character 176
His gains 176
Government 176
Beneficence 176
"Busy as the bonnet of Federigo" 177
Palace 177
His book-collecting . . . 177
His libraries and their contents . 178
Plan of his collection . . . 178
Magnificence 179
Sumptuous books 179
Removal of his books to the Vatican 179
Death 180
Guidobaldo I. 180
Early distinction 180
Varying attitude of the Pope . 181
Exiled to Venice 181
Return to power 181
His court 181
Castiglione 182
The Fregosos and Bembo . . 182
Bel Bernardo Dovizzi . . . 182
Duchess Elizabeth and her nieces . 182
Giovanni Sanzi 182
Raffaelle 182
Giovanni della Rovere . . . 182
Duke Francesco Maria . . . 183
Reign 183
His temper 183
Becomes captain-general of Venice 183
Power of Charles V. . . . 184
He meets Emperor at Bologna . 184
Captain-general of the League . 184
Place and fame 184
Duke Guidobaldo II. . . . 185
Palace 186
Marriages, &c. 186
Duke Francesco Maria II. . . 186
Lepanto 186
Great abilities 186
Husband of Lucrezia d'Este . 186
His passion for reading and book-collecting 187

	PAGE
Marriage	187
Birth of a son	187
Desire to retire	187
Resigns ducal chair to his son	188
His son's death	188
His death	188
The Borgias	188
Popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II.	189
Military incidents	189
Extracts	190
St. Francis of Assisi	190
Umbrian art	191
Orvieto	192
Church of St. Francis at Assisi	192
Raffaelle	194
Pottery of Urbino	195
Mr. Ford's collection	196
Literature of Urbino	196
Vittoria Colonna	197
Tasso	197
Bembo	197
Castiglione	197
The *Courtier*	197
Italian euphuism	198
Conclusion	199
Contents and good index	199

X.

DEVISES AND MOTTOES.

Art of "Devise"	201
Its province	201
Reverence for the "Devise"	201
Antiquity of its origin	202
Growth	202
Alciati	202
Impreses	203
Ambrosio Morales	203
William Camden	203
Otto Venius	203
The De Brys	203
Bonasoni	203
General use and popularity	203
Mottoes	204
Decadence of Devises	204
Heraldry	205
Revival	205
Radowitz's collection	205
Survey of subject	206
History	206
Ancient	206
French	207
German	207
Meaning of a "devise"	207
Rules of Paul Jovius	208
Preference for emblems of action	209
Devises on Love and War	210
Martial	210
Amatory	211
Proverbs	212
Bibliography	213
Omissions	213

XI.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SEALS.

Seals—their antiquity	215
Lacedæmonians	215
Greek	215
Egypt and China	215
Biblical references to seals	216
Arabian Nights	216
Private seals	216
Alexander	217

	PAGE
Darius	217
Sylla	217
Pompey	217
Lucullus	217
Mæcenas	217
Macrianus	217
Historical value of seals and coins	217
Use of seals in the North	218
Anomalous adaptations of gems and intaglios	218
Earliest English seal, 1066	219
Introduction of their use, and significance	219
Degrees	219
Royalty	219
Laity	219
Importance increased with growth of heraldry	219
Ecclesiastical seals	220
Laing's collection	221
Scottish seals	221
Mr. Laing and his work	221
Earliest Scottish example	222
Duncan II.	222
Alexander III.	222
Robert I.	222
David II.	223
Mary of Gueldres	223
Value in regard to costume, &c.	223
Glasgow seals	224
Edinburgh	224
Wax seals	225
Few have mottoes	225
Mottoes came later	225
Impreses	225
French and Italian	225
Recent introduction of mottoes and crests into heraldry	226
Crests individual	226
Sir John Hamilton	226
Supporters still more modern	227
Royal supporters of Scotland	228
Maxwells of Polloc	228
Designs of old seals	229
John Napier's seal	229
Old wax seals superior to modern	230
Colour of wax varied and significant	230
Green	230
White	230
Yellow	230
Red	231
Lead	231
Blue	231
Conclusion	231
Omissions	232

XII.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

National holidays	235
"Tauromachia"	236
French illustrations inaccurate	236
Spanish spiritless	237
"Tauromachia" accurate	237
Mr. Ford's letterpress	237
His description of a bull-fight	237
Act I.	237
Madridenian disregard for horses	240
Incident	240
Act II.	241
Saltro tras el cuerno	242
Act III., and last	243
Illustrations	246
Bull-fight the oldest popular amusement	246

PAGE

Ethics of bull-fighting . . . 246
Contrast with British "sport" . 247
Bull-fighting and game-preserving *pros* and *cons* 248
Bull 248
Fox 248
The bull-ring 248
Thessalian bull-fight . . . 249
Bull-fighting borrowed from Moors . 249
First recorded bull-fight, 1107 . 249
Combatants formerly knights . . 249
D. Pedro Niño 249
Pizarro 249

PAGE

Charles V. 249
Don Sebastian 250
The bull-ring in reign of Philip IV. . 250
Salgado's description . . . 250
Bull-fight for Charles I. of England 251
On second marriage of Philip IV. . 251
On marriage of Charles V. . . 251
Sixteenth century bull-fights more bloody and fatal than now . 251–2
Church averse to bull-fights . . 252
Mariana 253
Decline of bull-fighting . . . 254
Famous bull-fighters, and their feats 254

XIII.

RECTORIAL ADDRESS: ST. ANDREWS.

Acknowledgment of honour . . 257
Its value 258
Appeal to the young . . . 258
Fortunes of country in their hands . 258
Scotland's future 259
Invocation to cultivation . . 259
Purpose of universities . . . 259
Importance of improving opportunities 260
Learn the art of learning . . 261
Methods various 261
Powers need exercise . . . 261
Moral discipline 262
Duty of obedience to golden rule . 262
Error of indulging in private reading 263
Work and play 263
Walpole's recreation . . . 263
More reading and less thinking now-a-days 264
Desultory reading 264
Pleasure of books 264
Extent of printed matter . . 265
Special subjects 265
Works on Tuscany 265
Proverbs 265
Heraldry 266
British Museum 266
English publications . . . 266
Reading with a special purpose . 266
Choice of a profession . . . 267
Competitive examinations . . 267
Learned professions . . . 267
Knowledge always useful to the lawyer and physician . . 268
Church 269
Reasons for caution . . . 269
Changes of opinion 269
Changes in the university . . 269
Changes in thought, in literature, theology, and churches . . 270
Advice to theological students . 272
Office of Rector 273
Creation 273
Objections 273
Support 274
University representation in Parliament 274
Conclusion 276

XIV.

ON SOME VARIETIES OF HISTORICAL STYLE.

	PAGE
A book reflects its author	277
Style	277
Hallam	278
Macaulay	278
Subject	278
Historians of their own times	278
Spanish, Scotch, Venetian, French	279
Bernal Diaz	279
His *History*	280
Its object	281
Goes to the New World	281
Cuba	281
Mexico	281
Conquest of Tlascalla	281
City of Mexico	282
Montezuma seized	282
Narvaez' mission to bring back Cortes	283
Narvaez captured by Cortes	283
The Woeful Night	283
Forces of Cortes	283
Style of narrative unpretentious	284
His knowledge and reading	285
Style simple	286
Character of Cortes	292
John Knox	298
His *History*	298
Its purpose	299
Laing's edition of his *History*	304
Questions of the Reformation	305
His sincerity	306
His impatience of others	307
His *History* hastily written	308
Reflects passions of the day	309
Rizzio's death	309
Siege of Leith	309
George Wishart's Life	310
Wishart's power of prophecy	311
Knox's portraits of his contemporaries true	313
Minute in personal details	313
Conversations with Queen Mary	314
First interview	315
His sense of the ludicrous	316
Battle of the Crosses, at Glasgow	317
Act of Parliament of 1543	317
Analogy to Sydney Smith	317
His sneers at hypocrisy	318
His promise to preach at St. Andrews, in spite of the Archbishop's threat	318
His jests	319
His plain language	320
Value of his *History*	320
Paolo Paruta	320
Born 1540	321
His offices	321
His Venetian *History*	321
Sultan Selim II.	322
Covets Cyprus	322
Nicosia taken	322
Venetian fleet helpless	322
The League formed	322
Fall of Famagosta	323
Battle of Lepanto not followed up	323
Separation of the Christian fleet	323
Late re-assembling	323
Inglorious result	324
Death of Pope Pius V.	324
Weakness of Gregory XIII.	324
Peace concluded	324
Venice retires from the League	324
Paruta's narrative and style	324
Its tone and temper worthy of a statesman	325
Position of Venice peculiar	325

PAGE

Venice neither Turk nor Christian 326
Her tendency to intellectual freedom 326
Jealousy and distrust of Venice . 326
Her power on the wane . . 326
Withdrawal of Venice a breach of the League 327
Treaty had been broken by King of Spain 327
Earlier League 327
Doubts as to Emperor's good faith 327
Displeasure of Gregory XIII. and Philip II. 328
Venetian views of Spain and the Pope 328
Reports of Venier and Foscarini . 329
Venier's conduct at Lepanto . 329
Indignation of Don John of Austria 329
Venier's recall 329
Foscarini's appointment . . 329

PAGE

Paruta's impartial spirit . . 330
Style of his work 330
Jacques Auguste de Thou . . 330
His History of European affairs . 331
Its vast plan 331
Its scope 331
Its great epoch 332
His preference of Latin . . 332
Affairs of France and the Netherlands 332
The Moriscos 333
Plantin Press 333
Saxon campaign 333
St. Bartholomew 333
His moderation and impartiality contrary to tendency of the age 333
Omens of St. Bartholomew, variously interpreted . . . 334
Results of his impartiality . . 334
Offence to both parties . . 334
His historical rule . . . 335

XV.

THE FALL OF TWO EMPIRES—1814 AND 1870.

Choice of subject 337
Events on Continent . . . 337
Fall of two French Empires . . 337
French revolutionary governments . 338
First Empire 338
Lieutenant Bonaparte . . . 338
Battle of the Sections . . . 338
Commands in Italy and Egypt . 339
His return 339
Coup-d'état 339
First Consul 339
Emperor, 1804 339
His triumphs and checks . . 339
His power in Europe . . . 340
His rule in France 340
His theory of domestic government 341

Dark spots 341
Britain and Portugal . . . 341
Culmination of his star, 1811 . . 342
Defeat of Austria 342
His marriage 342
His power 342
Downfall of First Empire . . 343
Government by circumstances . 343
Dictates to Russia 343
The Czar resents 344
War 344
Invasion of Russia 344
Burning of Moscow . . . 344
French retreat 344
Route to Russia 344
"Pit of kings" 344

	PAGE
Defection of Sweden, Prussia, &c.	345
Lutzen and Bautzen	345
Armistice	345
Attitude of Austria	345
Terms offered to Bonaparte	345
Alternatives	346
Declines peace	346
Insults the three powers by his proposals	346
Alliance of Russia, Prussia, and Austria	347
Armistice ends	347
Forces of the allies	347
Napoleon's forces	347
Comparison	347
Siege of Dresden	347
French victory	348
Subsequent reverses	348
Napoleon retreats	348
Reaches Leipzic	348
Battle of Leipzic	349
French retreat	349
Erfurt	349
Appeal for "money and men"	349
Desertion of Bavarians	349
Defeat of Bavarian-Austrian army	350
French reach the Rhine	350
Fall of Westphalia and Cassel	350
French discomfiture	350
French miscalculation	350
Bad news of Holland, Denmark, Italy, Spain, Flanders	351
France exhausted	351
Napoleon's return to Paris	351
Renewed proposals for peace	352
Answer delayed	352
Allies resolve to march on Paris	352
Measures for resistance	353
Napoleon joins army, 1814	353
Collision at Brienne	353
French victory	353
Reverse by Blucher	353
Victories at Champaubert, Montmirail, Chateau Thierry, Vauchamp	353
Defeats Austrians and Russians	354
Congress at Mannheim	354
New offers of peace	354
Armistice of Troyes	354
Offers neglected	354
Battles of Craonne and Laon	354
Retires on Soissons	354
Advance of allies	355
Napoleon turns	355
News of fall of Paris	355
His plans	355
Abdication, &c.	355
Subsequent events	356
Napoleon's behaviour	356
Elba	356
Empire of the Hundred Days	356
Waterloo	357
Second Empire	357
Louis Napoleon's early career	357
Imprisonment at Ham	357
Fame of name of Napoleon	358
Revolution of 1847	358
Louis Napoleon President	358
Loyalty of National Assembly	358
Coup-d'état, 2nd December 1852	359
Excuses for it	359
Value of plébiscite	359
M. Thiers	360
Second plébiscite	360
Napoleon Emperor	360
Character of the *coup-d'état*	361
British approval	361
Subsequent military despotism	361
Comparison of the two Empires	361
Influence of Napoleon III. on Europe	362
Quarrel with Turkey	362
Italian war, 1859	362
Magenta and Solferino	362

PAGE

Its objects 362
His perfidy as to Savoy and Nice . 363
Commercial treaty with England . 363
Military and diplomatic failures . 363
Mexico, 1860 363
Intervention of France, England, and Spain 364
Conferences prove abortive . . 364
French breach of terms . . . 364
Spain and England adhere . . 365
Results 365
End of Mexican affair . . . 365
Prusso-Austrian War, 1866 . . 365
France's claims refused by Count Bismarck 365
Secret treaty with Holland . . 366
Internal administration of Napoleon III. 366
Paris 366
Debt 366
Railways, &c. 366
Commercial schemes . . . 366
Public scandals 367
Government 368
Liberal tendencies 368
Plébiscite 368
Friendship of Emperor to England . 369
State of account between him and England 369
Russian war 369
Trade with France 369
Indian mutiny 370
Italian revolution 370
Large British armaments . . 370
Naval 370
Fortifications 370
Volunteers 370
Secret treaty as to Belgium . . 370
The balance 371
His words and his official expressions 371
Second Empire one of the first Great Powers 371

PAGE

French chances in the Italian war . 371
Comparisons—Austria and France; Napoleon and Francis Joseph . 371
Napoleon's sense of insecurity . 371
Did not lead to preparation . . 372
Prevailing weakness . . . 372
Quarrel with Prussia as to the Hohenzollerns and the crown of Spain 372
Secret treaty 372
French duplicity 373
State of France before war . . 373
Army 373
Emperor's command . . . 373
The Campaign of 1870 . . . 374
Emperor's plans found impracticable 374
His ignorance of enemy's movements 375
Napoleon's personal doings . . 375
The Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire" 376
Germans cross the Rhine . . 376
Weissenburg 376
Worth 376
French retreat on Metz . . . 376
Emperor at Chalons . . . 377
Rheims 377
Resigns command to Bazaine . . 377
Sedan 377
Surrender of Sedan by Napoleon . 377
Effect of news at Paris . . . 378
Escape of Empress 378
Exit Napoleon III. 378
Contrast between two Napoleons . 378
The uncle 378
The nephew 379
His remark as to officers' baggage . 380
His own 380
Nelson's remark on General Mack . 381
Napoleon's implicit faith . . 381
His incompetence 381

XVI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

	PAGE
Reasons for honouring memory of Scott	383
Extent of his services to his country	383
Amount of his work	384
As translator	384
As original writer	384
As poet	384
As prose writer	384
Miscellaneous writings	384
Professional and mercantile occupation	384
Scott as a poet	385
Ballad collectors and writers	385
Prevailing tastes	385
Border Minstrelsy	386
Lay of the Last Minstrel	386
Scott's supremacy in metrical romance	386
Historical romances	387
Moore's references to him	387
His lyrics	387
Their world-wide fame	388
As a writer of prose fiction	389
Waverley Novels	389
The author's first acquaintance with them	389
Effect of *Waverley*	390
Kenilworth, Nigel, Durward	390
Scott's characters	390
Their reality	391
His history	391
The Covenanters	391
His Scotch characters emphatically Scotch	392
His work has intensified Scotch nationality as well as British	393
His effect on material prosperity of Scotland	393
His ease of composition	394
His two sermons	395
Observations of Hazlitt and Captain Basil Hall	395
His haste in writing	396
His genius exceptional	396
His influence on literature	397
His verse	397
His disciples	397
Byron	397
Macaulay	397
Aytoun	397
Father of historical romance	397
Stimulation to historical research	398
His style copied by historians	398
Hallam	398
Macaulay	398
Carlyle	399
His own character and life	399
Lockhart's *Life of Scott*	399
Contemporary appreciation	399
Appreciation abroad	400
His friends	400
His high appreciation of others	401
His reminiscence of Burns	401
His kindness	401
His desire for posterity	401
His shrewd, practical side	402
His feudal ideas	402
His politics	403
His weakness	404
Reluctance to face disagreeable facts	404
His energy against difficulties	404
His financial struggles	405
His sacrifices	405
Events of the century	405

XVII.

RECTORIAL ADDRESS: EDINBURGH.

	PAGE
Thanks	407
Predecessors in office	407
Opponent	407
Performance of duties	408
Interest in audience	408
Value of time	409
The past	409
The future	409
Collective influence on society	409
Exhortation to diligence and use of faculties	410
Order of education disputed	410
Ancient languages	411
Their value in grasping English	412
Labour required	412
Disadvantages of ignorance of ancient life	412
Two objections to classical teaching —its inefficiency; time occupied	413
Once real; now removed	413
Guarantees of efficiency	413
Classical learning worth time	414
Studies hard at first most fruitful	414
But conquest brings strength	415
Investigation of truth	415
Side studies	415
Extent of knowledge	415
Bodleian library	416
Historical writers	416
Native historians recent	416
Hume	416
Advance during century	417
Modern British historians	417
Dr. Arnold's advice	417
Select a special period	417
Read the contemporary writers	418
By-ways of history	418
Montaigne's *Essays*	418
His *Journey*	418
De Thou	419
Value of the judicial faculty	420
Grote	421
Dean Stanley's sermon on Grote	421
Sober-mindedness	422
Cool judgment	423
Abolitionist politicians	423
Study national and foreign history	424
Party	424
Change of opinion	424
Mr. Freeman's change of party	424
Southey's	425
Religious questions	425
Suggestions	426
Problems, past and present	426
Free inquiry	426
Its attractions	426
Its hopes	426
Conflicting principles	426
Rash speculations	427
Teaching with knowledge	427
Rule of Descartes	427
University education of women	428
Women's influence on men	428
Favourable to their education	428
Women entitled to education	429
Medical education of women	429
Some opinions favourable	429
Appeal from female students	429
Arguments against	430
Answer	430
Few female medical students	431
Women should get a degree	432
Means difficult	432
Their claims and arguments	432

PAGE

Strong case 433
Matriculation and its conditions . 433
Custom against 433
Demands of female students . . 434
Difficulties 434
Prize 435

XVIII.

CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS: GLASGOW.

Distinguished predecessors . . 437
Duke of Montrose 437
Constituency 438
Office formerly filled by bishops . 438
Marquess of Hamilton first layman, and first elected by the Senatus 438
Election now by General Council . 439
Changes in University and the world 439
France, Italy, America, Germany . 439
Glasgow 439
Modern progress 440
University losses 440
Senatus: its past and present . . 440
Religious tests abolished . . . 440
University growth and government 441
Parliamentary franchise conferred . 441
Change of position 441
The old College and its recent fate . 442
The Alcalá, its rise and splendour . 442
Now desolate and deserted, while Glasgow flourishes . . . 442
Present buildings incomplete . . 443
Thought by some too ambitious . 443
But provided for future . . . 444
Worthy of stately architecture . 444
A University should be artistic . 444
Athenian 445
European 445
English 445
Cambridge 445
Eton 445
Ancient liberality compared with present 445-6
Hunterian collection . . . 446
Proposal to sell it . . . 447
Glasgow cannot permit it . . 447
Advantages of poverty . . . 448
New governing body successful . 449
Hopes of government aid slender . 449
Secondary education . . . 450
Effects of Education Act of 1872 . 450
Monotony 450
Depressing 451
Remedies 451
University education of teachers discouraged, but desirable . . 452
Higher class schools required . . 452
Bursaries 452
Revision of Code 452
University entrance examinations . 453
Cost of improvement must be provided voluntarily . . . 453
Endowed Schools Commission . . 454
Existing endowments . . . 454
Glasgow endowments . . . 454
Suggestions for Scotch Commission . 455
Public bequests public property . 455
Ought to be managed on modern principles 456
Other matters managed by State . 456
Objections 457
Conclusion 458

BIBLIOGRAPHY 461
INDEX 485

PREFACE

BESIDES his historical works, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell made many smaller, but equally interesting contributions to literature; and, as most of these are generally inaccessible, it has been deemed desirable that the more important of them, as well as his scholastic addresses, should be brought together.

A bibliography of his literary and artistic productions is given by the Editor.

Thanks are tendered to the Earl of Carlisle for kindly permitting Richmond's portrait of Prescott to be engraved for this volume.

ROBERT GUY.

The Wern,
Pollokshaws, *May* 1891.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

IT has not been thought advisable to include a memoir of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell in this edition of his writings, but the following facts are given as throwing some light on the circumstances under which the books were written.

William Stirling was born at Kenmure, in Lanarkshire, on March 8, 1818. He was the only son of Archibald Stirling of Keir and Elizabeth Maxwell, daughter of Sir John Maxwell of Nether Pollok.

He was educated in the private school of Mr. Langley, Vicar of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1839.

After leaving Cambridge Mr. Stirling spent some time abroad, visiting the Levant and various parts of Europe.

He returned from Syria in 1842, and four years later he printed privately some of his *Songs of the Holy Land*, of which a larger collection was published in 1848.

He succeeded to his father's estates in 1847. In the following year he published the *Annals of the Artists of Spain*—the result of long study and of several Spanish journeys.

The part of the *Annals* which deals with the life of Velazquez was afterwards re-written, and published separately in 1855 under the title of *Velazquez and his Works.*

In 1852 Mr. Stirling published the *Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*

In 1857 he was already at work at *Don John of Austria.* This book, although it was not published until 1883, five years after the Author's death, was left by him quite ready for the press, the proof-sheets corrected, the illustrations chosen and arranged.

In 1853 Mr. Stirling was returned to Parliament as Member for Perthshire; he continued to represent the county until the general election of 1868, when he was defeated.

In 1866 he succeeded to the name, baronetcy, and estates of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell of Nether Pollok.

Between 1868 and 1874 Sir William Stirling-Maxwell devoted much of his increased leisure to the preparation of several volumes of facsimiles of engravings and woodcuts of the sixteenth century.

In 1874 he was elected again to Parliament, and remained the member for Perthshire until his death.

Sir William spared no pains to be accurate in his

writings. There are at Keir numerous cases filled with notes in his handwriting, proofs and corrections, books bearing on the subjects, and copies made by himself, or by his orders, of documents in the archives of Rome, Venice, the Hague, and Madrid.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V. and *Velazquez and his Works* were translated into French, German, and Spanish during the author's life; and he watched with delight the evidence of public appreciation of his books shown by the increasing prices paid for them at sales.

Much of his work was done in the British Museum, where his private writing-desk was constantly kept for him in the Inner Library. To the paper, type, printing, ornaments, and binding of his books, Sir William gave the minutest attention, and every detail was arranged by himself. All of his books, and especially *Don John of Austria*, were written slowly, in the intervals of a great number of other duties and occupations.

As a Member of Parliament, and a Trustee of the British Museum and National Gallery, and in other public capacities, Sir William devoted a great deal of time to public business, and had to attend to a very large correspondence.

When he was at Keir, he spent much of his leisure time in his library, arranging his books of Proverbs, Emblems, and the Arts of Design. His large collection of engravings was kept in the most perfect order. He

had books filled with a collection of ornamental alphabets and initial letters. It was his habit to spend spare moments in the designing of cyphers and devices, of which many examples appear as ornaments in his books, while others were collected into books on their own account.

Sir William took a great interest in the various photographic processes invented in his lifetime which were applicable to the reproduction of engravings, and of every sort of typographical ornament. A great number of experiments were carried out for him, and some of the results appear in his privately printed volumes of facsimiles, and in the great variety of his book-plates.

For his home at Keir Sir William had the greatest affection, and he loved to have it full of his friends. He took great delight in the improvement of the house and gardens, the planting of cypresses and pine-trees, and the breeding of Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses.

Sir William married, in 1865, Lady Anna Leslie Melville, second daughter of David, Earl of Leven and Melville, by whom he had two sons.

Lady Anna died in 1874, and Sir William married secondly, in 1877, the Honourable Mrs. Norton, who died in the same year.

A few months before his death Sir William was made a Knight of the Thistle. He died of a fever at Venice on the 15th of January 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS
ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

I.

THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY OF SCOTLAND.[1]

I.

IN offering some remarks to the Stirling School of Arts at the opening of its session, I believe I am amply justified by facts in first congratulating the Society on the success of its past and on the prospects of its future. By means of the Society the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood have had an opportunity of hearing several men of approved ability and reputation lecture on subjects of the highest scientific and literary interest;

[1] An address to the School of Arts, at Stirling, on the opening of the session 1855-56.

1. of reading many valuable books, and so of deepening the foundations or extending the sphere of their acquirements, or, at the least, of giving their minds, weary with daily business, a healthful change of moral and intellectual air. By these lectures, by this library, and by the prizes awarded by the Society, the young have been stimulated to the acquisition of useful and agreeable knowledge, to the cultivation of their judgment and taste, and to the formation of those habits of mental industry and activity so essential to a successful career. To state what has been done seems to me a sufficient cause for not troubling you with reasons why it has been done, and why it ought to be done again, and, if possible, done still better. If you invited a scientific lecturer here to give you a popular account of our textile manufactures, I believe you would be rather surprised, perhaps rather wearied, if he spent half-an-hour in insisting—in November and a northern latitude—on the comfort of wearing clothes. If M. Soyer were to lecture on cookery, I cannot suppose that he would think it advisable to dilate much on the pleasures and advantages of eating in the abstract. So, having been honoured, as a man of letters, by an invitation to address you, I think I should waste my time as well as yours if I spent any considerable portion of it in expatiating on the use and importance of literature. Not that I should not have

I.

abundant precedents for so doing. I have heard or read many speeches, addressed by various eminent persons to meetings of this kind, which were nothing else but beautiful panegyrics upon knowledge and the cultivation of the mind—stirring appeals to victualling and clothing associations against fasting and going naked. To speak or write thus would have been highly proper in the days of the patriarchs, when men after their labour sat down to eat and drink, and rose up merely to play; or even in the days of Cicero and Atticus, when for one man who read or wrote, half a million went to see the Gaul and Dacian cut each other's throats in the amphitheatre. But why insist on a thing about which our meeting here to-night is a proof that we are all agreed? The existence of your Society—one amongst a thousand societies with similar objects; your library—one amongst ten thousand local libraries; the audience I have the honour to address; the book-club; the penny newspaper; the long shelves of excellent books, sold at our railways at prices for which, fifty years ago, primers could not have been obtained; the letters of private soldiers now fighting our battles in the Crimea, letters which many brave and honest Peninsular generals were just as incapable of writing as of writing "Hamlet" —all these things prove that the love of intellectual culture has become universal, that literary skill is

I.

every day diffusing itself over our people, and that the importance of literature to the life of a nation is a position that needs no longer to be maintained by argument or enforced by the resources of eloquence.

Holding this opinion, I thought I should best serve the ends of those who have invited me here if I chose some topic less vague than the objects and advantages of your Society. I propose, therefore, to address you upon the National Proverbs of Scotland, and upon their value as illustrations of our national history and character.

National Proverbs of Scotland.

Proverbs in general

And first of all, a few words on the study of proverbs in general. Like most other by-ways of knowledge, it has been much more trodden than those who turn aside into it are usually prepared to expect. Indeed, the first feeling awakened in the mind of the wayfarer is wonder at the extent of the traffic and the amount of pick-and-shovel work which has been done upon the road by unknown or forgotten hands.

well explored.

Author's early collection.

Some eight or nine years ago I began to collect books on proverbs, and was surprised to find how soon my collection numbered fifty or sixty volumes. At this stage of my career, however, the admirable *Bibliographie* of proverbs by M. Duplessis appeared, and my surprise at my own success was changed into dismay at the unexpected extent of the field upon which I had entered. From this accurate and laborious compilation I learned that there existed

Bibliographie of M. Duplessis.

on the subject of proverbs no less than 893 separate works, and that, as many of these had passed through several editions, and had been greatly altered and enlarged in the process, it would often be necessary to procure more than one edition in order to possess the work in a complete form. Since Duplessis wrote, many important collections of proverbs have appeared in various languages; I have met with a considerable number of old collections which had escaped his notice; and I believe I am within the mark when I say that a complete series of books relating to proverbs would probably number 2,000 volumes. What has been done and is doing in this somewhat obscure corner of the field of letters is but a specimen of the activity which pervades it all. Bibliography, or the science which registers, describes, and classifies books,—the natural history of books,—would of itself fill a large library. Truly the royal proverbialist had reason to exclaim, that "of making of many books there was no end."

Subsequent collections.

Complete series of books on proverbs, 2,000 vols.

Bibliography.

A proverb has been defined, by an eminent living statesman,[1] with much felicity and general applause, as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." Like many other definitions, it is not of universal application, for there are some proverbs which are not wise, and many more which are not witty. The

A proverb defined.

[1] [Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell.]

I.

Dutch proverb, "Self's the man," the German one, "Once is never," appear to me to be neither wise nor witty. That eminently base saying, "One must howl with the wolves," has some cunning, but certainly no wit. It may be conceded, however, that every proverb must have seemed wise at some time, or it could not have obtained that currency which is a proverb's most essential condition. The definition of a proverb would be more accurate, though less terse and epigrammatic, if it ran thus, "The thought of many spoken by one, and echoed by all."

Its antiquity.

The great charm of a proverb lies in its antiquity; its coming to us stamped with the authority of ages and the approval of distant generations. From the beginning of time men must have been seeing and doing and suffering things, out of which arose these small crystallisations of thought and experience. Those which have passed from age to age, from people to people, from land to land, and from language to language, or which have been born at once under various skies, and in various races and tongues, are but the hoary survivors of buried and

Many lost.

forgotten multitudes. Many an adage must have been brought forth, and must have died with the circumstances and people which gave it life and circulation, long before Solomon sat down in his golden house to chronicle the wisdom of the mart and the wayside. Even amongst ourselves, in an

age and country by no means favourable to these flowers of the common, we see something of the same process going on. A neatly expressed thought, a felicitous, a forcible, a ludicrous, or unfortunate phrase catches the public ear, and is straightway in the public mouth. For a week or two, a month or two, or even a year or two, you find it recurring in speeches and articles, in private conversation, in the railway, or on the street, and then it dies and is forgotten. Young people grow up, and if you use it in their presence they ask you what it means; and in due time antiquaries or biographers will exhume it, and probably place an incorrect version of it in an entirely wrong mouth. With us, these phrases generally come from the region of politics. There was, for example, the Duke of Wellington's characteristic "and no mistake," words taken from his letter to Mr. Huskisson, when that statesman conceived that there had been a mistake in the acceptance of his resignation by the Duke. There was "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," of the Reform times. There was the famous admission of one statesman, that his reform of the Irish Church was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to that institution. There was the unguarded remark of another, that the Irish were "aliens in language, aliens in blood, and aliens in religion"—words upon which many of you will

Ephemeral phrases.

"And no mistake."

"The Bill, the whole Bill," &c.

"A heavy blow," &c.

"Aliens in language," &c.

I.

remember to have read comments in certain letters bearing the address of the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

"He might do what he would with his own."

A noble duke, in some fierce election contest, declared that "he might do what he would with his own," and the phrase became the most remarkable event of a long and somewhat noisy political career. Long afterwards, another statesman put forth a counter-declaration, that if "property had its rights, it also had its duties," a phrase which bids fair to become, and deserves to become, a political proverb. More recently, the present Prime Minister,[1] being then Foreign Secretary, informed a deputation of foreign exiles that his policy was a system of "judicious bottle-holding," an unlucky and ignoble metaphor for which *Punch* is still grateful to his lordship. The popular phrase of the day is now "the right man in the right place"—one containing as much confusion of idea as ever lurked beneath a smart and epigrammatic sound. Thus each year yields its crop of sayings to the thrashing-floor where time and common-sense winnow and sift it, garnering the grain and blowing away infinite clouds of chaff. It is not until it has stood repeated winnowings that a saying, however full of meaning and truth, may be said to have ripened into a proverb.

"Property has its rights," &c.

"Judicious bottle-holding."

"The right man in the right place."

[1] [Viscount Palmerston.]

I.

Present age cannot be fertile in proverbs.

An age of books and railways, schools of art, and popular education, cannot be fertile of proverbs. These "ancient free Franklins and denizens of England," as they have been called, belong less to the England of steam and telegraph than to the England where Gurth, in his brass collar, kept the swine of Cedric beneath the oaks. Thought takes a wider range and a more rapid flight; ideas are more abundant, more complex, and more changing; impressions are more frequent, but less strong; and a happy saying, though it may be chronicled as a good thing, seldom is allowed time to crystallise into a proverb. The subdivisions of feeling, interest and habit have become as minute and as countless as those of labour; and sentiments so expressed as to come home to them all are naturally of rare occurrence. Besides, the fields in which proverbs expatiate, the conduct of life, the virtues, vices and follies of man, have long ago been so thoroughly laboured by popular philosophy that every inch of ground in them seems to be already occupied by a time-honoured adage. James Howell published, in 1659, a book which he called *Divers Centuries of New Sayings, which may serve for Proverbs for Posterity.* Of these many were old, borrowed by Howell, with his usual freedom in literary conveyance; and of those which perhaps were the fruit of his own brain, although they are not deficient in point and

Modern complexity.

Field of proverbs occupied.

James Howell's *Proverbs*, 1659.

Many borrowed.

I.

smartness, posterity has not promoted any one to the rank of a proverb.

Best proverbs common to all nations.

Some native.

Others exotic.

Many of the best and oldest proverbs are common to all nations. They deal with thoughts and feelings which are common to all mankind. Some, like the oak, are native to many soils; others, like our pine and larch, though of foreign extraction, cannot be distinguished from the natives. The thought common to many countries is often embodied in images peculiar to each. It is pleasant to trace the familiar phrase of to-day back to remote antiquity, or to detect in it the disguise of a foreign costume.

Proverbs of "home."

"Home is home, be it never so homely," is a proverb dear to us all. It was used lately by a traveller with a whimsical alteration to suit his individual case, which seemed to be that of a lover of the country "in populous city pent." "Home is home," said he, as he prepared to leave the train, "though it be Preston." He perhaps did not know that the ancient Greeks used to say, "One's own house is the best of houses;" that the Spaniards say, "My own house, though small, is the best house of all;" and that it was a classical jest in Greece to apply the proverb to the tortoise, who carries his home on his back.

Of vain labour.

Of vain labour or short-lived union we often express our sense by using the figure of "a rope of sand," often without being aware that the venerable image is

I.

Greek, and was in use among the Athenians who fought at Salamis. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," says the sententious Englishman. "A thousand cranes in the air," says the Arab, "are not worth one in the fist." "An egg to-day," says the Spaniard, "rather than a fowl to-morrow." The physical varieties of climate and natural products are often finely marked by common phrases and popular figures. Here, if we are drenched with rain, we say we are "wet to the skin;" farther south, in France, people are "wet to the bone;" while the more copious tears of a southern sky are said by the Spaniard to penetrate "to his marrow." The ancient Greek used to speak of "carrying owls to Athens;" the Hebrew of "bringing oil to the City of Olives;" the Persian of "taking peppers to Hindostan"—each meaning what we mean when we talk of "sending coals to Newcastle." "Two of a trade never agree," say we; "The potter is the enemy of the potter," said the Greeks of the time of Hesiod. "Cut your coat according to your cloth," says the prudent Englishman; and the Arab is of the same opinion, but considering it a breach of good manners to expose his feet in sitting, he expresses it thus, "Stretch your legs according to the length of your cloak." How mournfully the state of society and public feeling under the old Oriental despotisms is depicted in this Bengali adage, "He who gives blows

"A bird in the hand."

Climatic differences of expressing same idea.

"Carrying owls to Athens."

"Coals to Newcastle."

Conflicting interests.

"Ways and means."

Oriental despotism.

I.

Social conditions.

Natural features.

National peculiarities.

Greeks.

Southerns prolix.
Northerns terse.

Italians.

Spaniards.

is a master; he who gives none is a dog"! The social condition of Egypt may be read in the proverbs of Cairo as completely as in the best book of travels. "The riches of Egypt are for the foreigners therein," and "The miller steals by handfuls, but the landlord by mule-loads." And in others how beautifully rise before us its rich landscape fringed with desert, its palm-groves, and picturesque life! "He is a bad rider, yet he gallops among the date-trees;" "The camel has reached the sycamore;" "A well is not to be filled with dew."

Nations, like men, may be judged not unfairly by the sentiments which are most frequently on their lips, and by their manner of delivering these sentiments. With the exception of the quick-witted Greek, who delighted and still delights in terseness and closely packed meaning, the Southern people use much longer proverbs than we of the North do. We love pith and point, and seldom use a word that can be done without, except perhaps when tempted by some happy jingle of rhyme. The Italians and Spaniards, people especially rich in proverbs of all kinds, have many excellent short ones, but brevity is by no means considered by them as the soul of wit. The Italians have many sayings of this magnitude, "When a man is an anvil, he must suffer; when he is a hammer, he must strike." The Spaniard indulges in such as this, "Said the mother toad to her

toadlings, 'Come hither, my little angels, for verily ye are coloured blossoms.'" I remember but one of our own that resembles this in length or style—"'Many masters,' quo' the puddock, when ilka time o' the harrow took him a-tide." The Orientals are still more tolerant of proverbial prolixity; that "time is money" is a fact not yet acknowledged by the people of the north and the east of the Mediterranean; closing a bargain implies pipes, coffee, and much desultory conversation; and the adage naturally luxuriates into apologue. A gluttonous guest's conduct at table is thus graphically described by the Arab "who dips with him in the dish:" "His hand descends upon the meat like the foot of crow, and it comes up like the broad hoof of a camel." Here is something akin to our "Jack of all trades, and master of none," presented in the flowing robes of Eastern imagery. "If you say to the camel-bird (one of the Arabic names for the ostrich), 'Carry,' he will answer, 'Nay, I cannot, because I am a bird;' if you say to him, 'Fly,' he will reply, 'Nay, I cannot, because I am a camel.'"

Orientals prolix.

The language, the sentiments, and images of our Scottish proverbs are admirable exponents of our national character. In those which remain to us, the aspect of our country, the habits and pursuits of our people, and somewhat even of the current of our history will be found faithfully reflected. I say in

Scottish proverbs reflect national characteristics.

I.

those which remain to us, because our proverbs have not been collected with that patience and skill which have been bestowed upon our popular poetry. The first printed collection of them is that of David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline, a tract of twenty-two leaves, printed at Edinburgh in 1641, and again in 1675, 1706, and 1785. In 1721 the collection of Kelly appeared, and in 1737 that of Allan Ramsay, both of which have been reprinted. The latest and the largest collection is that formed by Andrew Henderson, published in 1832, with an introduction by the poet Motherwell.

David Ferguson's collection.

Kelly's. Ramsay's.

Henderson's.

Besides these, a book of Gaelic proverbs, with a translation, was published, in 1785, by Donald Macintosh, a native of Athole, and was reprinted in 1819. Of this work, not being a Gaelic scholar, I can judge only by the translation. But by far the greatest part of its contents appears to me to be of Southern origin. Such proverbs as these, "Better a living dog than a dead lion," "The mouse knows when the cat is not at home," "The one-eyed man is king among the blind," can hardly be supposed to have been born beyond the Grampians. Others, however, have a pleasant flavour of peat-reek and of the days of caterans and cattle-lifting—"Long is the arm of the needy" and "The entrails of the hornless animal on the head of the horned" are adages that well suit the character and habits of those who were the terror

Gaelic proverbs. Macintosh's.

Many of Southern origin.

Others characteristic.

I.

of the homesteads round the rock of Stirling. "Weak is the shoulder of the brotherless when men gather to the fray" forcibly describes the mingled feelings of affection and mutual helpfulness which formed the bonds of clanship. The take-care-of-number-one principle, laid down so tersely by Louis XV. in his "After me, the deluge," was almost as well expressed by the Celt, in an image which must have come home to many dwellers on the Teith or Forth, "Break the bridge when I am over." Here also are a couple of precepts illustrating in a highly picturesque and poetical manner the doctrine of the Highlander as regards trespass and poaching, and the various aspects of his mountain torrents:—

"A salmon from the stream, a wand from the wood, and a deer from the hill are three thefts that no man need be ashamed of."

"The dun water at the leaf's fall, the black water at the root's springing, and the grey water in May are the three worst floods that flow."

There is another of the same lengthy and Oriental caste to which I would especially call the attention of any Gaelic scholar who may happen to be present. He will find it in Macintosh's volume, Letter I. No. 193, page 124. It cannot fail to strike with extreme surprise those who share or who have observed the modern admiration for the kilt—surprise increased by the commentator's note informing us that the proverb

I.

is supposed to be used by a chieftain: "As it is the trews' liking to be among raiment, so it is my liking to be among my men." From this it would appear that the Lowland adage which symbolises attempting an impossibility under the figure of taking "the breeks from a Hielandman," is not founded upon any very ancient fact or feeling. The position here assigned to the trews—that of chieftain of the wardrobe—makes it highly probable that the older chieftains did not hold that article of dress so cheap as their successors have agreed to do. I will cite but one more sentence from honest Donald, one which seems as native to the Highlands as their heather. It paints to the life the patient, passive endurance of the Celt, that quality which stands him in such good stead in the backwoods and amidst the hardships through which he often carves his way to fortune abroad, and which, running in his native glens to the rankest seed of idleness, is the origin of so much of his misery at home. The words are these, "He that waits long enough at the ferry will some time or other get across."

"Taking the breeks from a Hielandman."

Celtic endurance.

Let us now come to the proverbs in the good old Scotch vernacular, that racy Anglo-Saxon flavoured with the French of the days of the House of Valois. Many, of course, are common not only to both sides of the Tweed, but indeed to the whole world; and there are probably very few which are not

Proverbs in Scottish vernacular.

I.

common to people whose circumstances were so similar as those of the Lowland Scots and the Northern English. Kelly was right when he determined to set down as Scottish all the sayings which he had met with in ordinary use in Scotland. In Scotland, as elsewhere, proverbs were first born in the country, and were first current in the mouths of shepherds and husbandmen. The images in which they deal belong to the field and the forest, the rural homestead, or the wayside change-house; very rarely to the city and the seaport. When Scotland began to have cities and seaports, she had almost ceased to produce proverbs. It is thus that our fathers of the olden time uttered truths as old as the world:—"Ae scabbed sheep fyles the haill flock." "As the auld cock craws, the young cock learns." "Saw thin, shear thin." "An ill reaper ne'er had a gude heuk."

Proverbs born in the country.

Rarely in the city or the seaport.

Such agricultural figures as these soon stamped themselves on the language. Our favourite pursuit, or weapon, or argument, was said to "come to our hands like the bow o' a pint-stoup"—a drinking vessel not altogether superseded by the tea-cup. The English, being a nation of archers, said of a thing, of which the speaker washed his hands—"You may make a shaft or a bolt of it," you may do with it what you please. We used, and indeed still employ, a rural and parochial figure to express the same idea—"You may mak' a kirk or a mill o't." What is called

Agricultural figures.

I.

"Talking of shop."

in modern English "talking of the shop," was the subject of a pleasant old alliterative adage—"Cadgers are aye crackin' o' crook-saddles." The ways of a frugal man are described, by saying that "he comes aftener wi' the rake than the shool." And aggression

Aggression.

may be forbidden, or bad excuses unmasked, by these excellent maxims:—"Ye may drink o' the burn, but not bite the brae;" and, "If ye steal na my kail, brak na my dike."

Struggle with obstacles.

The early history of all nations which have had a career worth recording at all is the history of the struggle of mind with matter, of man with obstacles, which at first sight appear to bar his progress, but which in reality nerve his energies and develop his powers for fresh exertion and nobler success. It is when the struggle is most severe and the obstacles most weighty, when the pioneer seems most overtasked and the head of the column most overmatched, that the story is fullest of interest and

Scotland's early struggles.

instruction. There is hardly a people with a place in the world's history, and a footing in every corner of the globe, which appeared, five or six centuries ago, less likely to achieve these distinctions than ourselves. When we sent the learned townsman of Stirling, James VI., to England, we fondly believed him descended from above a hundred royal ancestors; and, at the Union, Scottish pride and jealousy were somewhat soothed by the concession to our country

of the title of "the ancient realm." We can now afford to laugh both at the fables which Buchanan took so much pains to clothe in Ciceronian Latin, and at the grotesque line of imaginary monarchs with which the coarse pencil of De Witt has covered the gloomy gallery of Holyrood. Our appearance on the stage of history really dates from our War of Independence, which was virtually closed in 1314, on the neighbouring field of Bannockburn. Out of that great struggle the modern and actual Scotland arose. The task which then lay before her was to restore the ruined hamlets which served her for towns, to revive industry, to recall to the pursuits of peace the intelligence which had been long concentrated upon war, to construct, amidst bloodstained ruins, a system of law and polity, and, in fact, to prove to the world that her independence was worth the sacrifices and sufferings with which it had been purchased. All this was to be done in the narrow territory which lay between the open frontier of powerful and exasperated England, and the mountain fastnesses of the Celtic savage. The wonder is not that the task was performed slowly, painfully, rudely, with many an anxious pause, many a bitter error, many a bloody episode, but that it was performed at all. It was so well performed that the revival of arts and letters in the fifteenth century, the awakening of human thought from the lethargy of ages, found the Scot

War of Independence.

Restoration to prosperity.

Lowlands.

Revival of arts and letters.

I.

ready to be up and doing with men of fairer lands and happier fortunes. When that moral dawn appeared, he saw it and was glad. Scotland was too poor to attract to her seminaries the foreigners, who, flying westward before the Turk, brought the wealth of classic lore to the marts of Italy; her sons therefore went forth to bring the good seed home to her soil. Her soldiers had already been distinguished in fields of French and Italian war; her scholars, coming to learn, not unfrequently remained to teach, in cloisters and colleges beneath the shadow of the Alps or the Apennine. In learning and refinement the court of James IV. yielded nothing to that of his brother of England; and in Dunbar, the sweet bard of "The Thrissel and the Rose," Queen Margaret found a poet more worthy than any she left beyond the Tweed to wear the laurel of Chaucer. Our reformers in the next age have been reproached for the unnecessary destruction of abbeys and cathedrals; but they knew at least how to honour the forum and the school. Out of the deluge of religious strife and feudal rapine, civil war and political convulsion, arose in this little kingdom a system of jurisprudence, and a system of education, in which the light of modern experience and the wisdom of imperial parliaments has found more to imitate than amend. In the seventeenth century, during which our Stuarts wore the three crowns—the century during which, perhaps,

The Scot abroad.

Scottish reformers.

Jurisprudence.

Education.

Scotland suffered the most and advanced the least, she gave not only the heroic figure of Montrose to our martial annals, but also a Napier to science, a Drummond of Hawthornden to poetry, and a Burnet to historical literature. The Act of Union, so truly described by the statesmen of Anne, in her speech from the throne, as a "union of the greatest importance to the wealth, and strength, and safety of the whole island," removed many obstacles from the path of the Scot, opened fresh fields for his activity, and gave a new impulse to his enterprising spirit. He has proved himself worthy of the great people with whom he has been incorporated. The annals of Great Britain are full of his national names. Scotchmen have commanded troops that have been led by Marlborough and Wellington; they have sat with honour in the chairs of Clive and Hastings; they have marched in the van in agricultural improvement and in several departments of mechanical invention and scientific research; the name of Scott is only less dear to Englishmen than the name of Shakespeare; British critical literature, properly so called, took its rise in Edinburgh; the first really popular historian of England was a Hume; and in spite of the anxieties and excitement of the war, England is waiting with eager expectation for a new instalment of her history from the pen of a Macaulay.

Famous men.

The Union.

Literature.

Criticism.

History.

These are the results of the spirit which won

I.

the battle of Bannockburn; results far beyond the thought of the wisest heads or the most sanguine hearts around the standard of Bruce. As might be expected, the qualities which have shaped the destinies of Scotland are those which are mainly inculcated in her proverbs. The famous story of Bruce's spider, often baffled, never disheartened, and at last successful, points the moral which pervades nearly the whole of our proverbial philosophy. Fortitude, patience, hopefulness, resolution that no odds can daunt, are preached in a hundred forms, and enforced by a hundred familiar images:—"Set a stout heart to a stay brae." "A wight man ne'er wanted a weapon." "Naething is difficult to a weel-willed man." "Hope weel and hae weel." "Blaw the wind ne'er so fast it will lown at last," are individuals of a whole legion of precepts. At how many periods of our history was it not well for our leaders to remember that "A' is na tint that's in peril," or to counsel disheartened followers to "Dree out the inch, when ye hae tholed the span." Tame submission to an abject lot on account of its safety seems to be contemptuously animadverted on in this exclamation, "Happy man! that canna be herried." If the bitter experience of many a poor Scottish adventurer was formalised in the saying, "A proud heart in a poor breast has much dolour to dree," many a bold spirit also sustained itself in hard times

Proverbs.

Fortitude.

Patience, &c.

Independence.

by the reflection, "As gude hauds the stirrup as he that loups on;" and many a weary pedlar, plodding along the humble path in which our commerce first developed itself, has been cheered by recollecting that "A foul foot makes a full wame."

Courage.

While courage and constancy are advocated, due honour is paid to valour's better part, discretion. We must know how to dare, but we must also know why and when to dare. Let the advantages of an enterprise be carefully confronted with its cost and risk. "Win the horse or lose the saddle," if you are so minded, but see that you do not "Tine the half-merk whinger for the ha'penny whang." See that your means are sufficient to accomplish your end. "Raise nae mae deils than ye are able to lay." "He that hews ower hie, the spails will fa' in his ee." "It will be lang ere ye cut Falkland wood wi' a penknife." The object of our endeavour is not to be foregone or jeoparded for the sake of some casual gratification or amusement. "Fleyin' a bird's nae the gate to grip it." Indeed, the weak point of our proverbial philosophy is the earnestness and copiousness with which it insists on exclusive devotion to the immediate object in view, or to the main chance. Hence the ignoble maxim, "Better kiss a knave than cast out wi' him," and others of that kind, of which it is impossible either to approve the morality or deny the worldly prudence. But against such as

Prudence.

Worldly prudence.

I.

Rectitude.

these must be set many of an opposite character, such as "Right wrangs nae man," "It's a sin to lie on the deil," "An ill-won penny will cast down a pound." There is no sentiment more largely expressed than an honest scorn for mere names, for shams and pretences of all kinds. "A gude fellow is a costly name." "An inch o' a nag is worth a span o' an aver." "He's na the best wright that hews the maist spails." "Weel is that weel does." Nor is any caution more frequently and forcibly prescribed than caution in speaking or writing. "Silence grips the mouse." "Nae plea is the best plea." "There's naething ill said that's no ill taken." There is perhaps none of our proverbial counsel that is so generally observed as that which the aforesaid precepts embody. We have of course our rash speakers and hasty writers; but I believe we have fewer of them than our neighbours. Our caution is sometimes carried to a ludicrous extent; and I remember an incident which marks in a striking manner the difference between Irishmen and Scotchmen in this matter. Some years ago, two eminent foreign lawyers came to this country, commissioned by their government to inquire into the practice and principles of British jurisprudence. From London they were sent to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh they were to proceed to Dublin. The great O'Connell trial was just over, and Mr. O'Connell was

Scorn for shams.

National caution.

enjoying the honours of a brief martyrdom in prison. The legal strangers being anxious to see him, asked some of their friends on the Scottish bench whether they might with propriety gratify this wish. "No," said their lordships, "the wish is very natural, but you had better repress it; a visit to Mr. O'Connell might, in your position, subject you to criticism that had better be avoided; we recommend you to give up the idea." The travellers went to Dublin, and submitted this opinion to a celebrated ornament of the Irish bench. "Such nonsense!" said the Irish judge; "the Scotch don't understand us. I know Mr. O'Connell particularly well; I tried him, and, therefore, nobody has a better right to give you a letter of introduction, which is most heartily at your service." The lawyers saw the political lion in the cell where he held his temporary court; and I never heard of any consequent misunderstanding between the Cabinet of St. James's and the foreign government which, I beg you to observe, I have abstained from naming.

Religious element in Scottish character.

There is one element in the Scottish character and history which appears to be wanting in her proverbs, that is, the religious element. It is difficult to explain how it comes that we have no proverb touching upon the disposition of the Scot "to spare no arrows," as Knox himself phrased it, in the field of polemical controversy. For if the

I.

future historian of religious opinion may point to Scotland as one of the countries where vital truth has been nobly upheld, he will assuredly point to her as one of those where matters of doctrine the most obscure and insignificant, have been contested with the most insensate fury. One very beautiful proverb we have, which, lending itself to various uses, may be taken as an expression of faith in the gradual growth and spread of large-hearted Christian charity, the noblest result of our happy freedom of thought and discussion—"The e'en brings a' hame."

Few Scotch proverbs on religious forms.

Even as regards the externals and machinery of religion, our proverbs are very few and commonplace. It is not so in those lands where the pomp and circumstance of priestcraft weathered the storms of the Reformation. In the sixteenth century, all the languages of Europe must have abounded in saws reflecting on the ignorance of the physician, the venality of the lawyer, and the hypocrisy of the priest. Italy and Spain are still rich in adages of this kind; but theology is infinitely more obnoxious to their attacks than law or physic. The proverb was an opponent too subtle to be caged and gagged by the Inquisition: it wandered at will through street and cloister; mingled with the crowd where the gay procession with banner and chant and taper went by; lingered at cathedral portals, or at the terrible door of the Holy Office, exposing the

Continental proverbs against priests, &c.

vices and frailties that lay beneath the bishop's purple and the friar's serge, the delusion of miracles, the foolishness of the pulpit, the pride of mock humility, the ugliness of affected holiness; giving men a vent for their honest indignation; and recording a kind of popular protest against spiritual dictatorship and ecclesiastical infallibility. The Frenchman remarks "that the wrath of friars is the wrath of devils in hell;" and "No pay, no prayers." The Italian speaks thus kindly of his clergy—"The life of the physician, the goods of the lawyer, and the soul of the priest are in great peril." "The monk's charity brings you to the door." "Neither the priest, nor the friar, nor the nun, nor the fowl, know when they have had enough." But it is the Spaniard whose quiver is especially full of such slings and arrows against the Church. Amongst his favourite figures for greed and gluttony are these—"The Abbot of Carzuela, who ate the stew, and asked for the dish;" or, "The Abbot of Bamba, who gave what he could not eat for the good of his soul." Then there are—"'Neath friar's cowl and nun's hood, never look for any good." "Parson, friar, and Jew, these for friends eschew." "The friar who begs for God, begs for two." "A Jew for trading, a friar for hypocrisy." I lately saw a copy of the Spanish proverbs published by the Comendador Nunez just 300 years ago. In the fly-leaf, and in

France.

Italy.

Spain.

I.

handwriting which seemed nearly contemporary with the volume itself, some former possessor had amused himself by copying out some seventy or eighty proverbs about monks, with a few additions of his own. At the end of the list was this characteristic note—"Out of so many proverbs about monks, there are only two that speak well of them."[1]

Scotland.

Turning to our Scottish collection, I find several severe things directed against lawyers, but against our divines I have not met with any but these three—"It's kittle shooting at corbies and clergy." "Nae penny, nae paternoster." "Priests and doos mak foul houses." The second and third of these are obviously old. The last reminds me of a Spanish saying in which the same sentiment is expressed in the following dramatic manner—"'God be praised,' says the friar as he goes out; 'the meat is all eaten; and the floor all dirt,' says the master as he comes home." Our literature before the Reformation abounds with evidence that our unreformed Scottish clergy were no better than their brethren abroad.

Sir David Lindsay.

Sir David Lindsay delights in attacking the cloth. In one passage, alluding to the prelates of his day, he indignantly exclaims—

"Others' sauls to save it sets them weil,
Syne sell their ain sauls to the deil!"

[1] [See Article II., infra, p. 37, *et seq.*]

and in another poem, called "Kittie's Confession," Kittie is sent

> "with ane plak, to buy ane masse,
> Frae drucken Sir John Latinless."

Dunbar.

Dunbar, himself in orders, does not spare the rod any more than the Lyon king-at-arms. It is impossible, but that facts which justified such satire, and public opinion which relished it, must have provoked and produced the inevitable sarcasm of popular wit; and Scotland was, doubtless, as rich in anti-monastic and anti-clerical proverbs as she was in drunken curates and profligate bishops. That the proverbs have died out with the particular scandals which gave them birth, is much to the credit of the Reformed Church and her numerous branches. It is a fact also noticeable, as proving how evanescent a flower the adage sometimes is. I do not know how old David Ferguson, our first collector, was when he died in 1598; but he must have conversed with men who had heard mass in the chapel at Holyrood, who had known the streets of Edinburgh swarming with cowls, and who had seen "the great idol of St. Giles" drowned in the Nor' Loch.

David Ferguson.

Proverbs made by men.

There is one thought which can hardly fail to occur on the most cursory perusal of any book of proverbs, that they were made by men, and not by women. The Marquis of Santillana, who first col-

I.

lected Spanish proverbs, called his gatherings "Castilian proverbs, used by the old wives at the fireside." There are many of them to which I greatly doubt whether any wife, old or young, ever gave any credit or currency. The lion in the fable told the man that if lions could paint, hunting pieces would be quite different things from those produced by the Rubenses and Landseers of the days of Æsop. So, if women had done for proverbial literature as much as they have done for poetry and history and science, the teeth of our popular saws, and the stings of our proverbial epigrams, would not be turned against the fair sex so invariably as they are turned in every language with which I have any acquaintance. The King of Israel himself, finely as he paints the virtues of woman, does at least equal justice to her vices, and, above all, loves to recur to the vigour and alacrity of her tongue. The modern Oriental, in his proverbs, as in his practice, regards woman merely as an object of sense. Hear how the Arab, smoking his pipe in the shade, analyses her six ages in one of the long-drawn adages of his ancient language—"From 10 to 20, a repose to the eyes of beholders; from 20 to 30, still fair and full of flesh; from 30 to 40, a mother of many boys and girls; from 40 to 50, an old woman of the deceitful; from 50 to 60, slay her with the knife; from 60 to 70, the curse of Allah upon them, one and all!"

Proverbs against women.

Solomon's.

Oriental.

Arab.

I.

Marriage.

The view of matrimony taken by the same philosopher is so full and comprehensive, I grieve also to add, so just an epitome of nearly all that I find in our western proverbs on the same subject, that I shall give it you as the very creed and comfort of the old bachelor—"Marriage is a joy for a month, and sorrow for a life; a paying-down of money; a breaking of the back, and a hearkening to a woman's tongue." The Spaniard, upon whose language and character the East has so strongly stamped itself, is much of the same opinion. "Weddings," he says, "are made of fools." "Of a bad woman beware, and don't trust a good one." The Frenchman is not quite so bad, for he admits in several proverbs the preciousness of a good wife. But he is full of many other sayings, of which the gist may be given in a very short one—"Who hath a wife, also hath strife." Our own country, I regret to say, is hardly more courteous or less cynical. "Glasses and lasses are bruckle ware;" "Maidens should be mim till they're married, and then they may burn kirks," are average specimens; while one of the most brutal in sentiment thus ventures to trifle with that pearl of poetry, a woman's tear—"It's nae mair pity to see a woman greet than to see a goose gae barefoot."

The truth is, that the ideas of chivalry and the devotion to woman, professed at tournaments, and

I.

sometimes actually displayed in mediæval courts and camps, never descended to that humble level of humanity on which proverbs grew and flourished. I remember but one saying which speaks of woman in a chivalrous tone, but that is poetical and graceful enough—"White hands can do no hurt." It is a Spanish adage, and, so far as I know, the single exception in which the Castilian makes some atonement to the fair object of his practical homage and theoretical contempt. Amongst our own proverbs, there is one which implies a confession that woman has not been justly treated in those which view her conduct and character with so much suspicion and harshness. We are a cautious and matter-of-fact, not a chivalrous people, so there is nothing about white hands in it, but this simple admission of an undoubted fact—"Mony a ane wytes their wife for their ain thriftless life."

Chivalrous proverb.

Proverbs oftener adverse than favourable.

The general tendency of proverbs to decry the fair sex will partly explain itself if we observe how the tendency of all proverbs is towards blame rather than praise. Anger, disappointment, and vexation are much more likely to shape themselves into pointed and memorable forms of speech than the gentler feelings of contentment, pleasure, and fondness. I do not believe that the most admirable execution of the most difficult command in peace or war ever produced an adage so remarkable as

Reason.

either of these two, which, nevertheless, may possibly have had their origin in a slight delay, or a trifling blunder, on unimportant occasions:—"As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him." "Send you to the sea, and ye'll no get saut water!" The novelist delights to paint the lofty scorn of Rebecca or the fine malice of Becky; but the raptures of Adeliza and Ferdinand even Mrs. Radcliffe leaves to the reader's imagination and the blank page between the chapters. So the barbed darts of reproach shot by impatient husbands or deluded lovers have fastened themselves in the popular memory, while expressions of confidence and gratitude and tenderness, no less true and no less common, have passed away and been forgotten.

Extent of subject.

These are a few of the thoughts and speculations to which our national proverbs naturally lead. I have indeed failed in my treatment of a fine subject if I have not made it apparent that it is far too large to be exhausted in a single lecture. I trust I have, in some degree, indicated its length and breadth, the richness of the soil, and the variety of the scenery. Let me repeat that it has never been properly mapped or described. To do this worthily would be a work of great labour and time. But it is a work in which all may assist, and in which little can be done without much general co-operation.

I.

Let all who take an interest in the old idioms and locutions of our language, whenever they hear any idiomatic or proverbial phrase not familiar to their ears, note it down. If it be already registered in one or other of our collections, the time and trouble wasted is not great; if it be not registered, it is possible that it might have died with the tongue from which you took it, and so have been lost for ever. I believe the number of good old saws still floating as waifs and strays on the tide of popular talk to be much greater than might at first appear. A hundred and thirty years ago, honest Kelly boasted that he had outdone Erasmus himself by presenting his countrymen with three thousand of their national proverbs; but at the same time he very candidly confessed that he believed there were many hundreds which he either had never heard or had forgotten to record.

Many still uncollected.

It is one of the good signs of our times that we are every year becoming more reverent in our feelings towards the relics of the past. No Government would now order the destruction of the ceiling of the great hall of Stirling Palace, and treat its beautiful and characteristic carvings as if they were old packing-cases. We live in better days. The public is interested in the preservation of public monuments; and I remember that a certain speculator was quite as severely handled by the press for his

Growing reverence for the past.

audacity in pulling down, to make way for a building of his own, a certain leaden King William in a well-known metropolitan square, as he was for the other offence with which he was charged—gilding a portion of the lead and exhibiting it as a monster nugget from the gold-diggings. Let not those less palpable but not less precious antiquities floating in the minds of the people be worse treated than monuments built with hands or carved in brass or marble. A really good proverb is a coin as fine as any that ever was struck in the mints of Sicily; an ancient phrase or rhyme is often not less curious and valuable than a Runic cross from Angus or Iona, or even than a mediæval chessman from an abbey of the Hebrides. They who would protect the ruin or possess the curious knick-knack must be Beaumonts or Beckfords; they must have land, leisure, influence, at the very least some money or some house-room. The operations of the proverbialist need none of these appliances. His curiosities may be picked up by the way or in the market, and they may be enshrined with perfect security in the pages of *Notes and Queries*. Not only can they be more cheaply acquired than those which adorn the gallery or the museum, but they belong to higher regions of art, they deal with deeper principles, they appeal to wider sympathies, and they yield a far greater amount of intellectual enjoyment.

Good proverbs precious,

and easily picked up.

II.

A FEW SPANISH PROVERBS ABOUT FRIARS.[1]

Refranes of Nuñez.

IN a copy of the *Refranes o Proverbios en romance que nuevamente colligiò y glossò el Comendador Hernan Nuñez* (fol., Salamanca, 1555), in Lord Stuart de Rothesay's library, sold by Messrs. Sotheby, May and June 1855 (*Catalogue*, p. 189, lot 2,620, £2, 15s.), I found, in handwriting which seemed of the sixteenth century, the following enumeration of the proverbs according to their alphabetical order:—

Enumeration.

Los Refranes de	A	son 1047
„	B	 222
„	C	 500
„	D	 607
„	E	 901
„	F	 32
„	G	 81
„	H	 289
„	I	 100
„	L	 648

[1] Contributed to the *Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies* of the Philobiblon Society, vol. ii. Item 12. 1856.

II.

Los Refranes de M son	. . . .	536
,, N	. . . .	568
,, O	. . . .	169
,, P	. . . .	454
,, Q	. . . .	1052
,, R	. . . .	89
,, S	. . . .	428
,, T	. . . .	303
,, V	. . . .	224
,, X	. . . .	7
,, Y	. . . .	34
,, Z	. . . .	8
Son todos los Refranes	. . . .	8299[1]

Proverbs relating to priests and friars.

The owner of the volume had likewise amused himself by copying out a number of the proverbs relating to priests and friars, upon which he makes the following remark :—

☞ De tantos refranes de frayles solos dos les son favorables.

Of so many proverbs concerning friars there are only two which speak favourably of them.

Additions to these.

To these proverbs he has added the following, which had not occurred to Nuñez :—

Si en esse portal obscuro
No quiere entrar el jumento,
Ponle un avito de frayle
Y se colarâ al momento.

If a donkey stops at a doorway dark
Stock-still with stiffened knees,
Put the weeds of a friar on the quadruped's back
And in he'll quickly squeeze.

[1] In the MS. the total is incorrectly stated 8331.

II.

Amigo de pleitos ; poco dinero ;
Amigo de medicos ; poca salud ;
Amigo de frayles ; poco honnra.

Fond of law-pleas ; little wealth ;
Fond of doctors ; little health ;
Fond of friars ; little honour.

Frayles sobrand' ojo alerte !

Where friars abound, keep your eyes open !

Tres generos ay de frayles ; unos buenos buenos ; otros malos malos ; otros ni buenos, ni malos ; los buenos buenos son los canonizados ; los malos malos los que andan solos azotando calles ; los ni buenos ni malos los que estan pintados.

There are three kinds of friars ; some very good, others very bad ; others neither good nor bad ; the very good are the canonised ; the very bad are those that go tramping through the streets ; the neither good nor bad are those in pictures.

Siempre fray fulano, estas matandonos, acâ fuera ; quien en tu çelda estubiera para no verte jamas.[1]

Friar So-and-so, you are always tormenting us out here ; he who would never see you must stay in your cell.

---

[1] There is a punning proverbial stanza which has the same idea :—

Don Agelio Fierabras	Don Agelio de Fierabras
El de la persona ex-casa	Of the spare person,
Que nunca en tu casa estas ;	You are never at home.
¿ Quien estuviera en tu casa	He who would not see you
Para no verte jamas ?	Must live in your house.

Excasa or *escasa* is used in the sense of not at home, not *en casa*, as well as spare.

II.

Frayles, vivir con ellos, y comer con ellos, y andar con ellos, y luego vendellos, que assi hazen ellos.

As for friars, [you ought] to live with them, and eat with them, and walk with them, and then sell them, as they do themselves.

Dios os libre de hidalgo de dia y de frayle de noche.

God deliver us from a gentleman by day and a friar by night.

III.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM WEST AFRICA.[1]

III.

Some proverbs of common origin.

THOSE who are familiar with proverbial literature must have noticed that some proverbs, in idea, and a few even in actual form, are common to all languages and nations. Founded upon man's observation of man, of the feelings and the passions, the strength and the weakness, the good and the evil of which we all partake, it would be strange if the experience of one portion of the human family were to be found greatly at variance with that of another or of the rest. But of the proverbs of Europe at least there appears to be a reason, beyond their origin, amongst kindred peoples, existing under conditions

[1] *A Book of Proverbial Philosophy, Idioms, Enigmas, and Laconisms.* Compiled by Richard F. Burton, late Her Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra and Fernando Po. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1865. [From *The Shilling Magazine*, May 1865, vol. i., edited by Samuel Lucas. *Teste* Ed. Walford, Esq.]

III.

not very dissimilar, why it is now difficult, and perhaps impossible, to assign to the great majority any distinct nationality. For nearly four hundred years proverbs have been collected and studied by those who wrote books and by those for whom books are written. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Erasmus made them a popular branch of literature. The first edition of his *Adagia* appeared in 1500, and, before 1600, upwards of fifty editions had been printed in various parts of Europe. The proverbial sayings of antiquity, gleaned by the great scholar in the course of his vast reading, were thus garnered for modern use, and became part of the common stock of modern thought. Many of them had doubtless long before passed from the learned to the vulgar tongues, and had never fallen out of circulation. Wafted abroad in sermons, in the fugitive writings born of the controversies of the Reformation, and in the talk of those to whom Latin was still a daily instrument of social intercourse, many a forgotten saw of Greece and Rome now once more became current, and found its way into the vernacular of Paris and London, Basle and Bologna.

The *Adagia* of Erasmus, 1500.

The sixteenth century gave birth to a very considerable number of collectors of natural proverbs, translated sometimes into Latin, sometimes into other modern languages. The rich repertory of Sancho Pança, provided in great measure, more than

Sixteenth century collectors.

III.

Refranes of Nuñez.

fifty years before Cervantes wrote, in the *Refranes* of the learned Nuñez, gave a European currency to the proverbial wealth of Spain; and Nuñez had, in 1555, pointed out many instances of proverbs which the Castilians used in common with the Italians and the French. A foreign proverb appositely used on any striking occasion by an eminent or popular speaker was not unlikely to root itself in any language. The proverb, also, was an intellectual commodity, which was sure to pass from land to land through the agency of those whose business is most remote from book-learning or the arts of peace. And after the lapse of so many centuries, during which printing, commerce and war have co-operated to remove ancient, moral and physical landmarks, and to make the special possession of each age and country the common heritage of mankind, it is hard indeed to assign its precise parentage to any proverb which does not, in some local name, bear the stamp of its birthplace, or, in its colouring and imagery, wear the garb of its native clime.

West African proverbs.

Of the present collection of 2,859 proverbs, idioms, and laconisms, gathered from various scattered sources by the industry of one of the most enterprising of English travellers and most graphic of Eagle-hunters, and considerably increased by his own observation and research, it may be truly said that it opens to the English reader a fresh mine of proverbial lore.

III.

Few of the original works from which portions of the present volume have been derived have been of a kind to command much general attention. They are, for the most part, grammars or vocabularies of various West African dialects, compiled by French, German, or English missionaries, or books of travels written by persons little skilled in the practice of literature. It was a happy idea thus to bring together all that has up to this time been gleaned of the popular wisdom of the children of Ham.

Nearly all native.

There is no reason to doubt that nearly all the African proverbs which are here presented to us are home-growths of the African mind. Accra and Yoruba and Oji shrewdness and worldly wisdom have hitherto had but few opportunities of improving themselves by the study of foreign models, or of casting their native thought in moulds from foreign lands. Some traces of missionary teaching may be found in texts of Scripture which appear to have become proverbial. In the Accra sayings, "A good word removes anger," and "No man puts a piece of new cloth into an old garment," and perhaps in the Oji adage, "When a person does his business let him do it, for death is coming on," may be found rays reflected from the philosophy of Syria. But in

Their local colour.

by far the greater number the local colour is distinctly visible. They lead us into the vast unfamiliar forests of the tropics, where the serpent glides, and the elephant

III.

browses, and the monkey chatters, or by the banks of strange rivers haunted by the alligator and crocodile. The palm-tree and the palm-nut are the subjects of frequent similes and allusions. "When you cut down a palm-tree with your father's slave," says the Oji proverb, "he will call you friend," which, being interpreted, means that he will presume on the familiarity which sharing his labour occasions or implies. "If you pound palm-nuts, some will stain your cloth," say the Accras. The Yoruban observes that "Palm-leaves do not rustle untouched," and that "The elephant is not caught in bird-snares." The Accra philosopher, having remarked that two of a trade seldom agree, expresses it by the tropical image, "Two crocodiles do not lodge in the same hole;" and, in a similar manner, he rebukes a boaster by reminding him that, "Though the tongue say it is long, it cannot vie with the boa-constrictor." One Oji proverb conveys Solomon's precept, that there is a time and place for all things, in the following form: "The chameleon says speed is good, and slowness is good;" and another very striking aphorism in the same language represses the arrogance of conquest or prosperity by the caution, "When you eat a monkey's hand, look at your own."

Of those simple truths with which the proverbs of all nations deal, the West Africans offer us some

III.

Proverbs on evils of poverty.

new and picturesque illustrations. They are rich in proverbs proclaiming the evils of poverty: "Want of money," say the Yorubans, "is the father of disgrace;" and they also hold that "a poor man has no relatives." "The poor man's pipe does not sound," says the Accra proverb; "The poor man's ivory is a hog's tooth," say the Ojis. The tendency of a bad workman to quarrel with his tools is noted in the Accra language by an allusion to the pad which supports a burden borne on the head: "If thou art weak, thou sayest that the pad is not good." That progress must be gradual, and that our work must be chosen with due regard to our powers, is thus expressed in the same language: "A child does not break a land tortoise, but he can break a snail."

Some parallel to European.

"Love me, love my dog," is recognised in a negative form in the Oji proverb, "When a person hates you, he will beat your animals." The venerable maxim, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," is attributed by the same people to the monkey, the cunning Reynard of the African Æsop: "The monkey says that what has gone into his belly is his, but what is in his mouth is not his." "Nul bien sans peine," "Nae gains without pains," say the French and the Scotch. "No good without trouble" is the almost identical proverb of the Wolofs. In their language, also, the well-known culinary direction of Mrs. Glasse respecting the

III.

"First catch your hare."

hare, which has become proverbial in ours, seems to have been anticipated in the adage, "Before cooking, you must have provisions." That "Two heads are better than one" is indicated in the Accra tongue in the similar form: "One head does not go a-counselling;" and amongst the Wolofs by "Two eyes are better than one." And of the world-wide fling at the folly of carrying goods to a market already overstocked, of sending "owls to Athens," "pigs to Smyrna," "dates to Tunis," or "coals to Newcastle," we have a new and whimsical example in the Oji protest against importing into Hua certain personal war-trophies, much prized by the modern Abyssinian and the ancient Philistine.

"Owls to Athens," &c.

Proverbs sneering at women.

Africa, like Europe, indulges in a good deal of proverbial sneering at the sex. "If a woman speaks two words, take one and leave the other," is a Kanuri saying, which, in some form, will be found in most languages on this side the Mediterranean. In many other respects the social and political experience of savage life is also the experience of the civilised man. Every great captain, from Nimrod downwards, would agree with the Yoruban soldier or statesman who first promulgated in that language the doctrine that "A store of food is the best equipment for war." Joseph Surface is a character, it would seem, well known amongst the Wolofs, who say, "A man may be bad, if only his tongue be good." There is much poli-

III.

tical sagacity in the Accra adage, "A poor man does not watch over the town;" and a cosmopolitan knowledge of courtly and official habits is shown in another saying of the same people: "If you wash a king, you will wash yourself with some of his soap." The selfishness which takes no thought of posterity, and makes "After me the deluge" its motto, is rebuked by the interrogative proverb of the Yorubans, "Though you are about to die, need you break up the mortar for firewood?" The Wolofs have a saying which bears upon the courtesies of social greeting, and which is equally true on the Gold Coast and Pall Mall—"I have forgotten thy name, is better than I know thee not."

Majority of proverbs worldly;

While the majority of proverbs in all languages deal with common things, the experience of every-day life, and the protection of individual interests in the warfare of the world, some few are instinct with higher thought and inculcate a nobler philosophy than that which regulates the market-place. Some of these rare jewels shine amidst this garnered harvest of African worldly wisdom. The vanity and nothingness of life, and the perpetual presence of death in the haunts of the living, have seldom been more touchingly confessed than in the Yoruban phrase, which thus announces the birth of a son or daughter, "He begat a gravedigger"—a boy; or "a mourner"—a girl. The Yorubans have another proverb which,

some philosophical.

III.

although its full meaning is perhaps somewhat obscure, is suggestive of a calm and tolerant rule of conduct worthy of a higher state of society: "Compare things with things and words with words, and then forgive, that you may be praised." The Ojis have a sentiment which proves that the African mind has a side truly heroic: "When your relation dies, you do not die; but when he is disgraced, you are disgraced also."

Heroic sentiment of the Ojis.

Our thanks are certainly due to the judicious and laborious compiler and collector, who has in this volume afforded us so much interesting material for the study of the intellectual and moral nature of a large portion of the negro race. Written during "the dreary solitude of a rainy season in the Tropics," the book affords a new illustration of the truth of the remark of Lord Stanley, in proposing Captain Burton's health at the farewell dinner on the 4th of April, at the St. James's Hall, that in a life of less than forty-five years he had achieved "more study, more authorship, and more enterprise and adventure than would suffice to fill up the lives of half-a-dozen ordinary men." Minds of his extraordinary stamp find their chief repose in new fields of labour, and the explorer and geographer entirely employed the enforced leisure of the season, which debarred him from travel amongst the mountains and rivers of West Africa, by exploring and expounding the proverbial

Burton's collection.

III.

wisdom of its people. May all success attend the present volume in its progress from the publisher's counter to the hands of the reader, and its distinguished author in the "fresh fields and pastures new" which await him in South America.

IV.

ADAGIA OF ERASMUS.[1]

IV.

First edition very rare.

THE first edition of the *Adagia* of Erasmus is one of the rarest of a class of books now in great request amongst collectors. None of the bibliographers who have recorded or described it appear to have seen it. Nopitsch (*Literatur der Sprichtwörter*, 8vo, Nürnberg, 1822, and second edition, 1833, p. 177) registers it merely as *D. Erasmi Adagiorum Collectanea, per Joannem Philippum Germanum:* Lutet. Paris, 1500–4. Brunet gives the title a little more fully, while Ebert merely records the fact of the publication. Hain (*Repertorium Bibliographicum*, 4 vols. 8vo, Stuttgardt et Paris, 1827) professes to give the title at full length; but as he deviates from his usual and useful practice of marking the length of the lines, it is to be presumed that his transcript

[1] Contributed to the *Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies* of the Philobiblon Society, vol. i. Item 17, 1854.

IV.

was not made from the book itself. Duplessis (*Bibliographie Parémiologique*, 8vo, Paris, 1847, p. 10) appears to have followed Hain. All of these bibliographers have fallen into the mistake of describing the book as in 4to, whereas it is really in 8vo.

Title-page.

The following is the exact title transcribed from the copy in my possession, the black letter being printed in red ink, the Roman letter in black, except the five last words in the last line :—

Deſyderii Heraſmi Roterdami veterū maximeque īnū-
gnium paroemiarū id eſt adagiorum collectanea opus
quā nouū tum ad omne uel ſcripture uel ſermonis ge-
nus uenuſtā dum īnūgniendūq. mirū in modū cōduci-
[bile.
Id quod ita demū intelligetis adoleſcētes optimi: ū hu-
ſuſmodi delitiis et litteras veſtras et orationē quotidia-
nam aſſueſcetis aſpergere. Sapite ergo et hūc tam rarū
theſaurū tantillo nūmulo uenale uobis redimite: multo
preſtantiora propediē accepturi: ū hec boni conſulueri-
Ualete. [tis.

In the centre of the page is the woodcut mark of the printer, Jean Philippe, with his initials, I. P., and a scroll inscribed in red Roman letter, *In noie sctē trinitatis* :—

Duobus in locis libellus hic prostat: In magistri Johānis Philippi officina: cuius quidē tum industria: tum sumptu nitidissimis formulis est emaculatissime impressus: In uia diui Marcelli ad diuine trinitatis signum: Rursū in via diui Jacobi ad Pellicani quā vocant notam.

Four preliminary leaves, including the title, on

IV.

the back of which Erasmus's preface begins, preceded by a complimentary epistle to him by "Publius Faustus Andrelinus, poeta regius." Sheets *a* to *i* inclusive, each containing sixteen pages not numbered. The colophon on the last page is :—

Colophon.

Impressum hoc opus Parrhisiis : in Via diui Marcelli : ac domo que indicatur Diuina Trinitas : Augustino Vicentio Caminado a mēdis uindicatore : M. Johāne Philippo Alamano, diligentissimo impressore. Anno M. Vc.

F·A·SIDERIDENS·
DRESDEN

V.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.[1]

V.

General sorrow at his death.

THE tidings of the death of the great American historian have been received in Great Britain with hardly less sorrow than in the United States. It is by their common literature that the two nations are most constantly and powerfully reminded that they are intellectually one people. The men of letters of the one address themselves, and belong also to the other; the feelings, the hopes, the aims, and the interests of the better literary life, are the same on both sides of the Atlantic; and those, therefore, who write in the common language of free men, are the most important ties between the two great free States of the world.

In England.

As one of the best writers of English, Mr. Prescott would be deeply lamented in England, even if he

[1] Reprinted, with considerable additions, from *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1859.

V.

had never set foot in the old country. But by personal visits to our shores, by his warm reception of our travellers, and by constant literary intercourse, he had formed so many connections with us, that in London as in Boston, there is for many of us much bitter grief and disappointment in the thought that we shall see no more "that fine and cordial face, nor again be cheered by his warm-hearted greeting." [1]

Ancestry distinguished.

Mr. Prescott is not the first of his lineage whom his country has delighted to honour. His grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, led the republican forces at Bunker's Hill, and was called by Washington, Prescott the Brave, a higher distinction than many of our English military peerages, and any of the usurped titles with which French Imperialism decorated its ferocious and faithless captains. In the same contest, Captain Linzee, maternal grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, commanded the sloop *Falcon*, part of the royal fleet which, from the river, galled the American lines with a murderous fire. The swords of the two warriors eventually crossed, in bloodless encounter, as trophies on the library wall of the historian.[2] The son of Prescott the Brave became the Prescott the learned in the

Prescott "the Brave."

Captain Linzee.

[1] Notice (attributed to the pen of Mr. Hillard) in the *Boston Courier*, Saturday, January 29, 1859.

[2] *Homes of American Authors*, by R. Griswold, 8vo, New York, 1853, p. 129. The notice contains much information about Mr. Prescott's houses and his habits.

V.

law, the able and esteemed Judge William Prescott, of Boston, who, in turn, was the father of him whom we now deplore, and who has so greatly extended in new fields the renown of the family name. The wife of the lawyer was Catherine, daughter of Thomas Hickling, of the island of St. Michael's, for many years United States Consul at the Azores. Their son was born at Salem on the 4th of May 1796. When he was twelve years old, the family removed to Boston, where he was placed in the academy of Dr. Gardiner, a pupil of the once famous Dr. Parr. Three years later, in 1811, he entered Harvard College; and he graduated there in 1814. His university career gave promise of future excellence. It was at Harvard College that he was first seen by his friend, Mr. Bancroft; and the occasion was when young Prescott stood forth to recite to a distinguished audience in the old meeting-house at Cambridge, a pleasant little Latin poem on Spring,[1] composed by himself, and fraught with "a grace and elegance which at that early day pointed out distinctly the course of life to which he was called."[2]

Father, Judge Prescott.

Mother.

Prescott's birth.

His education.

While at college he had the misfortune to lose, by an accident, the sight of one of his eyes. He was obliged to return home and remain for many months

Loss of an eye at college.

[1] [The poem seems to have been on "Hope." See infra, p. 87.—Ed.]

[2] Speech of Mr. Bancroft at the New York Historical Society, *New York Times*, Thursday, February 3, 1859.

V.

shut up in total darkness. There his fine nature displayed itself in all its characteristic sweetness and serenity: "In all that trying season," said his mother, in after years, "when so much had to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fail us for fear, I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side that he did not salute me with some hearty expression of good cheer, as if we were the patients and it were his place to comfort us."[1] Although the injury to the organ became in time hardly perceptible, it so weakened the other eye as to debar him from any profession or pursuit in which strong eyesight was indispensable. His father's large practice at the bar had happily enabled him to realise a fortune which rendered his son independent of professional toil, and enabled him to follow the bent of his inclinations. From the various paths open to him, the young man's choice was soon made, and literature betimes became the business as well as the pleasure of his life.

Travels in Europe.

Soon after leaving college he was advised to travel for the benefit of his health. He therefore crossed the Atlantic, and spent two years in wanderings in

[1] Speech of the Rev. N. L. Frothingham at the Massachusetts Historical Society, February 1, 1859. *Boston Courier*, February 2. The injury to the eye appears to have been the effect of a blow. At the same meeting, Mr. John C. Gray alluded to the kindly tone in which Mr. Prescott was wont to speak of "the unfortunate young man who had almost deprived him of sight."

England, France, and Italy. It is remarkable that he did not visit the country with which his name will be inseparably connected, and that the bodily eye of the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip II., never looked upon those fascinating and inspiring scenes which he has painted with so much graphic art—the snowy peaks and sunny dales which smile around the Alhambra, the grey hills and tawny plains whose landmark is the solemn Escorial.

Did not see Spain.

On his return to Boston in improved health he married Susan, daughter of Thomas C. Amory, one of the most eminent merchants of that city, and settled down to a life of literary labour which was rarely interrupted. He was very methodical in the apportionment of his time, and seldom allowed his hours of study to be interfered with. An early riser both in winter and summer, he strengthened his frame by daily exercise on horseback and on foot, often taken alone for the purpose of digesting the results of the day's reading.[1]

Return and marriage.

Habits.

Many years were spent in laying the foundation of that fine series of historical works which forms his enduring monument. He first made himself master of the literature of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. With the latter, indeed, his acquaintance was so familiar and extensive that he at one time

Studies.

[1] Speech of Mr. Bancroft, *New York Times*, Thursday, February 3, 1859.

V.

contemplated an elaborate work on the literature of Italy. Of his careful and various reading, occasional fruits appeared in the critical papers which he contributed to the *North American Review*. These, with his biographical notice of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, written for Spark's *American Biography*, were collected in 1845, in the volume entitled *Critical and Historical Essays*.

Miscellaneous writings.

Ferdinand and Isabella.

Having at last chosen the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* as the subject of a more serious and prolonged work, he commenced it somewhere about the year 1827. He had already formed a considerable collection of materials, and more were on their way from Europe. For some years his eyesight had been sufficiently strong to admit of his using it for many hours a day in reading. But just before his new acquisitions arrived in Boston, his eye suffered so severe a strain—probably from over-exertion—that he enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years.

Difficulties from deficient eyesight.

"I well remember," he says,[1] "the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived, and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore. I determined to see what could be done with the eyes of another. I remembered that Johnson had said in reference to Milton, that the great poet had abandoned his projected History of England, finding it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue an historical work requiring reference to various authorities. The remark piqued me to make the attempt."

[1] In a letter to a friend quoted in the *New York Herald*, January 31, 1859. See also the Preface to the *Conquest of Mexico*.

V.

As an experiment, he employed a reader, who knew no language but his own; taught him to pronounce Castilian with accuracy sufficient for his own earnest ear; and with this inadequate assistance pursued "his slow and melancholy way" through Mariana and other historians, filling no less than seven quartos. Finding that his indomitable perseverance began to overcome the great difficulty, he obtained the aid of a more learned reader, and dictated copious notes as he went along. When the mass of these memoranda amounted to forty or fifty pages, he had them carefully read over to him, and he then ran over in his mind the chapters into which he proposed to digest them. This process he repeated five or six times, until the chapter was not only sketched but composed, and in a great measure corrected. He then took a blind man's writing-machine, a wooden frame traversed with wires, and fitted with carbonised paper, and, with indefatigable stylus, threw off "pretty glibly" page after page of hieroglyphics, which were in due time read to him, corrected, and transcribed for the press. It is not to be wondered at that a work conducted in this tedious manner, involving great research, and executed with the most scrupulous fidelity and the highest finish, occupied ten years of the author's life. It was also pursued, as Mr. Prescott himself informed the present writer, in such secrecy and

His perseverance.

Writing-machine.

V.

Difficulties in finding a publisher.

silence, that his most intimate friends were ignorant of his daily occupation. When completed, the book was submitted to his father, and endorsed with the approval of that able man. Still no publisher could be found to undertake the speculation. Despairing of obtaining one, and not choosing to publish it on his own account, the author was content to know that his work was not condemned to "the silence and great insecurity of manuscript." To facilitate the labour of revision, he had privately printed three copies. Two of them he placed in public libraries; and with the philosophic calmness which was so characteristic both of the man and his writings, resigned himself to the disappointment of having reaped from his toil no reward beyond the elucidation of truth and the improvement of his own faculties. The disappointment, however, was not destined to be lasting. A publisher more enterprising than his fellows was found in England, and

Publication,

in Mr. Bentley; and, at the end of 1837, *Ferdinand and Isabella* made their appearance in a literature in which they were hardly known, and in a world by which they had been almost forgotten.

and great success of the work.

In America, where Mr. Prescott was known to men of letters as one of the ablest and most amiable of the brotherhood, the work was at once received with the acclamations which it deserved, and which far exceeded the modest expectations of the author.

V.

In England.

Since Roscoe's *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, no such historical success had been achieved in our language. In England, the progress of the book's reputation was naturally less rapid. Twenty years ago we were not accustomed, as we now are, to look across the Atlantic for regular contributions of the highest class to every department of our common literature. Addisonian Irving, Cooper the Wizard of the West, the tender Bryant, the stilted Channing—these and a few more formed the entire list, not certainly of able American writers, but of American writers familiar to the English reader. It was some months ere the new candidate for favour received the public recognition which he deserved. Not until January 1839 was he reviewed in the *Edinburgh;* but the reviewer did full justice to his ability, industry, and impartiality, and pronounced the book "one of the most successful historical productions of our time."[1] The verdict of the *Quarterly* was not given until June, when it was conveyed to the world in one of the most racy and eloquent of the essays of the late lamented Mr. Ford. That safe and pleasant guide to Spain and all things Spanish did not refrain from pointing out certain blemishes of style and taste with a playful sarcasm, which Mr. Prescott confessed to us many years afterwards, in his simple, honest

Judgment of *Edinburgh Review.*

Quarterly, by Ford.

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, No. cccxxxviii. p. 404.

V.

way, that he did not much like, but which, nevertheless, his good sense approved, and by which his subsequent works probably in some degree benefitted. In all essential points, however, Mr. Ford expressed his high admiration of a history on which no man in England was so fitted to pass judgment as himself; and he cordially bade the historian welcome to the eminent place which he had at once achieved in English letters. He bade him not fear competition with Mr. Irving; and he concluded his paper by characterising the book as "by much the first historical work America has yet produced, and one that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began."[1] Germany, France, and Spain acknowledged the new historian by transplanting his work into their respective languages; and the Spanish capital did him and herself honour by electing him a Member of her Royal Academy of History.

Germany, France, Spain.

Conquest of Mexico.

Conquest of Peru.

Six years later, in 1843, the *Conquest of Mexico* (in three vols. 8vo), and in four years more, in 1847, the *Conquest of Peru* (in two vols. 8vo), proved that the industry of Mr. Prescott was stimulated by success, and that his skill was considerably heightened by practice and experience. In his first work he had been forestalled by his countryman,

[1] *Quarterly*, No. cxxvii. p. 58.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

V.

Irving, by whose delightful pen the public had been made acquainted with the life of the great Genoese who gave the New World to Spain, and with much that was most romantic and picturesque in the struggle which banished the Moslem from Western Europe. In these new histories Mr. Prescott led his readers into, what were to most of them, fresh fields and pastures new. Both works were received in both hemispheres with immense applause; with *Ferdinand and Isabella* they have been frequently reprinted; and they bid fair to remain, for many an age to come, the standard histories of some of the most interesting and eventful periods of human action and enterprise. Their merit obtained for the author unsolicited election into many of the chief literary societies in Europe and America. Amongst other learned bodies, the Institute of France enrolled him, in 1845, amongst its corresponding members. The sale of his writings became a source of income, of which the author's share has been variously estimated at £4,000[1] or £5,000[2] a year.

Both well received.

Literary recognition of Prescott.

His income.

Peru accomplished, Mr. Prescott turned to collect materials, or rather to complete the great stock of materials already collected, for the work which he intended to be the greatest achievement of his later life. The *History of Philip II.* was the great theme

Philip II. begun,

[1] *New York Herald*, Monday, January 24, 1859.

[2] *Illustrated London News*, March 5, 1859, p. 222.

V.

which he had chosen. By the accident of sitting on the greatest throne in the world from 1555 to 1599, Philip is certainly one of the chief chronological figures or landmarks in modern history. By dint of passing the greater part of those years in pottering over papers, in sulky suspicious seclusion, he has succeeded not only in making his Castilian subjects regard him as a great prince, but also in palming himself off upon a considerable portion of mankind as a man who stamped his disagreeable image and superscription upon the age in which he lived, and the various peoples who were cruelly misgoverned in his name. To exhibit, with adequate clearness, the great events and questions which distinguished and agitated the age, and the utter insignificance of the man who pretended to command and solve them, was a task worthy of the genius of Mr. Prescott; but a task, alas! which he was not fated to accomplish.

but not finished.

Second visit to England, 1850.

While preparing for these new labours, he indulged himself with a short visit to England in the summer of 1850. Many years before, he had sojourned in this country, as a young and comparatively unknown traveller; he now returned to it the American whom of all others, perhaps, intelligent Englishmen were most desirous to see and converse with. For once, great expectations had been excited without being disappointed. During his residence in London,

V.

His popularity.

Mr. Prescott was one of the most observed and most popular personages in a society ever "to famous wits native or hospitable." In truth, he did not need his fame to aid his social success. His fine presence and countenance, his pleasing conversation and his perfect manners, would have ensured him welcome even as a nameless stranger. He had the happy gift of at once adapting himself to his company, and intuitively catching its best tone; and his varied stores of knowledge, his wide acquaintance with men, quick observation of character, and his even flow of spirits, enabled him, without a pause or an effort, to find some common ground of thought and sympathy with any man, woman, or child with whom he was brought into casual contact. He was no professional talker, coruscating with colloquial fireworks; but he had sufficient liveliness of imagination, and ready neatness of expression, to keep up the conversational ball even amongst eminent masters of the sport, and to leave an impression behind him far more favourable than is often left by the smartest of epigrammatists. He said little that did not please; nothing that could wound; and if people did not retail his good things, they looked forward with eagerness to the next occasion of enjoying his good company. It is no wonder therefore that the social charm of Mr. Prescott, indescribable in words, but certain in

V.

its effect, was a subject of general remark in all circles, amongst bishops sipping their tea at the Athenæum, and amongst young beauties rejoicing in their first Queen's ball.

Dinner at Greenwich.

Amongst the many occasions when it was the good fortune of the author of this sketch to meet Mr. Prescott, there is one which has especially stamped itself on his memory. It was on a delightful summer day,[1] at a dinner given at the "Trafalgar," at Greenwich, by Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street. Of that small and well-chosen circle, the brightest lights are, alas! already quenched. The festive humour of Ford will no more enliven the scene he loved so well; nor will the wit of Lockhart and the wisdom of Hallam ever more brighten or adorn banquets like that at which they met their fellow-labourer from the New World. Everything was in perfection, the weather, the preliminary stroll beneath the great chestnut trees in Greenwich Park, the cool upper room with its balcony overhanging the river, the dinner, from the prefatory water-souchy to the ultimate devilled whitebait, the assortment, spirits, and conversation of the guests. On our return to town in the cool of the summer night, it was the good fortune of the present writer to sit beside Mr. Prescott on the box

[1] [4th July 1850. See Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, p. 297.]

V.

Dines with Sir R. Peel.

of the omnibus which Mr. Murray had chartered for his party. It was there that the historian related to him the fortunes of his first historical work, as told above. He likewise described with great zest a more recent incident of his life. Some days before that,[1] he had dined with the late Sir Robert Peel. With the punctuality which was very noticeable amidst all the bustle of Mr. Prescott's endless London engagements, he was in Whitehall Gardens at the precise moment indicated on the card of invitation. It followed, as a natural result, that he was, for some minutes, the sole occupant of the drawing-room. In due time Sir Robert walked in, very bland and a little formal, somewhat more portly than he appeared on the canvas of Lawrence, somewhat less rotund than he was wont to be figured in the columns of *Punch*. Although not personally known to his host, Mr. Prescott took for granted that his name had been announced. It was to his great surprise, therefore, that he found himself addressed in French. He replied in the same language, inly musing whether he had been mistaken for somebody else, or whether to speak French to all persons from beyond the sea was the etiquette of British statesmanship, or the private predilection of Peel. After some introductory topics

[1] [Just a fortnight before Peel's death, which occurred on the 2nd July 1850. Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, p. 297.—ED.]

V.

had been got over, he was still further mystified by finding the dialogue turned towards the drama, and being complimented on his great success in that unfamiliar walk of letters. The astonished historian was making the reply which his native modesty dictated, when a second guest, a friend of his own, entered, and addressed both of them in English.

Mistaken for M. Scribe.

Mr. Prescott had been mistaken for M. Scribe, a blunder ludicrous enough to those who know the contrast that existed between the handsome person of the historian and the undistinguished appearance of the most prolific of modern playwrights. By a curious chance M. Scribe did not arrive until a large party of political and literary celebrities were seated at dinner, and Mr. Prescott concluded his story by remarking on the graceful kindness with which Sir Robert hastened to meet him at the door, and smoothed the foreigner's way to a place amongst strangers.

Tour in Belgium.

From London Mr. Prescott made a short excursion to Belgium, to examine some of the scenes of his projected history, and to enrich his stock of materials.

D.C.L., Oxford.

He visited Oxford at Commemoration time, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon him amidst loud cheering for Dr. Prescott amongst his undergraduate readers. He also paid visits to Lord Carlisle at Naworth, Baron Parke (now Lord Wensleydale) at Ampthill, and some

V.

Scotland.

other of his English friends at their country houses, and made a very brief tour in Scotland, during which he passed some days with the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray, the most northern point of his journey. While in England, Mr. Prescott sat twice for his portrait, on both occasions with a satisfactory result. One portrait was a bust in oils, painted by Mr. H. W. Phillips, for the author of this notice, and now at Keir; the other was a head executed in crayons by Mr. Richmond, for Lord Carlisle. Both have been engraved, the first on steel for the octavo edition of the *Critical and Historical Essays*, the other on stone.[1]

Portraits by Phillips and Richmond.

Before the autumn was over he returned to America, and *Philip II.* In 1856, he supplied Mr. Routledge with a sequel to an edition of Robertson's *Charles V.*, in which he narrated, in his usual agreeable style, the true history of the Emperor's retirement and death. About the same time he also wrote a graceful biographical sketch, published in quarto, of his lamented friend the late Mr. Abbott Lawrence, so well known and so highly esteemed in this country as Minister from the United States at the Court of St. James's.

Returns home.

Sequel to Robertson's *Charles V.*

Notice of Abbott Lawrence.

When part of the *History of Philip II.* was ready

[1] [Of the latter, an engraving has been executed, by permission of the Earl of Carlisle, for the present volume. An engraving of it was also given in the English edition of Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*.—Ed.]

V.

Loss by decision of House of Lords on copyright.

for publication, Mr. Bentley purchased, for £1,000 per volume, the English copyright of the work, the bargain being subject to the decision of the House of Lords on a case, then pending, which involved the question of international protection to literary enterprise. The decision, confirming a previous decision of the Barons of Exchequer, declared that no American not domiciled in England at the time of the publication of his book, could claim the benefit of our copyright law, and put an end to the transaction. One of Mr. Prescott's numerous English visitors, who passed an evening with him at his marine villa at Nahant, has thus recorded the philosophy with which the historian received the intelligence:—"Our conversation," writes Mr. C. R. Weld,[1] "soon took a literary turn, principally in relation to the vexed question of literary copyright, and it so happened, while we were deep in argument, Mr. Prescott received letters from England, informing him that the decision of the House of Lords being adverse to a foreigner possessing copyright in England, his bargain with a London publisher for a new historical work, for which he was to have been paid £6,000, had become void. Some men would have exhibited disappointment at this reverse of fortune; whatever Mr. Prescott may have felt, it is due to him

[1] *A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada*, small 8vo, London, 1855.

to state his kind manner underwent no change on the receipt of the intelligence."

If Mr. Prescott had thought proper to come to England, and reside with his friends here at the time of the publication of the book, and for a certain time after, he might have reaped the full benefit of its great success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he would not take this course. At a great pecuniary sacrifice he preferred to present to the world one signal example more of the great hardship and injustice to which both English and American authors are exposed for want of a reasonable system of international copyright, a want for which it is due to this country to say that the American Legislature appears to be wholly responsible.

Part of *Philip II.* published.

Two volumes of *Philip II.* were published in 1855, and the third appeared only a few months ago. To the grace and vivacity of the narratives of the rebellion of the Moriscos, and of the battle of Lepanto, and to the undiminished fire and power displayed in this last instalment of the work, our current magazines and reviews have borne, and are still bearing, testimony. It will be long indeed ere a historian is found worthy to take up the thread where it has been so suddenly and so unhappily broken.

The successful literary labours of Mr. Prescott were carried on during six months of the year at his fine house at Boston, overlooking the common,

V.

Prescott attacked by apoplexy, 1858.

and in the summer and autumn at his cottage by the seaside, on the rocky shore of Nahant, or at his patrimonial seat at Pepperell. These labours were interrupted, on the 6th February 1858, by a slight apoplectic shock.

From that time he lived wholly on a vegetable diet, and used wine even more sparingly than before. He took less pleasure also in general society, and spent his leisure hours more constantly at home, and with his grandchildren, of whose innocent company he was never weary. But his friends were under no alarm as to the state of his health, which they believed was in a fair way to complete restoration.

Rev. Mr. Milburn's recollections of his visit to Prescott.

In January 1859, he was at home at Boston. On Wednesday the 26th, the Rev. William H. Milburn, an eloquent Wesleyan preacher of New York, happened to be passing through Boston, and called upon him. Mr. Prescott had gone out for his usual midday walk. In the evening Mr. Milburn called again, and found him at home. He noticed that Mr. Prescott entered the library to receive him with a slower and heavier step than had been his wont in former years, and that in speaking, his utterance was occasionally somewhat thick and imperfect. His manner, however, had lost nothing of its accustomed warmth, and he spoke of absent mutual friends, dead and living, with his usual feeling and cordiality. Of his

last year's stroke of apoplexy he also talked with perfect calmness. He said it had weakened him, and had affected his sight a good deal, and had confined him to a spare diet, but that he was now able to take exercise, and to work two or three hours a day, and sometimes even more. Mr. Agassiz and the interruption of his scientific labours by injured eyesight were mentioned. This led Mr. Prescott to express his sympathy, and to talk of the infirmity which was common both to himself and his guest, Mr. Milburn being also partially blind. "These men with eyes," said he, "have us at a serious disadvantage, haven't they? While they run we can only limp. But I have nothing to complain of, nor have you. Providence has singularly taken care of both, and by compensation keeps the balance even." Mr. Milburn had lately returned from England, and the conversation turned upon friends there to whom Mr. Prescott had given him letters, and upon the country in general. Of the Dean of St. Paul's Mr. Prescott spoke with great interest and regard. "Accomplished as an historian, divine, poet, and man of letters, he is at the same time among the most agreeable and finished men of society I saw in England." He also inquired after our other learned and popular metropolitan dean, Dr. Trench, regretted that he had not seen him, "having heard such pleasant things concerning him," and said his little works on

Their conversation on England.

V.

Words should be the next books he should read. "England is a glorious country, isn't it?" was his remark on passing from the subject. "What a hearty and noble people they are, and how an American's heart warms towards them after he has been there once and found them out in their hospitable homes." Mr. Milburn asked him when he was coming to see his friends at New York. He replied, "I suppose the days of my long journeys are over. I must content myself, like Horace, with my three houses. You know I go at the commencement of summer to my cottage by the seaside at Lynn Beach, and at autumn to my patrimonial acres at Pepperell, which have been in our family for two hundred years, to sit under the old trees I sat under when a boy, and then, with winter, come to town to hibernate in this house. This is the only travelling I suppose I shall do until I go to my long home."[1]

Last illness.

These words were spoken almost on the threshold of that final abode. On the morning of Friday the 28th January 1859, he was so well that, although the morning was wet, he proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, between seven and eight, in order to inquire after a sick relation. With some difficulty Mrs. Prescott prevailed upon him not to venture out. After breakfast she read to him, as usual, the morning

[1] Letter from the Rev. W. H. Milburn in *Harper's Weekly Magazine*, February 12, 1859.

papers. He remarked that he had been idling long enough, and was now going to work in earnest. At half-past ten he went to his study, where Mr. Kirk, who for many years had acted as his secretary and reader, read to him for a couple of hours. He then went alone into an adjoining room; Mr. Kirk soon afterwards heard a groan, and, following him, found him dead to all consciousness, smitten with a second stroke of apoplexy.[1] His medical attendants were summoned, but their skill was vain, and he never spoke again. At half-past two o'clock the black crape upon the house-door announced that he had been taken from his friends and his country.[2]

Sudden death, 28th January 1859.

According to his wish, his body was laid for a while in his library, amongst his well-beloved books, and the portraits of those to whose career his pen had given new life. From thence, on Monday, the 1st February, it was borne to his family vault in St. Paul's Church, belonging to the Presbyterian communion of which he had been a member. It was followed to the tomb by a company such as the death of no man of letters had ever before assembled in America, paying to his great name and noble nature a tribute of tears and mourning "which

Funeral.

[1] For these particulars I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence.

[2] *Boston Traveller*, January 29, 1859.

V.

would have been dearer to his heart than all the intellectual triumphs of his life."[1]

Family.

He has left behind him a widow, two sons, and a daughter, the latter being the wife of one of the sons of the late Mr. Abbott Lawrence, so well known and so highly esteemed as representative of the United States at the court of England.

His merits as a writer.

Time, space, and the occasion here forbid any attempt at a full critical examination of the writings of Mr. Prescott. His fidelity and industry—qualities which form the foundation of historical merit—are universally acknowledged. It has been doubted, and it is doubtful, whether his powers of philosophical analysis were equal to his skill in synthetical arrangement; whether he could penetrate to vital principles as happily as he could marshal facts and picture events. It is certain that the latter portions of the duty of an historian were those to which he specially applied himself. His practice may be justified on the ground of the subdivision of literary labour which at present obtains, greatly to the advantage of the accuracy of our knowledge. To describe clearly what was done in a particular age, and how it was done, is in itself an important and difficult task: to show why it was done, by discovering the hidden causes which shaped and coloured

[1] Speech of Professor Ticknor at the Massachusetts Historical Society. *Boston Courier*, February 2, 1859.

V.

His narrative.

events, belongs perhaps more properly to writers who take a more comprehensive view of the chart of the world's history. In the art of narrative Mr. Prescott has few rivals—very few equals—in our language. His description of the siege and surrender of Malaga, and the crowning conquest of Granada, are surpassed in strength and grace by nothing in Gibbon, Robertson, or Irving. His account of *la triste noche*—the rueful night, in which, after the death of Montezuma, Cortes and his thousand Spaniards evacuated the city of Mexico—is one of the finest pieces of modern historical painting. We hear the stealthy march of the devoted band along the great street of Tlacopan; we see the inky gleam of the lake sleeping beneath the midnight sky to right and left of the causeway. Presently the dismal drum of the war-god sounds from the lofty top of the distant temple; the Spaniards hastily place their portable bridge over the chasm in the road; and as they hurry across we hear the gathering storm of the Mexican onslaught. In front and flank and rear the Christians are assailed with a tempest of stones and arrows; the lake is alive with canoes, with flashing oars, and prows steadily closing upon the sides of the dyke. The cavalry dashing through the cloud of barbarian warriors; the hand-to-hand battles fought at every step by the infantry; the momentary halt at the broken bridges; the van

V.

driven headlong into the canals by the pressure from behind—are all painted with the hand of a master. In the grey dawn we see in front Cortes up to his saddle-girths in the water, and hear his voice directing his men to the ford which he alone has discovered. In the rear we see Alvarado, wounded and at bay; before him the famous chestnut mare, bred in the pastures of Cordoba, lies slain; behind him is the broad and bridgeless canal, choked with baggage and corpses. He plants his lance firmly in mid-channel, springs boldly, and as he joins his retreating comrades, leaves behind him a spot famous in the history of the New World.

On manners and literature.

Mr. Prescott's chapters on manners and literature are not less lively and picturesque than his record of contemporary events which these chapters illustrate. Of modern historians he was one of the first to acknowledge and to exhibit the importance of this kind of illustration, which his immediate predecessors had been too much in the habit of neglecting. In another respect also his works set an example well worthy of general adoption. Not content with embodying the result of his own researches, he constructed a road to the fountains from whence he had drawn and the mines in which he had toiled, in order, to use his own words, "to put the reader in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising, and if need be of reversing, the judgments

Always quotes his authorities.

V.

of the historian."[1] Of all his chief authorities he has left us elaborate biographical notices, showing their means of obtaining a true knowledge of facts, the circumstances and influences to which they were exposed, the complexion of their minds, and the value of their evidence. Were this method of writing history general, we should lose some ingenious books, but we should also escape the noxious influence of many dishonest ones. On those who read critically, Mr. Prescott's plan must have already had a wholesome effect. From him many such readers must have learned to distrust even the most brilliant of the writing craft who withhold the grounds of their faith and facts, who cite sparingly and loosely, and impudently tell the world that they have drawn materials, perhaps for caricatures of the past and slanders on the dead, from sources so numerous as to defy specification.

His essays.

If Mr. Prescott does not hold, as an essayist, the same high rank which he enjoys as a historian, it is because he was so fully occupied by his larger works that he had little time left for minor productions. His collected contributions to periodical literature form, however, an interesting volume, possessing much of the finish and charm of his other writings. Amongst the more important subjects of his occa-

[1] *Conquest of Peru.* Preface.

V.

sional lucubrations were Cervantes, Molière, Scott, and Italian narrative poetry, all well and wisely handled. Of kindness and generosity Mr. Prescott had far too much to wield the tomahawk of the slashing school of criticism; and he was wholly unprovided with the Croker-organs for the secretion of vitriolic venom. When he turned aside from his own literary path it was for the purpose of throwing some fresh light upon the beauties of the old masterpieces, or of doing full justice to the merits of unrecognised genius. If a blockhead was to be exposed, or a knave to be lashed, he left them to critics who loved to perform such operations. It was very characteristic of his gentle and genial nature, prompt to shun the very appearance of evil, that he prefaced his volume of essays, which most readers will be disposed to regard as models of calmness and candour, with the wish "that some of his critical judgments had been expressed in a more qualified and temperate manner." [1]

Testimonies to his personal worth.

The eminence of Mr. Prescott as a writer was not more cordially recognised than the remarkable worth and beauty of his character as a man. The calm good sense which distinguishes his writings directed every action of his life. Prudent and considerate in

[1] *Critical and Historical Essays.* 12mo. London, 1850. Preface, p. viii.

V.

his affairs, he was also liberal in all his dealings, and open-handed in his unostentatious benevolence. Adored by his family and familiar friends, he was hardly less dear to the whole society of his native city. Indeed, every American with whom we have conversed, seemed to take a personal interest and an honest pride in all his successes, literary and social. Very touching are many of the expressions of regard which his death has elicited from some of the most eminent of his countrymen. "All who knew him," says Mr. Bancroft,[1] "will say that he was greater and better than his writings. Standing as it were by his grave, we cannot recall anything in his manner, his character, his endowments, or his conduct, we could wish changed." Professor Ticknor[2] remarks that "he was loved of all who knew him for the transparent sincerity of his nature, his open and warm sympathies, and for the faithful affections to which years and the changes of life only added freshness and strength." "Of all men whom I have known," says his classmate, Dr. Walker,[3] President of Harvard University, "I have never known one so little changed by the hard trial of success and prosperity. At college, and on the morning of the day he died,

Mr. Bancroft.

Ticknor.

Dr. Walker.

[1] At the New York Historical Society. *New York Times*, Thursday, Feb. 3, 1859.

[2] At the Massachusetts Historical Society. *Boston Courier*, Feb. 2.

[3] Ibid.

v.

he was the same in his dispositions, the same in his outward manners, the same in his habit of thought and feeling, the same, to a remarkable degree, in his attitudes and looks. He was one of that happy few whom all love to hear praised." These sentiments will be echoed by many a British bosom. In the memory of our dead friend many of us will acknowledge a reason, more solemn and tender than the thousand existing reasons, for loving and honouring the people and the land which gave birth to William Hickling Prescott.

VI.

The Realm, Feb. 24 and March 2, 1864.

TICKNOR'S LIFE OF PRESCOTT.[1]

VI.

FEW lives have, on the whole, been more enviable than that which Mr. Ticknor has, in this beautiful volume, so affectionately and yet so faithfully portrayed. A modest affluence, enjoyed in a highly cultivated society, warm affections surrounded by a genial domestic and social circle, a singularly attractive person and address, considerable intellectual powers carefully improved and actively exercised with signal success—this is a catalogue of blessings such as has seldom fallen to the lot of any of Mr. Prescott's fellow-labourers in the field of letters. The one serious drawback to these felicities was the early loss of an eye, with such a delicacy of the remaining organ as sometimes threatened total blindness. But this privation was again com-

Affluent circumstances.

Loss of his eye.

[1] *Life of William Hickling Prescott.* By George Ticknor. 4to. Boston, Ticknor & Fields. 1864: pp. x. 490. Portraits and numerous Illustrations.

VI.

pensated by a calm and happy temper, and a strong will, which enabled him to turn a great physical obstacle into a new source of distinction.

Birth.

He was born at Salem, New England, on May 4, 1796, and was the son of a lawyer in good practice, who afterwards rose to great eminence at the bar

Boyhood.

and on the bench. "A bright, merry boy, with an inquisitive mind, quick perceptions, and a ready, retentive memory," he comported himself at school as such boys usually do—learning a good deal, but

College days.

playing a good deal more. At fifteen, he was sent to Harvard College; and a letter to his father, describing his entrance-examination, is preserved by Mr. Ticknor. The examiners at first

> "Looked like so many judges of the Inquisition.
>
> "We were ordered down into the parlour, almost frightened out of our wits, to be examined by each separately; but we soon found them quite a pleasant sort of chaps. The President sent us down a very good dish of pears, and treated us very much like gentlemen."

Accidental loss of his eye.

It was in the hall at Harvard that he soon afterwards lost his left eye, in an after-dinner frolic of the students, by receiving an accidental blow on the open eyeball from a large hard piece of bread. The pain was intense, and he was laid up for some weeks. It is worthy of note that although the lad who flung the missile never expressed any sympathy with the suffering he had inflicted, he received in after life an important kindness from his injured companion.

VI.

An incapacity for the study of mathematics, and a desperate resolution to commit geometrical problems to memory without comprehending them, which led to his being excused further work in that way, are amongst the most noticeable recollections of young Prescott's college career. He, however, obtained some of the customary honours of successful scholarship, and closed his college career in August 1814, by publicly reciting a pleasant little Latin poem, on "Hope," to a distinguished audience in the old meeting-house at Cambridge.

Scholastic honours.

His plan of life on quitting college was to prepare himself for the bar, and for this purpose he entered his father's office. But his legal studies were soon interrupted by a severe attack of rheumatism, which fixed itself in his remaining eye, producing for the time total blindness, and leaving the organ greatly weakened. For sixteen weeks he was unable to walk, and was obliged to live in pitch darkness. During all this weary time he evinced a patience and equanimity which his mother afterwards loved to recall. "I never groped my way across the apartment to take my place by his side that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer, as if we were the patients, and his place were to comfort us."

Study for the bar,

interrupted by illness.

His patience.

On his recovery he went abroad for relaxation and change of climate. The winter of 1815–16

Recovery.

VI.

Voyage to St. Michael's.

was spent at St. Michael's, in the country house of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Hickling, consul of the United States. The tedious voyage in a small vessel was rendered doubly irksome by sharp attacks of the old disorder, accompanied by inflammation of the eye, for which he had no remedy but the twilight of his miserable cabin and a diet of rye-pudding. Some pleasant letters, written from the Azores, describe the friendly social circle in which he found himself, and life and scenery in the lovely island, which seems to have owed its reputation for oranges very much to the arboricultural zeal of Mr. Hickling. But of the six months which he passed there three were spent in a dark room. In April 1816, he embarked for England, and, after a passage of twenty-four days, for two-and-twenty of which he was confined to his cabin, tortured in his eye and his joints, landed in London. Here he placed himself under surgical advice, and was told that the eye originally injured was hopelessly paralysed, and that for the other little could be done, beyond using means to strengthen the whole physical system. Evening society, theatres, exhibitions, and the use of books were forbidden him. He made but one excursion from London, to Windsor and its neighbourhood, with his friend Mr. Quincy Adams, then American Minister at St. James's. In the autumn he passed two months in Paris, and thence pro-

Leaves for England.

Paris, &c.

ceeded to Turin, Genoa, Milan, and Venice. The winter having been spent between Rome and Naples, he returned, in the spring, to Paris, where he was again seriously ill, and had to undergo another fortnight of darkness. A two months' visit to England, which enabled him to see Oxford, Cambridge, and the Wye, closed his European tour, and he was at home again in Boston in July 1817.

Oxford, Cambridge, &c.

His mother had busied herself in making his room bright and cheerful to welcome his return. But his poor eye was unable to bear the gay colours which she had provided; the white woodwork had to be reduced to grey, and the walls and carpets sobered to green. Here he led for nearly a year a very retired life, using his eyes very little, and listening to books read to him, sometimes for eight hours a day, by an affectionate sister. The following year his health was somewhat stronger, and he mingled more freely with society; but it was evident that for him a professional career was impossible. He therefore deliberately resolved to make for himself in letters the daily occupation which he had discovered was essential to happiness.

Returns home.

In May 1820, he married Susan, the daughter of Mr. T. C. Amory, a successful merchant of Boston, remarking to his friends—

Marriage.

"Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori."

VI.

Events of his life.

From this time until his death, a period of thirty-nine years, the events of his life were the birth of four children, and the death of one, the death of his father and mother, the selection of subjects for his pen, the composition and publication of his works, and his annual migrations from Boston to the sea-side at Nahant or Lynn, and his farm at Pepperell, varied only by trips to Albany and Washington, and a second visit to England.

Studies.

To prepare himself for the career which he had chosen, he entered upon a critical study of the

English.

English language and literature. Beginning with Roger Ascham, he carefully read the best prose writers, down to Jeffrey and Gifford, occasionally making notes on their style and characteristics.

French.

He then turned to the literature of France, and pursued a similar course, commencing with Frois-

Italian.

sart, and closing with Chateaubriand. The Italian next engaged his attention, and there he was chiefly attracted by the poets, most of whom he read with

German.

great care. With German he next proposed to grapple, but his infirmity of vision rendered the difficulties in the way of its acquisition insuperable, and he reluctantly abandoned the attempt,

Spanish.

turning instead to Spanish.

Choice of a subject.

Towards the end of 1825, he began to approach the choice of a subject, and the application of his accumulated stores of thought and reading. His-

VI.

tories of Spain from the Arab invasion to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V., of the revolution which converted the Roman republic into a despotism, of Italian literature, were thought of and dismissed. An entry in a notebook, dated January 19, 1826, records his decision in favour of a history of Ferdinand and Isabella, and is accompanied by a pencilled annotation, "a fortunate choice, May 1847." On January 22, 1826, he announced his intention to Mr. Alex. Everett, United States Minister in Spain, in a long and elaborate letter, in which he remarks:—

Decides on Ferdinand and Isabella.

> "Johnson says that no man can complete a history who is blind. But, though I should lose the sight of my eyes altogether (an evil not in the least degree probable), by the blessing of God, if my ears are spared me, I will disprove the assertion; and my chronicle, whatever other demerits it may have, shall not be wanting in accuracy and research."

But the fatigue of writing this letter, inflicting a severe strain upon the nerve of the eye, imposed upon him four months of idleness in the dark. Even when he emerged into daylight again, he could use his eye so little that he was obliged to engage a professional reader, and, for some time, had to listen to Spanish books read by a person who did not understand a word of Spanish. Better aids were, however, soon found, and, after some practice, he taught his ear to perform the work of the eye, and his memory to serve the purpose of a notebook.

Troubled by his eye.

VI.

Arrangement of his study.

His reader used to attend him for six hours daily, from ten till two, and from six to eight. They worked in an upper room of his father's house in Boston, with two windows; one to the west, which was carefully shaded with several blinds of blue gauze, any one of which could be drawn up separately, so as to temper the light with a nice gradation, and another window to the north, set higher in the wall, and left uncovered. Mr. Prescott sat with his back towards the western window, with a green screen in front of him to darken the opposite wall. The fire in the grate was of coke, to avoid flame and glare.

As the reading proceeded, the reader was requested to mark any passage which seemed important, and the listener, when his eye permitted, would himself sometimes make a note of the reference. These notes the reader afterwards copied out in a bold hand. Sometimes, when his eye was stronger, Mr. Prescott would himself read for awhile, sitting near the window at a reading-desk, and frequently raising or lowering the blue blinds. It was not until October 1829, three years and a half after he had set himself to the subject, that he commenced the actual composition of his work, and wrote the first chapter of *Ferdinand and Isabella*. Three chapters were then accomplished in three months, but they were wholly rewritten before they

Progress of his work.

VI.

His noctograph.

were sent to the press. The manuscript was, in a great measure, written by his own hand, by the aid of a machine called a noctograph, in which the paper was laid under a series of stout wires, sixteen to the page, which guided the hand in forming the lines. Ink was superseded by the use of a blackened paper, the back of which being pressed with a stylus left an impression on the white sheet placed beneath it. The apparatus, as its name imports, was available by night, but the manuscript produced by it was very faint, and required copying before Mr. Prescott could use it for reference. The mechanical difficulty of writing induced him to practise the art of mental composition, of which he acquired so great a command that he could arrange and carry in his head as much matter as would fill fifty or sixty printed pages. His hours of exercise on foot or horseback were frequently the hours when large portions of his works assumed their definite shape.

Power of mental composition.

Exercise.

At length, on June 25, 1836, *Ferdinand and Isabella* was sent to press. In 1833, during the progress of the work, he had caused four copies of it to be printed as it was written, in a bold type, and on only one side of the leaf. One of these copies was now carefully revised, and the care bestowed upon this revision may be judged of from the fact that the first chapter was written thrice, and

Publication of *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

VI.

privately printed twice, before it was considered by the author as fit for publication. Perhaps this exceeding care may have been in some degree attributable to a plan of publication which Mr. Prescott appears to have followed in all his works. The sheets were at once stereotyped, at his own expense, and from these stereotype plates, which remained his private property, the various American editions were printed, upon terms agreed upon in each case with the publisher.

First edition, 1837.

The first edition of *Ferdinand and Isabella* appeared at Boston at Christmas 1837. The American Stationers' Company, which undertook it, was allowed four years to sell 1,250 copies, and the number of those at first struck off was only 500, so modest were the expectations of all concerned.

Quickly exhausted.

Four weeks exhausted the stock which had been calculated to supply the demand of four years, and the work became famous on both sides of the Atlantic. In the summer of 1837, one of the four large type copies had been sent to England to be

Published in England.

offered to London publishers. Refused by the elder Murray and by the Longmans, it was accepted by Bentley, to the great and permanent advantage of

Favourable criticisms.

that bibliopole's pocket and reputation. The book at once obtained the suffrages of the most intelligent critics in England, Germany, France and Spain, and the author was at once—as his bio-

VI.

grapher had had the happiness to foretell—"placed quite by the side of Irving" in the estimation of Europe.

Conquest of Mexico published.

The *Conquest of Mexico*, Mr. Prescott's next work, occupied him for about five years, the actual composition being in progress somewhat less than four. The book appeared on December 6, 1843, published by Messrs. Harper of New York, who paid 7,500 dollars (about £1,687) for the right of striking off 5,000 copies from the stereotype plates, with a further right of printing on the same terms as many more as might be required during a year. The 5,000 were sold off within four months. Bentley paid £650 for the copyright of the English editions. The reviews and letters from private friends teemed with laudation. Mr. Rogers contrasted it with the other popular works of the day, books "by fast writers for fast readers." Mr. Hallam thought the style "almost perfect;" "better than that in the former history." Alexander von Humboldt wrote, "It is a piece of good fortune for me, a citizen of Mexico, to have lived long enough to read you," adding an opinion, which recent events appear likely to overthrow, that Spanish America, though torn by ignoble intestine war, is "happily too great a country to permit the possibility of the importation of a foreign yoke."

English editions.

English opinions.

Rogers.

Hallam.

Humboldt.

In 1844–45, Mr. Prescott made a selection of

VI.

Essays, 1845.

fourteen of his miscellaneous contributions to periodicals, and published them in the summer of 1845, in a volume entitled *Critical and Historical Essays*. It met with a success which the modest author was far from expecting.

Conquest of Peru.

The *Conquest of Peru*, in two volumes, appeared in the spring of 1847. Messrs. Harper paid 7,500 dollars for the same number of copies from the stereotype plates, to be sold within two years, agreeing also to continue to publish at the same rate, or to surrender the contract, at the author's option.

Published in England.

Mr. Bentley gave £800 for the English copyright, although it had already become doubtful whether the copyright of a foreigner was protected by English law. The work was as successful as its predecessors.

Testimonies of Ticknor,

Amongst other testimonies to its merit from distinguished writers, Mr. Ticknor has preserved a long and animated letter from Maria Edgeworth, who sent Mr. Prescott some book-markers; one of which,

and Maria Edgeworth.

inscribed in green silk, "Maria E. for Prescott's Works!" was, she writes, "my own handiwork every stitch, in my 81st year."

Second visit to Europe, 1850.

Mr. Prescott paid a second visit to Europe in 1850. He was absent from home less than five months, which were chiefly spent in England, only a few days at the end of July being given to a trip to Paris and Belgium. He saw a London season at its height, figured as one of its most popular lions,

VI.

and visited several of our greater country-houses. His letters to his mother, wife and daughter, and to Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, contain pleasant notices of London society, his presentation at court, and what he saw and did at Cuddesdon Palace, Alnwick Castle, Inveraray, and Castle Howard. He heard the Bishop of Oxford preach in his own parish church, and reprove a boy for sleeping during the sermon. "I did not acquiesce," he wrote, "in the views of the preacher, though the tones of his voice would have melted the most obdurate heart." He visited Mr. Rogers, and records that "his conversation, even in his dilapidated condition, on his back, is full of salt, not to say cayenne. I was praising somebody's good nature. 'Yes,' he said, 'so much good nature that there is no room for good sense.'" Macaulay showed him some of his MSS., "a first draught, absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections." He thought the Whig historian's talk "like the laboured but still unintermitting jerks of a pump, keeping the mind on too great a tension for table talk." Of Lockhart he speaks as "a fascinating sort of person, whom I should fear to have to meddle with me, whether in the way of praise or blame."

Presentation at court.

Visits Mr. Rogers.

Macaulay.

Lockhart.

Two volumes of the *History of Philip II.* appeared in November 1855, at Boston. Of the bargain with the publisher Mr. Ticknor does not inform us, but he prints a note written by the author,

Two vols. of *Philip II.* published, 1855.

VI.

Its success.

from which we learn that 8,000 copies were sold within six months, that the publication had so improved the sale of his other writings that 30,000 volumes of these had been disposed of within the same time, and that he had received in all, in six months, 17,000 dollars (about £3,825) as his share. An edition of Robertson's *Charles V.*, with an account of the Emperor's life after his abdication written by the editor, and a *Memoir of Abbott Lawrence*, occupied a portion of 1855 and 1856.

Account of the abdication of Charles V.

Third vol. of *Philip II.*

The third volume of *Philip II.*—his last work—was published in the autumn of 1858. It brings the history down only to about the middle of his hero's reign. Lord Macaulay wrote to the author—

Macaulay's criticism.

"It is excellent, and I think superior to anything you have written, parts of the *Conquest of Mexico* excepted."

Illness, 1858.

In February 1858, Mr. Prescott had an apoplectic seizure. His mind wandered for a few moments, and his powers of speech and motion were partially suspended. When consciousness returned, his first words were, "My poor wife, I am so sorry for you that this has come upon you so soon;" words which must have recalled his early habit of treating his blindness as the affliction rather of his family than of himself. In a few weeks he was convalescent, and in a few months all but the most intimate of his

friends thought him quite recovered. The third volume of *Philip II.* was corrected and printed after the attack; and a few paragraphs of the last chapter, composed before the seizure, and retained in his memory, were committed to paper on his recovery. The autumn was tranquilly spent, as usual, by the seaside and at the farm. The last entry in his note-book contained these words—

"On my return to Boston I shall resume my labours on *Philip*, and if my health continues as good as it has been this summer, shall hope to make some progress. But I shall not press matters. Our *villagiatura* has been frightened by the presence of all the children and grandchildren; God bless them. And now we scatter again, but not far apart."

Last illness, 1859.

On the morning of 28th January, 1859, he was apparently in good health and spirits, talking about beginning work in earnest. Shortly before noon, he went from his study into an adjoining room. His secretary, hearing him groan, followed, and found him struck with apoplexy; and at half-past two he died, never having spoken or evinced any sign of consciousness. The universal burst of sorrow with which the intelligence was received on both sides of the Atlantic was like that which a year later followed the sudden death of Macaulay, or that which two months ago bore testimony to the great and good gifts of Thackeray.

Death.

Happy in his domestic life, and in the application

VI.

of his intellectual powers, Prescott has been no less happy in the faithful friend and worthy peer in his country's literature, who has so well fulfilled the duties of his biographer.

VII.

RICHARD FORD.

The Times, Sept. 4, 1858.

(1.)

VII. (1.)

THERE are few persons connected with letters and arts, or the social life of London, who will hear without concern of the death of Richard Ford. He died on the 31st of last month, in the sixty-second year of his age, at his house at Hevitre, near Exeter. His various tastes and accomplishments, his large and keen sympathies, genial nature, and social position, had brought him into contact and acquaintanceship with men of all pursuits; and when he made an acquaintance, he seldom failed also to make a friend.

Death of Ford.

His father, Sir Richard Ford, descended from an ancient Sussex family, was, in 1789, M.P. for East Grinstead, and afterwards for many years chief police magistrate of London. Richard, the eldest son, was born in Sloane Street in 1796. Educated

Ancestry.

VII. (1.)

Education. Study for the bar.

at Winchester, he graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, and was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn. Although he was for awhile the pupil of Mr. Pemberton Leigh, whose high legal ability has lately raised him to the peerage, Mr. Ford did not pursue the profession of the law.

Continental travels.

The opening of the Continent at the downfall of Napoleon I., and prospects of hereditary affluence, enabled him to indulge in foreign travel, which extended over several years and the greater part of

Tastes.

Europe. He began very early to develop his taste for the fine arts, and to lay the foundation of his choice library and his rich collection of drawings

Visits Spain, 1830.

and engravings. In 1830, he visited Spain, where he passed several years, wintering in the south, and spending the summer in rambles over the provinces of the Peninsula—lands, at that time, rarely trodden by the tourist. A long residence in the Alhambra of Granada, and his winters at Seville, enabled him to digest the information acquired during his wanderings by *vega* and *sierra*, and fixed the direction of those studies which were to employ his future leisure and adorn the literature of this country. On

Returns to England.

his return to England, after an absence of about three years, he settled in Devonshire, at Heavitre, near Exeter, where he built himself a charming residence, and surrounded it with gardens and terraces, which he adorned with graceful Moorish

VII. (1.)

buildings, and planted with pines and cypresses from historic groves by the Xenil and Guadalquivir. He also became a regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, then under the editorship of his friend Mr. Lockhart; and his articles, generally upon subjects connected with the life, literature, and art of Spain, were soon eagerly looked for by the readers of that periodical, and became important aids to its value and popularity. We believe his first contribution was the learned yet lively paper in No. cxvi., in 1836, on the unpromising subject of Devonshire cob walls, which he connected with the ancient *tapia* of Arabic architecture, a paper which immediately commanded public attention, and was the forerunner of a long list of brilliant essays, which was terminated by the review of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, in No. cciv., in 1857. In 1837, he published his first independent work, *An Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain*, 8vo, London (Murray), pp. iv., 76, a pamphlet full of varied lore and powerful argument, not unmingled with caustic sarcasm, in reply to one called *The Policy of England towards Spain*, published in defence of the policy of Lord Palmerston, and under the noble Lord's patronage. A year or two afterwards, Mr. Ford went to Italy, and passed the winter of 1839–40 in Rome, where he added largely to his already rich artistic collection, especi-

Writes for *Quarterly*.

First separate work, 1837.

Visits Italy.

VII. (1.)

Collects Majolica.

ally to his cabinet of Majolica. The greater part of this cabinet he afterwards disposed of at Christie and Manson's, and some of the gems of the celebrated Bernal sale were then picked up, at the moderate prices of that day, by that unwearied and successful collector. Soon after his return to England, Mr. Ford entered upon the work upon which his literary reputation mainly rests, the *Handbook for Spain*.

Handbook for Spain.

His friend Mr. Murray had some years before inaugurated a new era in guidebook literature by the publication of that admirable handbook for North Germany which remains a model for books of its class. He now invited Mr. Ford to take Spain in hand, and Mr. Ford accepted the invitation. Like many other great works, this book perhaps might never have been written had its author accurately estimated the magnitude of the task and distinctly foreseen the amount of deep research and patient labour which lay between the promise and the performance. Those of Mr. Ford's friends who were admitted to the "den" at Hevitre, the garden-house embowered in myrtle and ivy, where the work was accomplished, will well remember the long deal shelves laden with parchment-clad folios and quartos, the inky deal table, the crammed pigeon-holes, and the piles of manuscript which encumbered the chairs and the floor, and the kindly, lively author in his black jacket of Spanish sheepskin, doing the honours

VII. (1.)

of his book-rarities, pouring forth his humorous complaints of the slavery to which he had unwittingly condemned himself—complaints diversified with Spanish proverb and English jest; and they will remember these things with a sigh that they are to see that bright eye and hear that pleasant voice no more. In the summer of 1845, however, the two goodly volumes, of upwards of 800 pages, were laid on the counter in Albemarle Street, heralded by a slight but very graceful notice in the *Quarterly* from the pen of Mr. Lockhart. Two thousand copies of a book humble in title, unattractive in outward form, and considerable in price (30s.) were sold within the year; and the work, which the public bought with eagerness, the reviewers praised with enthusiasm. So great a literary achievement had never before been performed under so unpretending an appellation; and the *Handbook for Spain* took its place among the best books of travel, humour and history, social, literary, political and artistic, in the English language. A second edition—reduced to one volume, and, in the opinion of most of Mr. Ford's readers, far too sternly abridged—appeared in 1847, and also met with a large sale. The book went for a third time to the study at Hevitre, and was almost rewritten by the laborious and fastidious author. The third edition, which happily resumed the original dimensions, was published in 1855, and

Publication, 1845.

Success.

Its merit.

Second edition, 1847, abridged.

Third edition, 1855, restored.

VII. (1.)

for many years to come will serve, as for thirteen years it has served, as the faithful and way-beguiling guide of the British traveller and the rich quarry of the more ambitious British writer on Spain.

Gatherings from Spain.

Mr. Ford's *Gatherings from Spain*, two small volumes of charming sketches and essays, were published in 1848. The notices of the pictorial illustrations of the *Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington*, painted by Mr. Telbin, and exhibited in Regent Street in 1853, were also among the lighter and not the least graceful productions of Mr. Ford's pen, and proofs of his ready kindness and unflagging enthusiasm for the *cosas de España*, the things of the land which he called "well-beloved Spain."

Campaigns of Wellington.

His political views.

In politics Mr. Ford held the opinions which may be supposed to have been held by a contributor to the *Quarterly* during the Croker ascendency in that journal, and during the Conservative reaction after the Reform triumphs. By education, associations, and instincts he was a Tory, and he maintained his opinions with equal firmness and kindliness. They did not, however, prevent him either from living on the most friendly terms with men of opposite sentiments, or from lending the aid of his pen, on subjects apart from politics, to the leading periodicals of other political parties. The Quarterly Reviewer was occasionally an Edinburgh

A Tory.

VII. (1.)

Reviewer, or a Westminster Reviewer, and he wrote upon literature and art occasionally in more than one newspaper. A notice of his writings would be incomplete which passed in silence over his brief and admirable life of Velazquez in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, one of the happiest efforts of his pen.

Life of Velazquez.

On the style of so popular a writer it would be out of place here to dwell. It was, like his conversation, animated, epigrammatic, and discursive, charged with thought and sparkling with pleasantry. With great powers of sarcasm, he was one of the most gentle and amiable of companions, and one of the kindliest of critics. One or two reviews, of books well worthy of castigation, remain to show how effectively he could apply the lash. But, in his hands, the lash rarely descended on individuals. He was much more given to praise, perhaps to overpraise, than to blame. In the field which he had made peculiarly his own he was ever ready to bid a new labourer welcome, and to call public attention to the merits of a possible rival. Of English critics he was among the first to do justice to the historical genius of Prescott and the graphic power of Borrow.

His style.

In the fine arts his knowledge, his skill, and his judgment were remarkable. Had he not been an eminent writer, he might have achieved eminence as a painter. His portfolios were stored with ad-

His knowledge of art.

VII. (1.)

His sketches.

mirable sketches of Spain and Italy, and these portfolios were ever at the service of his literary and artistic friends. From his sketches were made some of the beautiful drawings by Mr. Roberts, so popular in the *Landscape Annuals* of other days. His sketch-books have contributed to the embellishment of many various works, from Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* to the *Illustrated News*. He was not only familiar with the masters of literature and art, with Homer, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, with Raffaelle and Velazquez, but he was at home in all the minor

Connoisseurship.

mysteries of connoisseurship. No man could more accurately discriminate an Andrea from a Luca della Robbia; a true Rembrandt etching from a copy; the porcelain of Capo di Monte from that of the

His collections.

sister factory of Buen-Retiro. Few collectors have been more diligent, versatile, and successful in that enticing pursuit or pastime. His collection of etchings and drawings by Parmegiano, one of the finest ever formed, is now in the British Museum. Among the Spanish pictures which he brought from Spain, and which want of house-room compelled him to part with, were several of the gems of the late Exhibition at Manchester. Of his Majolica ware we have already spoken. Some of the finest existing specimens of that interesting branch of the ceramic art hang on his walls in Park Street. Near them, among choice Italian and Spanish pictures,

VII. (1.)

are some remarkable landscapes by Wilson, about sixty of whose pictures Mr. Ford inherited, through his mother, the daughter of Mr. Booth, one of Wilson's chief patrons. The books collected by Mr. Ford were worthy of the works of art among which they were placed. Many of the rarities of the great Heber library repose on his shelves in Park Street and Hevitre, and have been rendered more precious by his notes. In curious Spanish literature there are, probably, few private English libraries so rich.

Wilson's pictures.

Ford's library.

Those—and they are many—who had the happiness of mingling in the circle which met around Mr. Ford's hospitable board and in his pleasant drawing-rooms, will long remember with affectionate regret those social gatherings, and the kindly spirit which presided over them and pervaded them. In the give and take of conversation Mr. Ford had few equals and no superiors. In most societies where we have had the good fortune to meet him he probably knew more on most subjects that could be started than any other of the guests. Yet, in his hands, conversation never degenerated into monologue; and, although ever ready and able to talk, he was never indisposed to listen. From the jealousy of the professed wit he was altogether free; and, feeling no jealousy himself, he inspired none in others. Perhaps few men of equal mark had so few enemies,

His social characteristics.

VII. (1.)

and certainly no man of private station is likely, for many a long year, to leave so great a void in English society.

Decline of his health.

For the last two years his friends and family observed with concern that his health was giving way. On the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the best site for the National Gallery, in the winter of 1856–7, he was named, with his own consent, one of the Commissioners, but before the Commission met he resigned his place on it, on the ground of impaired health. Since that time he suffered from several attacks of illness, but, until the end of last July, he continued to mingle in society. Early in August he was again prostrated by the malady which proved fatal.

Marriages and family.

Mr. Ford was three times married—first, to a daughter of the late Lord Essex; secondly, to a daughter of the late Lord Cranstoun; and thirdly, to a sister of the late Sir W. Molesworth, who survives him. By his first marriage he leaves three children, of whom his only son[1] is *attaché* to the Legation at Lisbon. By his second marriage he leaves a daughter. His brother, the Rev. James Ford, prebendary of Exeter, and author of several profound theological works, survives him.

[1] [Francis Clare Ford.]

VII.

RICHARD FORD.

(2.)

The Press, Sept. 11, 1858.

VII. (2.)

ON the 31st of August last English literature and English society sustained a severe loss by the lamented death of Mr. Ford. He was born in 1796, in Sloane Street, London. His father, a scion of an old Sussex stock, was, in 1789, M.P. for East Grinstead, and afterwards long chief magistrate of the London police. His mother was the daughter and heiress of Benjamin Booth, well known as a patron of art and artists, especially of Richard Wilson, of whose fine landscapes he left upwards of sixty specimens. Richard Ford thus inherited that love of art which was one of the chief enjoyments and distinctions of his life. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he was called to the bar, but soon forsook Lincoln's Inn for the Louvre and the Vatican, recently opened to Englishmen by the close of the

Birth.

Ancestry.

Education.

VII. (2.)

Travels in Europe.

Return.

Visits Spain, 1830.

His epitaph.

Wife's death.

Second marriage.

revolutionary war. He spent several years in travel, during which he visited the greater part of Europe, and began to form those collections of books, prints, and pictures which afterwards became so rich and remarkable. Having returned to England and married a daughter of the late Lord Essex, he undertook a journey to Spain in 1830. He was so fascinated with that interesting country and its people, that he remained there for three years. Much of this time was spent at Granada, where he resided for many months in the Alhambra at Seville, and in various long expeditions on horseback, in the course of which he examined, with sketch-book and note-book in hand, the greater part of the Peninsula, and acquired those habits and tastes which gave colour and direction to a great portion of his life, and made him—to use the brief words of his epitaph, composed by himself—*Rerum Hispaniæ indagator acerrimus.* Returning home in 1833, he settled in Devonshire, near Exeter, at Hevitre House, where he made large and tasteful improvements, and laid out a beautiful garden in the Moorish style, where his cypresses and myrtles from Granada flourished with the luxuriance of their native Andalusia. Mrs. Ford dying in 1837, he married for the second time, in 1839, a daughter of the late Lord Cranstoun, and soon afterwards passed some months in Italy, when he recrossed the Alps for the last time. The next four or five years

Univ. of California

RICHARD FORD.

VII. (2.)

Handbook for Spain.

he spent principally at Hevitre, and in the composition of the *Handbook for Spain*, into which he collected the results of many years' study and travel. No work bearing so humble a title ever enjoyed or deserved so immediate, so wide, and so enduring a popularity. Designed, as the title declared, for "readers at home" no less than for "travellers abroad," its design was exactly and completely fulfilled. There is no subject connected with Spain on which the book fails to give either full and satisfactory information or clear indication of the best sources where knowledge may be obtained. On its solid worth and charming style the public has long ago pronounced a decided opinion. Of its scrupulous accuracy and its marvellous minuteness of observation, those only can judge who have used it for its primary purpose, as a guide across the wild sierra, or through the streets of the remote Spanish town. There the traveller will find the deep defile or the hill-top prospect, the airy belfry or the black-browed portal, painted, in a few words, with the masterly touch of a Turner or a Roberts; and rarely, indeed, will he discover any grand natural or artistic feature which has escaped the keen glance of the *indagator acerrimus*, whose industry has made his day easy, and whose wit and learning helps to render his evenings brief. The *Handbook* is, in truth, not only a picture but indeed a history of Spain. In

Its value.

VII. (2.)

Its severity.

tracing this history, especially the history of the Peninsular war, Mr. Ford exposed the blunders and falsehoods of Spanish and French writers, with a hand so skilful and severe that his publisher and some over-cautious friends became alarmed as to the reception it might meet with in the countries most concerned, and apprehended, as a possible result of the author's frankness, that English travellers might be deprived of their handbooks on the frontier of indignant Spain. By the advice, or rather at the entreaties, of these timid counsellors, Mr. Ford therefore agreed to cancel a great part of the first impression, and dilute the phials of his historical wrath, and moderate the tone of his criticism. A few copies, however, of the original sheets were preserved, and the suppressed *Handbook* is now one of the greatest curiosities of recent literature. The work appeared in 1845, and was received with the applause it deserved. Two large editions were soon exhausted, and the third, almost rewritten, appeared in 1855. The second edition having been greatly abridged, Mr. Ford published the excised matter in the shape of essays, entitled *Gatherings from Spain*, a volume more manageable in form and type than the *Handbook*, which still retains its popularity. From these two works various tours in Spain have been constructed, and will, no doubt, continue to be manufactured for years to come. It is fortunate that

Part of first edition cancelled.

Publication.

Its popularity.

Gatherings from Spain.

VII. (2.)

His descriptions of bygone Spain.

Mr. Ford preceded most of his followers, and that so keen and able an observer saw Spain before the setting in of the transition which is now effecting that de-Pyreneesing process which Louis XIV. pretended he had accomplished. When Mr. Ford lived in the Alhambra, Andalusia was yet the land of the monk and the mantilla. The monk, who, with all his picturesqueness, could well be spared, was extirpated soon after Mr. Ford's departure. The mantilla is, alas! fast following the cowl; and both seem to be taking refuge, as exotics, in imperial Gaul. The pre-railway Spain will, however, live in the pictures and pages of Mr. Ford and his friend Mr. Roberts.

Contributes to the *Quarterly*.

Besides his independent publications, Mr. Ford was the author of many admirable contributions to the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. From 1836 to 1857, he was one of the most popular and active of the Albemarle Street staff; and the late Mr. Lockhart could always count upon his friend at Hevitre for a brilliant and effective essay. Of these papers, most of them upon subjects connected with the literature or art of Spain, a valuable and agreeable volume might easily be formed. In politics, Mr. Ford was, through life, a hearty and consistent Conservative. His love of our old English institutions, and his dislike to rash innovation, are discernible throughout his writings, and were well known to all

VII. (2.)

Essay on the War in Spain.

who enjoyed his acquaintance. One of his earliest papers written for the *Quarterly* was an essay on the late War of the Spanish Succession, in reply to a pamphlet written under the inspiration of Lord Palmerston, and published in 1837, in defence of the meddling policy of that Minister with regard to Spain. The subject being one of immediate and temporary interest, Mr. Murray considered it expedient to publish this essay in the shape of a pamphlet, with the title of *An Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain.* In this anonymous work, Mr. Ford denounced the policy of the then Whig Minister, in the spirit in which Conservatism has always denounced it, and with a force of style and argument which attracted great notice. Many of his predictions have been fully realised. If he neither predicted nor foresaw the sudden rise nor the ignominious fall of the lively Foreign Secretary, he was one of the first to expose Lord Palmerston's besetting sin, the vice of bullying the weak and cringing to the strong, which, in February last, became the Nemesis of his career.

His political views.

Although a decided politician, Mr. Ford was of too genial a nature to allow difference of opinion, even on vital questions, to disturb the serenity and kindliness of his social relations. The Whig and Radical friends who have partaken of the famous

VII. (2.)

ollas and *guisados* of his agreeable table will testify that his Toryism, frankly avowed and boldly and skilfully maintained, was not one of his least pleasant characteristics; and that, in spite of their heterodox doctrines, they liked him quite as well as if he had been one of themselves, or even than if they had effected his political conversion. His charming house in Park Street, filled with all that is choice and beautiful in literature and art, was also the resort of all that English society affords of intellect and refinement, and those who have enjoyed his hospitality will long remember it and him with affectionate regret. Mr. Ford died at Hevitre in the sixty-second year of his age. He was thrice married; the third time to the only sister of the late Sir W. Molesworth. By his first marriage he leaves a son and two daughters; by his second, one daughter. His son, Francis Clare Ford, is in the diplomatic service, and is attached to H.M. Legation at Lisbon.

His house.

Death.

VIII.

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.[1]

Fraser's Magazine, June, 1855.

VIII.

Name.

THE name of Strong, Strang, Stronge, or Strange, for it has been written in all these forms, is one of considerable antiquity in the east neuk of Fife, and in the Orkneys. In Fife the chief branch of the family possessed the estate of Balcaskie from the fourteenth century until 1615, when it passed, by sale, to the Anstruthers. A Strange of Balcaskie was slain at the battle of Pinkie in 1547; another, after the sale of the estate, was lieutenant-colonel of a Scottish regiment in the service of Gustavus Adolphus. The Orcadian branch gave several dignitaries to the cathedral of Kirkwall; and its seal, bearing on a shield, *argent*, a chevron, between

Family of Strange.

[1] *Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Engraver, and of his Brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden.* By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. Two vols. small 8vo. Longman & Co., London, 1855.

VIII.

three lozenges, *sable*, frequently formalises legal documents of the Orkneys. But it must be confessed that these facts had been well-nigh obliterated from the world's memory, when the graver of Robert Strange furnished him with leisure and funds to begin, and his family and biographer with motives to complete, the process of their disinterment from the dust of the provincial and national records of Scotland. Of the facts thus brought to light we shall mention but one: that the grandmother of the first great British engraver was of the family of Irvine, an ancient but decayed race in the Orkneys, from which sprung the father of Washington Irving, the first great English writer of British America.

Ancestry and birth of Strange.

Robert Strange was born in 1721, and received such education as the schools of Kirkwall afforded. His father, a merchant burgess of the town, dying in 1733, bequeathed to his eldest son, James, a small landed property and some houses in Kirkwall, a flock of sheep on Wynford Hill, a "knock," or house clock, "with the case thereof," a wainscot cabinet, and "twelve double silver spoons." To these goods and chattels, Robert, the eldest son of a second marriage, succeeded within five years, by the demise of his elder brothers. One of these brothers was settled in business as an attorney, or writer, in Edinburgh. After a few months passed in copying deeds in the office of a local practitioner, Robert was consigned

His brothers.

He enters the legal profession.

VIII.

by his mother to the care of that brother. He regarded the legal profession for which his friends destined him with the degree of favour which is commonly accorded to it by those apprentices of the law whom nature has destined for the service of the Muses. To go to sea had been the early passion of the young islander—a passion confirmed by a delightful voyage, through the smooth waters of June, from Kirkwall to Leith. His mother and brother, like sensible people, unwilling to thwart him, sent him, in charge of a friendly captain, to make an experimental trip in the *Aldborough* man-of-war. A cruise off the English coast, a few weeks in harbour at Gravesend, a tedious passage to Gottenburg, with the wind ahead and a Swedish ambassador on board, and a tempestuous return to Leith, sufficed to make the young aspirant suspect that he had mistaken his vocation. An old lieutenant, weary of waiting for promotion which never came, used to say to him as they paced the deck of the *Aldborough*, "Bob, if you have any other alternative, quit the sea, and you will afterwards bless me for the advice;" and Bob, after being sea-sick for weeks together, confessed to his brother, in a letter, that the Northern Ocean in winter had cured him of his salt-water propensities. From biscuit and junk he was glad to return to kail-brose and penmanship in the writer's office. There, his "good hand of write,"

Passion for the sea.

Experimental trip.

Adverse advice.

Relinquishes the sea, and returns to law.

VIII.

to use his own quaint Scotticism, made him tolerably useful, until a love of drawing—acquired somehow in the Orkneys, and rekindled by access to materials for its indulgence—again allured him from the dusty paths of Themis. After sundry expostulations about wasted time and deficient copy, to which the culprit answered only by sheepish silence, his brother, rummaging the lad's desk in his absence for a missing paper, came upon the hoard of drawings penned when he ought to have been engrossing. Some of them were his own designs; others were copied from the title-pages and ornaments of books. The kindly and judicious writer put them in his pocket, and carried them to Mr. Richard Cooper, an English engraver settled in Edinburgh, who saw in them germs of promise, and agreed to take the author on trial, with a view to apprenticeship. Congenial employment now awakened the dormant energies and industry of one of the most industrious of men. In ten days Robert Strange had proved himself eminently handy and useful; and entered on his apprenticeship, which lasted from 1735 to 1741.

His drawings.

Apprenticeship to Cooper.

Lord Palmerston, returning thanks, at the last Academy dinner, for the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, informed the astonished R.A.'s that British art did not require, "and he hoped it might never require or receive, any patronage beyond its own genius." What the Premier meant by these

VIII.

Condition of art in Scotland.

words it is not for us to determine. But it is certain that the condition of art which he believes to be normal and healthy was the condition of it in Scotland when Strange's indentures with Mr. Cooper were signed. In other words, there was no art there at all. With George Jameson—whom a strange destiny had transported from Aberdeen to the studio of Rubens at Antwerp, and who had painted the Grahams and Napiers of the seventeenth century with much of the spirit of Vandyck—painting in Scotland had been born, and with him it had died. In the year of the revolution, John Baptist Medina, a Spaniard from Bruxelles, crossed the Tweed with a large number of "bodies and postures" ready painted, to which he fitted heads as sitters offered themselves. Although capable of better things, as a few of his works prove, his performances seldom rose above the mechanical level which he had prescribed for himself. His knighthood, conferred by the Duke of Queensberry in 1705, was the last honour of the ancient kingdom of Scotland bestowed by the crown. Nevertheless, when a series of imaginary Scottish kings were wanted to decorate the gallery at Holyrood House, it was thought necessary to import a Dutch artist, De Witt, to achieve the task. Medina's son and grandson carried on the portrait manufactory established by Sir John; and the son was, at this very

Jameson.

J. B. Medina.

Knighted.

De Witt.

The younger Medinas.

VIII.

time, driving a lucrative trade in original portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, for which he found a ready sale in the houses where the "king ower the water" was the daily toast. If Edinburgh had any other painters their names have not survived. Aikman, who imitated Kneller with some success, had lately died in London, where he had settled. Snubert had gone to Boston, to found the American school of painting. Ramsay was at Rome, or, as his father called it, "the seat of the beast," not exactly "painting like a Raffaelle," as the honest poet enthusiastically wrote of him, but cultivating, in the school of Solimena, respectable talents for the market of the British metropolis. Runciman—who brought, in after years, to the illustration of Ossian, a style fantastic and turgid as Macpherson's, but not without a certain vigour and charm—was still beneath the tawse of his dominie, making his first sketches on the flyleaves of his *Shorter Catechism* or Ruddiman's *Rudiments*.

Aikman.

Snubert.

Ramsay.

Runciman.

In this low state of the arts the elder Strange had little choice but to place his brother in the workshop of an engraver. Richard Cooper had been a pupil of John Pine, who engraved the Virgil and Horace, and by whose burin the Armada tapestries of the old House of Lords have survived the fire of 1834. Italian travel had improved Cooper's taste and skill, and he had brought with him to Edinburgh a col-

Strange's master, Richard Cooper.

VIII.

lection of pictures, drawings, and prints, humble, no doubt, but probably far superior to anything else of the kind which the good town possessed. In the winter he superintended a subscription drawing academy, of which young Strange was a constant and industrious attendant. In the business of the shop, besides the master, there were engaged two artists whom he had brought from London, and several apprentices. "Of one kind and another," says Strange, in a brief autobiographical sketch of his early life, "there was a multiplicity of work, though not the first choice." Coats-of-arms, cards, bill-headings, and now and then a vignette or portrait for some book about to be put forth by Creech or Miller, were the staple of the manufacture. For the *Edinburgh Medical Essays*, 1733–1744, Cooper was usually employed to furnish the rude illustrations; and some of these falling to the lot of young Strange, he became, in consequence of his neatness and care, a favourite of the celebrated anatomist, Monro. "I had likewise," he says, "copied some French prints, which gave me a facility with the graver, intermixing that harmony which the exercise of drawing will ever produce in the execution of any subject, but particularly that of history, to which I had ever an eye."

Class of work.

While thus engaged, he had the misfortune to lose his brother; "not only a brother, but a second

Death of Strange's brother.

VIII.

Home-sickness.

father—a friend and benefactor." Grief for this loss brought on an attack of home-sickness, for which, after a three years' residence in Edinburgh, he with some difficulty obtained leave from Mr. Cooper to try the remedy of a visit to the Orkneys. The cure

Visits Kirkwall,

was complete: poor little Kirkwall, the city of his childhood, seemed a mere village to the metropolitanised apprentice; and although his mother received him with the warmest affection, and his old friends flattered him by commissions for seals and

and returns to Edinburgh.

coats-of-arms, he sailed from the Orkneys in about three months, never to return.

Leaves Cooper.

His engagement with Mr. Cooper came to an end in 1741. His occupations during the next four years have eluded the researches of his diligent

Rebellion.

biographer. But in 1745, when the standard of the rebellion was raised at Glenfinnan, he was still in Edinburgh, pursuing his business as an engraver

His engagement to Isabella Lumisden.

in Stewart's Close. He had by this time contracted other ties than those of business in the capital, having become the suitor of Isabella Lumisden, daughter of a writer to the signet. Old Lumisden and his son Andrew were both of Jacobite politics,

A strong Jacobite.

tempered with professional prudence; while Isabella herself was the most enthusiastic of the fair votaries of the Stuart cause who wore white ribbons in their hair when Prince Charles rode into Edinburgh, or waved their kerchief from the dizzy windows of the

VIII.

He works for the Jacobites.

Portrait of Prince Charles.

Now very rare.

High Street when James VIII. was proclaimed by the Scottish heralds at the Cross. The burin of Strange was immediately enlisted on the side of the rebellion. During the residence of Prince Charles at Holyrood, the engraver of Stewart's Close was commissioned to execute his portrait, and produced a plate which was regarded as a wonder of art by the uncritical Jacobites, and is the earliest work on his own account of which any trace remains. This plate, ten and a quarter inches by seven and a half, represents the young Chevalier looking out of an oval window or frame, below which are the words, "*Everso missus succurrere seclo*," to please the purchasers; and the address, "*A Paris, chez Chareau, Rue St. Jaques*," to mislead the possible informer or prosecutor. As a likeness of bonnie Prince Charlie it is not favourable; as a print, it is of the rarest occurrence, although the plate is still in the possession of the family. The scarcity of this portrait is probably attributable to the subsequent proceedings of the artist, who had little opportunity of pushing the sale of impressions until the triumph of the House of Hanover had rendered such an occupation far more dangerous than lucrative. Love, the gay harlequin of the world's pantomime, having turned an Antwerp blacksmith into one of the first of Flemish painters, now determined to leave to art-biography a new proof of his power, by making a

VIII.

rebel trooper of a quiet plodding engraver. Isabella Lumisden's brother Andrew had been named one of the secretaries of the Prince, and she insisted that her lover should become one of his soldiers. What politics Strange had were Whiggish, and his habits were eminently civic and peaceful; but he knew that his mistress was of an imperious disposition, and he loved her so much, that he was fain to pretend that he loved her Prince's honour more. He therefore laid aside his burin and slippers, and assuming the sabre and jack-boots, rode into England in Lord Elcho's regiment of Life Guards. Leading the van of the Jacobite invasion, the trumpets of that gallant corps sounded at the gates of Derby on the 4th December. It also covered the rear of the retreat, figured at the review on the Green of Glasgow, fought at Falkirk, and finally found itself quartered at Culloden House, on the shore of the Moray Firth.

Joins a Jacobite regiment.

In the spring of 1746, he was sent for to Inverness, where the main body of the rebels lay, to engrave the plates for a paper currency, which the wants of the army necessitated. He had several interviews with the Prince, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and Murray of Broughton, and assisted at their discussions as to the form and style of the notes. "I gave it as my opinion," he says, "that they could not do better than issue notes in imitation of the Bank of England

Engraves Jacobite paper money.

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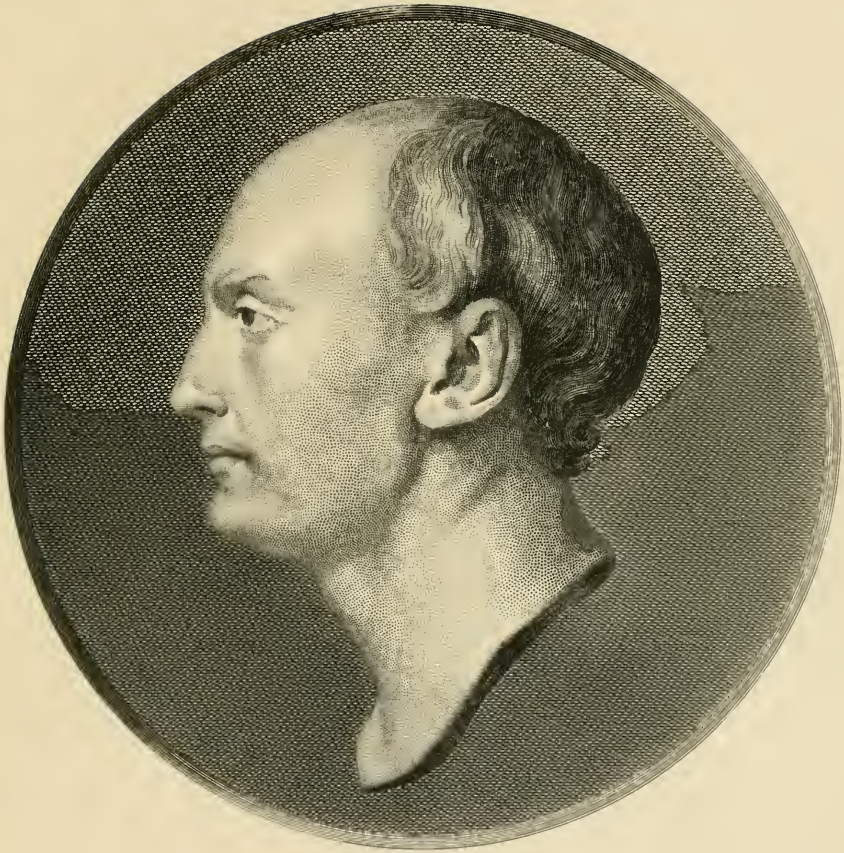

SIR ROBERT STRANGE.

VIII.

or Royal Bank of Scotland, in the execution of which there was very little labour; that it would be necessary, if possible, to see such notes, in order to concert a form how they were to be drawn up, by whom paid, or at what period; if at a given time, that of the Restoration, I imagined, would be the properest. This produced a general smile;" as well it might, considering the hopeless condition of the cause. Murray, however, produced two Bank of England notes, one for £100 and another for £2. With these for models, Strange went to work on a copper-plate procured in the town; and having instructed a carpenter in making a wooden rolling press, was ready in a fortnight to print off his notes. But by that time the Duke of Cumberland had crossed the Spey, and advanced as far as Nairn. The engraver was once more called to boot and saddle, and rejoined his regiment at Culloden. "My companions," he informs us, "were in general glad to see me, and joking, asked me when they were to have any money. I replied that if they gave a good account of the duke, I hoped his treasury-chest would supply us."

Culloden.

On the 15th of April the Prince and his council of war formed their plan of a night attack upon the royal camp; "a plan," in Strange's opinion, "worthy of the greatest heroes of antiquity," but which unhappily depended for execution on some of the most

Jacobite plans frustrated.

VIII.

indifferent captains of modern times. Utterly failing in its attempt, through the miscalculation of its leaders, the rebel army was obliged to retire at day-break upon the position which it had quitted at nightfall; and fatigued, dispirited, and unfed, was attacked in the morning by a host outnumbering it threefold, fresh and well-appointed; and was defeated with the cruel slaughter which history still reprobates and song has not ceased to bewail. Elcho's horse was posted in the centre of the rebel line, close to the person of the Prince. At one o'clock, the duke's cannonade having begun to tell upon its ranks, the regiment was ordered by Charles himself to retire to the shelter of an adjacent hollow. It was afterwards recalled to his assistance by an aide-de-camp, but rendered no efficient help. "We met the Prince," says Strange, "endeavouring to rally the soldiers, who, annoyed with the enemy's fire, were beginning to quit the field." They do not seem even to have charged, or to have made any movement towards the repulse of the advancing English, but merely to have protected the person of the Prince.

His account of the battle.

"The scene of confusion," he continues, "was now great; nor can the imagination figure it. It now became necessary to provide for the Prince's safety; his person had been abundantly exposed. He was got off the field, and very narrowly escaped falling in with a body of horse, which had been detached from the duke's left, were advancing with an incredible rapidity picking up stragglers, and, as they gave no quarter,

levelling them with the ground. The greater numbers of the army were already out of danger, the flight having been so precipitate. We got upon a rising ground, where we turned round and made a general halt. The scene was indeed tremendous. Never was so total a rout, a more thorough discomfiture of an army. The adjacent country was, in a manner, covered with its ruins. The whole was over in about twenty-five minutes. The Prince at this moment had his cheeks bedewed with tears; what must not his feeling heart have suffered!"

VIII.

Here the autobiographical fragment abruptly ends. Strange's bank-notes, payable at the Restoration, went to Cumberland's treasury-chest; nor could he ever obtain impressions of these curious early productions. It is probable that the artist was amongst the cavalry who escorted Prince Charles to the ford of Falie, on the Nairn. Of his subsequent adventures, no record remains, unless it be the anecdote, that riding along the sea-shore, a ball from one of the King's cruisers bent the sword in his hand. After skulking for some time in the Highlands, he made his way to Edinburgh, where he supported himself in concealment by making small drawings, which his friends contrived to dispose of for him at a guinea each. Amongst these was a fan, which he had painted for his dear Isabella, and parted with, with a sad heart, to the Earl of Wemyss, who, in after days, paid him the questionable compliment of refusing an offer for its redemption. In these days of danger, it is said that he was saved from capture by the ready wit of his betrothed, who dropped over him the ample folds of her hooped gown. The life-guardsman was hardly

Returns to Edinburgh.

His escape from capture.

VIII.

safe in his sanctuary before the soldiers, in pursuit of him, burst into the room; but the fair Jacobite sate singing over her needlework with such calm and unfaltering self-possession, that their suspicions were disarmed, and their researches effectually misdirected.[1]

Marriage.

Strange soon afterwards resigned to Miss Lumisden the liberty which her petticoat had protected. They were privately married, according to the ritual of the English Church, to which, as Jacobites, they belonged, early in 1747. This course was forced on them by the obstinate and not very unreasonable objections entertained to the match by the bride's father, who saw little chance of decent livelihood being secured to his daughter by a mere Jacobite pencil. She continued to live with her parents until October, when she removed to a humbler home of her own, and contributed, by her needle and spinning-wheel, to the modest expenses of their household.

Goes to London.

Strange soon afterwards went to London, no doubt in pursuit of employment; the Act of Grace, passed in June 1747, having relieved him from the fear of further molestation at the hands of the law.

Returns to Edinburgh.

Returning to Edinburgh in March 1748, he found

[1] *Nollekens and his Times*, by J. T. Smith, 2 vols., London, 1829, ii. p. 245. The story was told to Mr. Smith by Richard Cooper, son of Strange's master, who fell into the error of saying, that it was the first time Miss Lumisden had seen her refugee. Mr. Dennistoun assures us, that she was protecting him from dangers incurred at her express bidding.

VIII.

himself a father, his wife having borne him a daughter in his absence.

His works since the rebellion had consisted chiefly of portraits and prints for books, none of them possessing much merit, except the portrait of the witty Dr. Pitcairn, after Medina, which was engraved in a careful and persevering manner in the style of Houbraken. Nor did he refuse commissions even for book plates. One of the most elaborate of these was done for Dr. Thomas Drummond, of Logiealmond, and represented the interior of a library, of which the goddess of day draws aside the curtain, with the motto, *Aurora est apta musis*, indicating the doctor's practice, or admiration of the practice, of early rising. He also found a resource in painting miniature portraits of the exiled royal family and the Jacobite leaders for their adherents and friends. Resolving to adopt this branch of art as his profession, and not finding in Edinburgh either the employment or the means of improvement which he desired, he again took leave of his wife at the end of summer, and went to Rouen in their pursuit. She soon afterwards removed into "a pretty genteel house at the Cross; a third storey; and an easy-scaled stair; and," continues the lively and hopeful tenant, "I design to make more than the rent of my five large windows at the Restoration, though it is fourteen pounds and a crown."

His works.

Portraits, &c.

Book plates.

Miniature portraits of the Stuarts.

Goes to Rouen.

VIII

Compatriots at Rouen.

Strange chose Rouen as the scene of his labours, partly because it was the place chosen for their exile by a number of his companions in the rebellion. His brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, was there, and Sir Stuart Threipland, and Hamilton of Bangour, the poet of the "Dowie dens of Yarrow." They were very sociable with each other, very loyal to their Prince, and very poor. From dreams of political reaction in England, which never happened, and of foreign assistance in their plots, which was never given, they gradually turned to seeking positions in the French army, which were sparingly accorded, or schemes of trade in their land of exile, which want of capital usually nipped in the bud. Books and news, and especially remittances, from home were eagerly looked for, and not unfrequently looked for in vain. The despondency which gradually crept over the poor outcasts, sick of deferred hope, was humorously described by Hamilton of Bangour, who composed what he called a litany, which began thus:—"I will arise and go unto George, and will say unto him, George, I have rebelled against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy subject; make me as one of thy hired Englishmen." Strange, who eventually acted more in the spirit of this prayer than any of his companions, meanwhile went to a Government school of design, presided over by Descamps, and took

Hamilton of Bangour's *Litany*.

Studies under Descamps.

VIII.

Descamps.

lessons in drawing. Descamps was an artist whose name is chiefly remembered for his *Lives of the Flemish Painters* and his artistic tour in Flanders. Diderot, hearing that he was about to publish this book, said, sarcastically, "God grant you may do better in literature than in painting." Except Michael Angelo himself, we can recollect no professional artist who has used both pen and pencil with success. From Vasari downwards, painters, who could or did write, have never, as painters, risen above mediocrity. The sister-arts refuse to marry themselves upon Mormonite conditions. Descamps was no exception to this rule; but, perhaps, the neat portraits and illustrations are the best parts of his books. They bear a strong resemblance in style and handling to the early works of Strange—who carried off the first prize for drawing in Descamps' school; and whilst studying under his instruction, determined to make the burin the weapon wherewith to carve his way to fame and fortune.

Removes to Paris.

Desirous of further improvement, he removed, in the summer of 1749, to Paris, and the school of Jacques Philippe Le Bas. That engraver was then at the height of his reputation, both as an artist, and as a popular and successful instructor in his craft. It was under his eye that Strange was initiated into the mysteries of the dry-point or needle, an instrument which he afterwards greatly improved, and

Le Bas.

Learns dry-point.

VIII.

Le Bas.

used with a brilliancy and effect rarely achieved. Trained in the classical school of Audran, Le Bas had been led by his own good taste to the careful study of Rembrandt, and worked much with the needle, by which the Dutchman's miracles had been wrought. A few small works display the grace and facility with which he also used the pencil; and the five hundred plates which bear his name show him to have been amongst the most diligent and prolific of the engravers of France. Every kind of composition, by all the popular artists, has been reproduced by his burin; but Teniers was the painter whom he chiefly loved; and he rendered the flowing facile touch and delicate silvery tones of that master with a truth and felicity which leave nothing to be desired.

With Le Bas, Strange remained for upwards of a year, and greatly improved, in that busy *atelier*, his skill in using the tools which he had adopted, and in the galleries of Paris his taste and knowledge of art. To this period of his life belong a neat oblong vignette, called the "Death of the Stag," two etchings of an artist's studio, and a very pretty landscape, with naked boys swinging on a fallen tree. Le Bas was so much pleased with his performances, that he offered him employment on a series of prints after Boucher. But Strange, who had already felt within him aspirations towards the great old masters, de-

The "Death of the Stag."

VIII.

clined to become the multiplier of the meretricious compositions of the Lely of the *Parc aux cerfs*. By way of practice, and not altogether to neglect the taste of Paris and the chance of sale, he engraved a Cupid, by Vanloo, and the "Return from Market," by Wouvermans—the first considerable works executed on his own account. The pictures, then in the cabinet of M. Le Noir, have since been thought worthy, perhaps on account of the popularity which these engravings obtained for them, of places in the Royal Gallery at Dresden. Each print was published at the modest price of half-a-crown. They attracted considerable attention, and Strange has recorded that the public could hardly be induced to believe that works so different in character and treatment had been executed by the same burin.

Engraves pictures by Vanloo and Wouvermans.

He returned to London in 1750, and settled in Parliament Street, where he was joined by Mrs. Strange and her little girl. To his profession as an engraver he added the business of a dealer in prints, which soon became, for the time, lucrative and extensive. By his brother-in-law, Lumisden, a man of fine taste, who was now at Rome in attendance on the Chevalier St. George, he was supplied with the best productions of the old Italian schools, and with the works, as they appeared, of Frey and Piranesi. For some years he was at intervals employed in the execution and superintendence of the plates for a

Returns to London.

Occupation.

VIII.

magnificent work on the *Gravid Uterus*, of his friend and countryman William Hunter. A Magdalene and Cleopatra, after Guido, afforded him more congenial occupation, and an opportunity of bringing himself under the notice of the court. One of the original pictures belonged to the Princess of Wales, and the print and its companion (Strange always issued his works in pairs) were therefore not improperly dedicated by the ex-guardsman of Prince Charles to the daughter-in-law of King George.

His engravings popular.

The dedications bore no fruit; but the engravings produced an abundant harvest. The English public bought them eagerly at four shillings apiece; and

Praised by Mengs, &c.

Mengs and the Roman *virtuosi* praised them in words of the highest eulogy, all ending in *issimo*. Lumisden, cool and cautious Scot as he was, assured his brother-in-law that "no engraver in Italy came near him." "Liberality and Modesty," after Guido, and "Apollo rewarding Merit and punishing Arrogance," after Andrea Sacchi, were his next works, and were issued at the increased price of seven-and-sixpence each.

Removes to Covent Garden.

In 1754, he removed his rapidly increasing business to Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where several of his children were born and died. In 1756–7, Mrs. Strange was in Edinburgh for nearly a year, winding up the affairs of her lately deceased parents. Prints from Pietro da Cortona and Salvator Rosa continued to uphold and extend

VIII.

Increase of his fame.

the engraver's fame; and the three children of Charles I., by Vandyck, then at Kensington Palace, and now at Windsor, was also highly popular, appealing to Jacobite predilections for the exiled Stuarts, and to the English fondness for a painter who is considered almost as an Englishman.

Plans a visit to Italy.

Towards 1758, Strange had begun to plan the gratification of a long-cherished desire to visit Italy. He announced this wish and intention to the public in a somewhat magniloquent prospectus contributed by Lumisden, of some prints by the profits of which he hoped to defray the cost of his journey. An

Obstacles.

obstacle unexpectedly intervened, which somewhat clouded his professional prospects, and interfered with the future current and comfort of his life. In

Quarrel with Allan Ramsay.

1758, Allan Ramsay was painting full-length portraits of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., and his favourite, Lord Bute; and he hinted to Strange that it would be agreeable to those great personages if he would undertake to engrave one or both of the pictures. Looking upon the suggestion as made solely by Ramsay, Strange, after some deliberation, declined to adopt it, saying that he was unwilling to give up his plan of Italian study. His refusal evidently disappointed the painter, who, however, allowed the matter to drop. About a fortnight later, Chambers the architect brought to Strange a message from the Prince, desiring him to lay aside

VIII.

other work, and engrave the portraits at the price of one hundred guineas, with the advantage of His Royal Highness's patronage of the prints when published. That this remuneration was not only inadequate, but extremely shabby, is sufficiently proved by the price afterwards paid to Ryland for the same work, £800, besides £105 for his drawings and the copyright. Strange therefore again declined the proposal, assigning as a reason the plan of travel which he had framed; and he was afterwards told by Chambers that the Prince was perfectly satisfied with his excuse. Nevertheless, Ramsay went about saying, on the authority of Lord Bute, that His Royal Highness was so much offended by Strange's refusal, that he could not bear to hear his name mentioned. This language was, of course, reported to Strange, with the supplementary sting, that his Jacobite principles were the real cause why he would not engrave the Georgian heir-apparent; and it was moreover whispered that Lord Bute had said, "This is a thing *we* are determined never to forgive." He at once wrote to Lord Bute, indignantly denying the rumoured charge, and professing his gratitude to the royal family for favours already received, favours which do not appear to be extended beyond permission to engrave certain pictures, and his sense of his lordship's protection, a protection which seems to have consisted in accepting, without a word

VIII.

of acknowledgment, impressions of some of his works. He also entered into an angry and lengthy correspondence with Ramsay. The peer made no answer, being of opinion, either that the matter was beneath his notice, or that an affront had really been put upon his royal master's blooming countenance, and upon his own celebrated legs. The painter, on the other hand, was prolix, evasive, and somewhat contemptuous in his reply. He denied having cast any imputation on Strange's loyalty; but he maintained that he had committed an error in declining the Prince's commission: and his letters were on the whole so unsatisfactory, or rather so exasperating, that the engraver at last told him, that after "weighing his answers with some positive information received from another quarter, he was sorry he had ever thought him his friend, and must, for his own safety, have no connection with him for the future." This angry feeling was so little mollified by time, that writing an account of the affair to a friend, about a year after, Strange twice spoke of Ramsay as "that scoundrel." The exact rights of the affair it is neither easy nor worth while to determine. But the disputants entered on the matter predisposed to enmity. Ramsay had lately returned from Rome, where, fearing to mar his professional prospects at St. James's by appearing to have any relations with the poor exiles from St. Germain's, he had repelled,

VIII.

with unnecessary coldness, the advances of his old friend, Lumisden. During two years' residence there, these companions in youth had hardly met or conversed. Lumisden naturally commented on this conduct in his letters to Strange; and Strange, knowing that Ramsay had behaved like a cold and selfish man of the world to his brother-in-law, too hastily, perhaps, concluded that he had acted like a scoundrel to himself.

Leaves England.

This unpleasant incident probably hastened Strange's departure from England. An increasing family forbade his wife to accompany him. He set out in June 1760, and after spending two months

Paris and Florence.

in Paris, reached Florence in the autumn. Sir Horace Mann, to whom he was recommended by Horace Walpole, received him with great cordiality; his name was already known to the artists and amateurs; "he was plagued," he writes, "with visits with which he could have dispensed;" and "he even found himself remarkable enough to be pointed out in the streets." With his usual industry, he hastened to the Pitti palace, and sat down before the Madonna della Sedia, of which he executed a drawing, and of which the Roman artists expressed

Rome.

the highest admiration. At Rome he spent the rest of the winter with Lumisden, working hard at drawings from Domenichino, Guido, Titian, and Rafael. Prince Rezzonico, the nephew of Clement XIII.,

VIII.

obtained leave for him to erect scaffoldings where he pleased in the Vatican, a great and unusual favour. Lumisden's letters to his sister, "Bella," are filled with good tidings, of honours heaped on "her dear Robie," and of the progress of drawings "which are to astonish Britain as they do Rome." Eight months were devoted to similar labours and triumphs at Naples; and Florence, Bologna, and Parma were likewise visited, and revisited with equal profit and distinction. The academies of the three last cities enrolled Strange among their members: and he was also received into that of St. Luke at Rome, and became on that occasion the theme of an eulogistic discourse by Piranesi. During his residence in Italy, he was much in society, both English and foreign; and received from the house of Stuart the kindness which it seldom failed, in the lowest state of its fallen fortunes, to bestow upon those who had at home adhered to its cause. The titular king's health was now declining, and he lived in strict seclusion in the Muti palace, served, after the royal forms which had been carried from St. James's to St. Germain's, by a few faithful servants, of whom Lumisden was one of the most sagacious and efficient. With the good Cardinal of York, Strange had frequent interviews, and found his influence ever at his disposal, to facilitate access to those galleries and churches which were more

The Vatican.

Naples.

Foreign recognition.

Popular in Italian society.

Interviews with Cardinal of York.

VIII.

jealously guarded than was the wont of Italy. After an absence of four years, during which the burin had been wholly laid aside for the pencil, the diligent artist returned to England, with portfolios stored with a greater number of elaborate drawings of the finest pictures in Europe, than a life of continuous industry would have enabled him to transfer to copper.

Returns to England.

Winters in Paris.

The winter of 1764–5 was passed by Strange in Paris, where he was occupied in engraving the figures of *Justice* and *Meekness*, from his drawings of Rafael's frescoes in the Hall of Constantine.

Elected a member of the French Royal Academy.

While thus employed, the French Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture elected him a member, and he was the first British subject upon whom this honour was conferred.

Returns to London.

Returning to London to publish his prints, he had the mortification to find that his foreign distinctions, instead of procuring him a welcome at home, had only made him a more conspicuous mark for the arrows of envy. Artists and critics were in those days, perhaps still are, a race too ready to rush, according to Madame de Stael's *mot*, "*aux secours des vainqueurs.*" They now seemed to hasten with one accord to revenge upon a laborious and successful brother the ancient grudge of the prince and his favourite, Bute, whose helpless positions, as King, and prime favourite, who had very lately been Prime Minister, naturally

Jealousy of English artists and critics.

VIII.

Justice and *Meekness.*

appealed to the aid of the generous. *Justice* and *Meekness* no sooner appeared than they became the object of newspaper malignity and abuse. The Society of Artists had lately obtained a royal charter of incorporation, and Strange resolved to send some of his drawings to its exhibition. Selecting a copy of Guido's *Magdalene* for this purpose, he was told that, as a coloured drawing, it could not be received with due regard to a recent rule, which, it was strongly rumoured, had been adopted with the special aim of excluding his productions. A Head, after Guercino, in chalks, was accepted, but was hung so high as to be almost out of sight. Subsequent exhibitions received, in spite of the rule alleged against Strange, coloured drawings by his rival, Bartolozzi. That he keenly felt these slights is proved by his letter to Lord Bute—not printed, however, for several years afterwards—in which he contrasted the treatment he had met with at home with the honours which had been paid him at Paris. There, he said, his drawings had been praised by the first draughtsmen in Europe, and had been left for a week in the academy, at the special request of its chiefs, for the benefit, as they pleaded, of the students and the public. But the very justice of his complaints probably stimulated the malice of the enemies of whom he complained. When the Society of Artists split into two factions, and the more adroit

Guido's *Magdalene* refused by Society of Artists.

Head by Guercino accepted.

Letter to Lord Bute.

VIII.

Royal Academy excludes engravers.

and worldly-wise of these factions became, in 1768, the Royal Academy, he adhered to the remnant of the old body. The new institution took the impolitic revenge of passing a law in spite of the protest of Benjamin West, which excluded engravers from participation in its honours and advantages. It nevertheless elected Bartolozzi, thinly disguising the partiality by making him conform to the rule of presenting a picture, in order that he might take his place amongst the painter-academicians. Strange retaliated in a pamphlet, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Establishment of the Royal Academy*, in which he exposed, with considerable force and skill, the jobbing and intrigues out of which it arose, and charged its leading members with "illiberal treatment, meanness, imposition, and falsehood," of which the speedy modification of their own rules, and the admission of engravers to the degree of associate, almost convicted them. But although he had the best of the argument, the contest embittered his life in London, and rendered him glad to pursue his vocation in Paris for several months during several consecutive years.

Strange's retaliation.

His collection of old masters.

While in Italy and France, he had formed a considerable collection of pictures by the old masters. At first he had bought, he says, "only such works as he thought he would like to engrave;" but he soon found, like other collectors, that "the posses-

VIII.

sion of one picture only raised a stronger desire of possessing another." Having disposed to good advantage of a considerable number of his drawings to Sir Lawrence Dundas—whose descendant, Lord Zetland, still preserves them on the walls of his house in Arlington Street—he determined to bring his ancient pictures also to market. Hiring a room, he exhibited them to the public, which was admitted by the purchase of a catalogue carefully drawn up, with critical notices by the owner, and bearing on its title-page his name, with an imposing array of academical distinctions. The exhibition remained open during the seasons of 1769, 1770, and 1771, and was terminated in the latter year by an auction, so profitable in its results that Strange, in subsequent years, several times repeated the speculation.

Sells some drawings.

Exhibition and sale of old masters, 1769–71.

From 1775 to 1780, Mr. and Mrs. Strange resided wholly in Paris, whither her brother Lumisden had now removed from Rome. They returned to London in 1780, and established themselves at 52 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they continued to reside, with the interruptions of occasional visits to Paris, and where their eldest daughter, Mary, died in 1784. She alone of the family inherited something of her father's gifts; she drew with neatness, and left behind her a mass of manuscript in prose and verse. Her father, whose only companion in Paris she had frequently been,

Paris, 1775–80.

London, 1780.

Daughter Mary dies, 1784.

VIII.

loved her with the tenderest affection; and it may have been sympathy with a mood akin to his own that led him into friendly relations with the court, which at length ripened into favour.

Death of Princes Octavius and Alfred.

Shortly before the death of Mary Strange, George III. and Queen Charlotte had to mourn the loss of two infant princes—Octavius and Alfred. West, after his own fashion, gave expression to the sympathy of the nation with the grief of the popular sovereigns in his picture of the *Apotheosis of the Royal Babes*, who are depicted floating amongst clouds and angels over a view of Windsor Castle. This composition Strange offered to engrave—a compliment which he had not yet paid to any living artist, and which was duly appreciated by West. The King himself was pleased, and gave permission to Strange to take the picture with him to Paris during one of his visits, saying that he was sure in his hands it was safe from harm. The work was finished in January 1787, and carried by Strange, for the King's inspection, to the Queen's house. His Majesty received him most graciously, praised the print very highly, and said he had "another favour to ask—that he would come to be knighted at the next levée." He then left the room, but hastily returning, with his usual "What, what!" said, "I am going to St. James's immediately, and if you will follow me I will do it now: the sooner the better."

Apotheosis, by B. West, engraved by Strange.

Knighted by George III.

VIII.

Thus did the King, somewhat tardily, repair the injustice of which as Prince he had been the innocent cause: the slanders of Ramsay were forgotten; and even the Jacobite Lumisdens learned to feel that merit was not altogether unrewarded by the house of Hanover. The newspaper critics, to be sure, had their jokes on the occasion, and one of them proposed that "Sir Robert should etch the battle of Culloden, with the corps he served in flying from the English troops." Neither he nor my lady, however, appear to have been much disturbed by such witticisms—he being occupied with his usual labours, and she, busy with the construction of a family tree, and the choice of supporters for the equestrian shield, for which were eventually selected (though not until after the knight's bones were dust and his graver rust) a naked Caledonian and a Dane in armour.

Press criticisms.

Strange's unwearied industry had now been rewarded with a fair share of worldly prosperity. He had realised a decent competence; and two of his sons were provided with good situations, one, James, holding a lucrative post in India under the Company, which seems to have been relinquished for a still more profitable commercial pursuit in America; and the other, Thomas, being chief-justice at Halifax. The habit of labour, however, had become a second nature; and night and morning still found him bending over the copper as assiduously as in the

Prosperity.

Sons.

VIII.

His wife's advice.

Paris, 1789-91.

Volume of prints.

Death, 5th July 1792.

old Edinburgh times, when the day's bread was to be provided by the burin. In vain did his wife say and write, "Come, my dear, play the gentleman; take your staff in your hand, go about visiting your friends, and they will remember you and your works. You may labour in a corner for ever, and nobody will inquire after you. Nobody cares for obscure folks, and a little frugal dash is even a duty." Pursuing his business in Paris, in 1789, 1790, and 1791, he saw the opening horrors of the Revolution. In the latter year his prints, upon which he intended his fame to rest, numbered forty-nine. Of all he had reserved a certain number of fine impressions, and the last year of his life was spent in arranging these for binding, and in executing—at the eleventh hour—a slight portrait of himself, from a small medallion drawing by Greuze.[1] The work was also provided with a descriptive catalogue, extending to fourteen folio pages, and a dedication to the King, which was written by Dr. Hugh Blair. The work was complete, but was not ready for publication until after the decease of the artist, which took place on the 5th July 1792, at his house in London. The immediate cause of his death was water in the chest, the result of a decay of the vital powers, which had been observable for two years to his

[1] [An engraving of this is here given.]

VIII.

family. He was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Besides plates, prints and pictures, and personal effects, he left the sum of £10,800 in legacies to his children. This sum does not appear to have been the bulk of his fortune, though what its amount was his biographer does not inform us. For twenty-five years after his death impressions continued to be taken from his plates as they were wanted, and the annual proceeds must have been considerable, for after that lapse of time many of the plates were considered to be becoming too much worn for further use. A council being held of the persons interested in the property of them, it was found that some hundred impressions, valued at £18,000, remained in stock; and it was resolved, for the sake of Sir Robert's reputation, that no more should be taken. All the plates were, therefore, cut to pieces, except that of Charles I. in his robes, which remains, cruelly mutilated, in the possession of the descendants of the engraver.

Personal effects.

Stock of prints.

Plates destroyed.

"I may, without either vanity or presumption," wrote Strange towards the close of his life, "be allowed to say that I have been a constant and zealous promoter of the fine arts; and have with indefatigable application endeavoured to do credit to my own profession." He might have added that he had done all this, not only constantly and zealously, but with very eminent success. Of all British

His zeal for his art.

VIII.

His work.

Subjects.

Effect on national taste.

artists he was the first who made it the aim of his life to familiarise the mind of his country with the finest creations of foreign art. He did this for upwards of forty-one years, through evil report and good report, struggling manfully with the cares of a family and poverty and neglect, and resisting not a few temptations of present profit which might have lured him from the construction of the monument of his fame. His selection of subjects was perhaps not altogether the best that his opportunities of Italian travel enabled him to make; he had an undue leaning to the eclectic masters of Bologna, and gave to Guido and Carlo Dolce time and toil which had better have been offered at the nobler shrines of Parma and Rome. But compared with what was to be commonly seen and bought in London in his day, his works were beings from a better world. To the taste engendered and fostered by these, and by the pictures, drawings, and prints which he imported and dispersed, we may fairly ascribe much of the artistic wealth of these islands. As his own productions, pair after pair, clothed walls which had been previously unadorned, or hung with grim and graceless portraits—as his picture sales attracted rich and curious idlers from the racecourse or the cockpit—the sacred fire was kindled which, growing with what it fed upon, entered into the national spirit, and inspired the commercial enterprise which found

VIII.

opportunities in the revolutionary wars to fill the palaces of the English nobles with the spoils of Orleans and Alba, Zampieri and Colonna, and, at the return of peace, rendered London the natural mart for the war plunder of the French marshals, and the pickings and stealings of ephemeral Buonaparte kings.

Reputation.

Strange still holds his place in the very front rank of a profession in which Marc Antonio and Rembrandt went before him, and in which Volpato and Morghen, Desnoyers and Müller have followed. The rivals with whom he contended here he has now distanced in the long race of fame. The fine powers of Bartolozzi, seldom exerted with the same honesty of application, were still more rarely employed upon works worthy of them and the favour of posterity. They are, therefore, scarcely more remembered or esteemed than the meretricious graces of Angelica or Cypriani, to which they gave currency and promised immortality. Strange's works, on the contrary—from the enduring interest of their subjects — bear an increasing value in the market. Being his own publisher and printer, he was able to watch over his future reputation by scrupulous attention to the quality of his impressions, never taking off more than had been actually bespoken, always destroying those which seemed faulty, and generally treating his customers and the public with a good faith which later printsellers have usually considered superfluous

VIII.

in their calling. His plates were manipulated with a loving care which shrank from no labour, and which extended to every portion of the surface. A perfect master of all the tools of his craft, he knew the powers of each, and combined the resources of all with a delicacy and evenness of effect which many considerable artists have sacrificed to their pride in a peculiar management of one. In rendering the tones and texture of flesh he is generally admitted to have been unexcelled; and he was also eminently successful in expressing, with mere black and white, the gradations of colour. In his reproductions of the works of Titian he contrived to give something of the touch of that master; which, however, he often introduced where it was out of place, and only gave a monotonous character to his prints. English critics, from Walpole downwards, have generally agreed to give him a very high place in the class of art to which he belongs. Italian writers, whose praise is perhaps a greater tribute to his merits, have done the same. Ferrerio ranked him among the first and most pleasing artists of the age; and Longhi, admitting his great technical excellence, and his power of seizing the character of the master whom he engraved, remarked that had his design attained to somewhat greater perfection, he would have been the first of historical engravers.

Appreciation by critics.

English.

Italian.

Lady Strange survived her husband about fourteen

Lady Strange.

VIII.

Her character.

years, dying at her house at East Acton on the 28th February 1806. Her energy and decision of character, so remarkably exemplified when she hid her hunted lover beneath her robe, distinguished her through life, and formed a better dowry to her husband and children than if she had brought them "all and haill" of the broad lands of "Lummisdayne." During Strange's prolonged seasons of absence, she not only governed her family with admirable prudence, but superintended the sale of his prints and works of art with sagacity and success. In all his speculations he appears to have consulted her, and when Lumisden was at a loss for an answer to questions submitted to him by Strange, he generally recommended him to take counsel with "Bella." Her letters are admirable for their excellent sense, affectionate tone, and natural force of style. Mr. Dennistoun has wisely given them to us exactly as they were written, authenticated with all their racy Scotticisms and the loose grammar and orthography of the period. We may offer as a specimen a passage in the letter (29th Sept. 1748) which recommends her husband, setting out for Rouen, to the good offices of her brother:—

Her business capacity.

Letter to her brother.

"You're both so like other, and so good every way, that I have no reason to doubt of your mutual loves: therefore needs say but little on this subject, only tell you, my dear Andrew, that I expect you'll be like a father to my dearest life (although he has been one before you). There's a thousand things that you are capable to instruct him in, and

VIII.

I flatter myself that you'll take a particular pleasure in doing it; and I'll venture to say that none of your favours will be lost on either of us. And, to tell a truth which may either be overlooked or quite forgotten by some, I think my dearest is entitled to the esteem of every true Briton; for he has done more to serve his country than any servant his master has that I know of. Two years ago he was stript naked every way in his country's cause, since which he has got a wife and two children for the good of the public. He has also, by his own industry, provided for his growing young family to their full satisfaction. Lastly, he has shown the world the *personal perfections* of his dear master; and so charmed thousands, which is more than any British man ever did before him. I could fill volumes with his good qualities; but as you know many of them, and will soon see more of them, I shall be as short on this subject as possible, tho' I don't know where to find such another."

Fifteen years afterwards she thus writes to him about her children:—

"Oh, Andrew! it would be well worth your while to come and see my infantry. A mother's description is not minded: if it was, I could tell you that Bruce is everything that I could wish her, and what her father wishes. She has been a heart-break many a time to me, but I flatter myself with the best now. Jamie delights both man and woman: lovely and modest, he cannot move a finger but he shows beauty. The old and the wise, the sharp-sighted and the soft-hearted, admires and loves Andrew. Bell's her papa's pictur, softened with smiles; she's all dimples: a gentle zepher you would call her, with a most comick disposition as would charm you. Bob is my favourate, only because I am now going to describe him: he loves me more than they do all. He is in every respect like Jamie, who some people say is my favourate, but I think Bob is my dauty. Jamie I wished for, and hitherto he is all I could wish for, was I to wish again. There's a youthful giddiness in him that is not in Andrew, yet one cannot help admiring it. Although I love him as I do my own soul, yet I pass no fault without correction: I correct him oftener than Andrew. *He* has a sedateness that never was in any boy but himself. Within these three weeks I have put him, meaning Andrew, to learn to dance to brisk him up. He is jealous of his brother, as he is of him! neither of them can bear the other to advance faster than he. When Jamie was aplauded for dancing,

Andrew wished he could do so too. Now he is more awake, and pleased to think he will be able to dance when his brother dances to his papa. Bruce dances very gently. Bob and Bell imitates the rest, and dances too. What will your prudence and philosophy think of this letter? it needs' no apology if you consider from whom it comes and to whom it goes."

Her domestic life.

She kept this "infantry" under excellent discipline; and was even a martinet in the nursery, where she boasted "her word was law." As her children grew up she by no means relaxed the strictness of her rule. When her eldest son James went to Paris in 1770, she thus instructs his uncle as to the management of him:—"My lord says a sword is a common part of dress in Paris for all ranks; in this I intreat as in ruffels; for some time I will not allow any. If he appears aquard, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for; therefore you comply without asking a single question. I shall write you when to launch out in gaiety of any kind."

Her shrewdness.

Occasionally some of her remarks have the weight and value of aphorisms. In lamenting, to her brother, the intemperance of poor Prince Charles Edward, she says, "If ever anything in prejudice to my darling's character is suggested, I deny it or find an excuse for it;" and adds a few lines later, "'Tis always a sorry reflection on ourselves to publish the faults or frailties of our friends; we can reap no honour in

VIII.

their dishonour." Her mercantile experience furnishes her with the following observations:—"I can sell nothing but what is really good; bad and middling things in the way of *virto*, I am for burning." "I believe I have had friends in all points of the compass. This is only to be had by oblidgingness, which is one of my studys, and by which I have had ever some of the world's gain." Neither Poor Richard himself, nor Mr. Edwin T. Freedly, who lately published a volume to show America and England *How to get Money*, have laid down sounder practical rules than these.

Her Jacobitism.

The Jacobitism of Lady Strange was a kind of religion, and coloured her whole life. It proves how deep a hold the feeling had taken of many even of the middle ranks of Scottish society. Her eldest son was named James Charles Stuart; and of her eldest daughter she writes in 1748, "The poor infant had almost suffered martyrdom the 10th of this month, for having two white roses in her cap. I hope one day to hear her bless God she was gotten, born, and nursed a good Jacobite, tho' I own at present 'tis not a profitable religion." Two years later we learn that the same child has advanced so far in her political education that, "whenever she hears the word Whig mentioned, she girns and makes faces that would frighten a beau; but when I name the Prince, she kisses me, and looks at her

VIII.

picture, and greets you well for sending the pretty gum-flower, which I intend she shall wear at the Coronation." In 1766, she again writes to her brother. "If my twenty-years'-old acquaintance (the Prince) is now at your house, on your knees present my most respectful duty. Oh, had I been of a more useful sex! But I have not been altogether idle; for I have made three fine boys, who, I hope, will do me credit; they'll be recruits when I am gone; I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them. I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them." Happily for them and for Great Britain, Rome never did demand them; and the recruits of King James became, like their father, loyal, useful, and successful servants of King George. But their mother held fast to her old faith long after her feelings towards the reigning sovereign had been mollified by his favour, and even whilst Henry IX. was living on the bounty of the usurper of his throne. Within the present century, her friend, Dr. Munro, saw the old Jacobite fire rekindled within her. Some person in her company having heedlessly spoken of Charles Edward by the name usually given him in history, was rebuked by the old lady interrupting him with the vigorous exclamation, "*Pretender*, indeed, and be damned to ye!" A revered relation of our own used to relate how he, as a boy, was admonished by an old Jacobite soldier of the

VIII.

Forty-five, for a similar indiscretion, by a box on the ear which laid him sprawling. Nor was the form of words in which Lady Strange expressed her indignation, altogether discountenanced by the example of ladies of her own day. We have ourselves seen an ancient dame, the last representative of one of the oldest branches of the house of Stuart, of whom the following anecdote is still current in the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. Returning home, one summer evening, from dining at a neighbour's house, she was rudely awakened from an after-dinner nap by the sudden stoppage of her carriage. The coachman, on being questioned as to the cause, stated that he had seen a "fa'in' star," a phenomenon hitherto unknown to him, and that, in his astonishment, he had pulled up his horses. "An' what ha'e ye to do wi' the stars, I wad like to ken," said his mistress; "drive on this moment, sir, and be d——d to you," adding, in a lower tone, as was her wont, "as Sir John wad ha' said, if he had been alive, honest man!"

Strange and Lumisden.

From the ample materials afforded us by Mr. Dennistoun, we have thus offered our readers a sketch of the career of Strange, and of his odd, bustling, clever wife. The volumes contain also a life of Andrew Lumisden, the lady's brother, not in a separate form, but mingled with the life of Strange, at a considerable sacrifice, as we think, of the unity

VIII.

and distinctness of the two stories. There is no connection, nor even much contact, between the two biographies. The lots and pursuits in life of the two men had little in common; and there really is no more reason for making one book of their memoirs, than there would be for so doing by Dr. Johnson and his friend Sir Joshua. Strange belonged exclusively to his art, and, as an artist, deserves a biography. Lumisden, although a man of elegant tastes and accomplishments, is worthy of special record, chiefly because that record forms a curious passage in the later history—the decline and extinction—of the house of Stuart. About each of them one small book might have been written with propriety and advantage; while in the volumes now before us, each is, in turn, somewhat in the way. Those who read for the sake of Strange, are wearied by the frequent interposition of Lumisden and his small political gossip; those who read for the sake of Lumisden, are apt to wish Strange and his prints in the place to which Ramsay and Bartolozzi would gladly have consigned them.

Andrew Lumisden, under-secretary to the Chevalier St. George.

After some abortive attempts to open for himself a mercantile career in France, Andrew Lumisden went to Rome, where he obtained employment as under-secretary to the Chevalier St. George, with a salary of 120 crowns, which was afterwards increased to 200 crowns, or about £40 a year. On this pit-

VIII.

tance and an irregularly paid French pension of 600 livres, with an occasional remittance of slender amount from Scotland, he managed to maintain the appearance of a gentleman. In September 1762, on the death of Mr. Edgar, he became full secretary, and held that post at the time of his master's death on the 10th December 1765. His melancholy duties chiefly consisted in answering appeals from the ruined adherents of the Stuart cause, who were starving and scheming in the various Continental cities. Some wanted peerages, others Garters and Thistles, many more asked for bread; and his business was prudently to dole out the alms which the narrow fortunes of his master enabled him to dispense, or courteously to refuse what could not be granted. His labours at the desk were varied in the winter of 1758–9, by a secret mission to France connected with the hopes raised among the Jacobites by the war between England and France—hopes speedily dissipated when Hawke defeated the fleet of Conflans. When Charles Edward succeeded to the phantom-throne and an income of about £3,000 a year, Lumisden was continued in his office, and was employed for many months in endeavouring to obtain a recognition of the kingly title by the papal court. The attendants of the poor wandering sovereign were now woefully diminished in number; and the secretary had to do duty in several capacities at once. "Almost

He becomes full secretary.

His duties.

Mission to France.

VIII.

Various duties.

from break of day to midnight I am employed about the King. Besides serving him as his secretary, I am obliged to attend him as a gentleman of the bed-chamber when he goes abroad both morning and evening; and after dinner and supper I return with him to his closet. Add to this the time we sit at table, and you will see I have not a moment to myself. I am never in my apartment, but either to sleep or write. I have lived for many years in a sort of bondage, but I may name these past months a mere slavery." Debarred from society by his unacknowledged royal pretensions, poor Charles Edward lived at the palazzo Muti, or in his villa at Albano, shut up with his few attendants as if he had been a state prisoner. He used to say "he was like one on shipboard, conversing only with his own little crew." Glad would he have been to have gone back twenty years of his life of vicissitudes, to the deck of the *Doutelle* of Nantes, ploughing the Hebridean waters! Though naturally and honourably averse to quit the forlorn bark, "Lumisden pined for freedom, and to live the remainder of his life in his own way." After five years of this wretched servitude, he was relieved, in a very unlooked-for manner, from the galling, scarcely gilded chain. His master had long been used to drink six bottles of strong wine a day, and became every year more violent and morose in temper, more careless of the rules of decorum. One

His life with Charles Edward.

VIII.

day when more drunk than usual, he insisted upon attending an oratorio, in spite of the remonstrances of his household. His coach being at the door, he got into it, and was only prevented from executing his design, by the unanimous refusal of his three principal attendants to accompany him. He thereupon staggered back to his apartments and dismissed them all three, Hay, Urquhart, and Lumisden. They were afterwards, indeed, invited to return, but declined to do so, with the sanction and by the advice of the Cardinal.

Is dismissed.

Goes to Paris.

Lumisden set out some months afterwards, in the spring of 1769, for Paris, where he settled himself in a snug apartment near the Luxembourg. The estate of his father, which was long locked up in an intricate and unprofitable trust, yielded him in all about £200 a year, and enabled him to lead a comfortable literary life, which was cheered by the society of the Stranges. In 1773, his friends in Scotland obtained leave for him to return home, and, in 1778, a free pardon, which he did not at first altogether appreciate, as it cost him £50 in fees. The result of his long residence in Italy, and of his subsequent leisure, was a portly quarto, entitled *Remarks on the Antiquities of Rome and its Environs*, which was published in London in 1797, and reprinted in 1812, a work highly creditable to his industry, which may still be read with pleasure and

Income.

Return home, and free pardon.

His works.

VIII.

Death in Edinburgh, 1801.

profit. His latter years were spent in Edinburgh, where he died suddenly in 1801, in his eighty-second year. Persons still alive remember him as a lively, laughing old gentleman, with polished manners and stiff curls, an esteemed diner-out, a teller of pleasant anecdotes, and a maker of elaborate bows in the foreign fashion.

Exiled Stuarts.

On much curious matter relating to the exiled Stuarts contained in these volumes, especially Appendix VI. on the story of Clementina Walkinshaw, lack of space forbids us to touch, except to recommend it to the notice of our readers. But we can hardly close our paper without consecrating a few lines to the able and excellent man whose last work has been the subject and the source of our lucubrations. These memoirs appeared within a day or two of that which saw their author consigned to the tomb. It is only four years since Mr. Dennistoun's name became widely and honourably known in the literary world by his *History of the Dukes of Urbino*, a learned, elaborate, and welcome contribution to our knowledge of an obscure yet very interesting period of the annals of Italy. Born in 1803, of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, of which he was the head in the male line, Mr. Dennistoun, after receiving his education at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, was called to the Scottish bar in 1824. Being the eldest son of a country gentleman of good

Mr. Dennistoun.

His *Dukes of Urbino.*

Sketch of his life.

VIII.

estate, he assumed the advocate's robe, less with a view to making the law his profession than in accordance with a fashion of the day. He early, however, evinced a taste for legal and historical antiquities, and made some progress in the collection of materials for a history of his native county of Dumbarton. From this subject he was diverted, partly perhaps by the new direction given to his thoughts during a Continental tour in 1825 and 1826, in which his companions were Mr. Mark Napier (the biographer of Montrose), Mr. Hamilton Gray, and the late Sir Charles Fergusson, and during which the art and literature of Italy first engaged his attention; but chiefly by the unexpected confusion of his father's affairs, which were found at his death to be so encumbered that his son was compelled to part with the beautiful estate on the shores of the Clyde, for six centuries the seat of his family, and the origin and cradle of his topographical labours. The sale of his land left him with a moderate independence, but without those occupations and pursuits which a landed estate provides or suggests. Part of his reversionary funds were soon afterwards invested in the purchase of the farm of Dennistoun in Renfrewshire, the centre of the original possessions of his family in that county. But it was either unsuited for a residence, or not sufficiently attractive to a man who had had a house on the Northern Bosphorus;

Projected History of Dumbartonshire.

Continental tour.

Sale of his land.

Buys property in Renfrewshire.

VIII.

and Mr. Dennistoun did not again settle in the country. Some time after his marriage with Miss Murray, the daughter of Lord Cringletie, one of the judges of the Court of Session, he went abroad on a tour with no very definite plan; and finding travel congenial to his taste, he so employed his time, with the exception of two winters passed in Edinburgh, from 1835 to 1847. During these twelve years he chiefly devoted himself to literary research and to the examination of the monuments of art. The winter generally found him at Rome, in the galleries and the libraries; while the summers were given to journeys in Italy and Germany, and pilgrimages to the various shrines of art and antiquity on both sides of the Alps. At Rome he went much into society, both English and foreign; and there were few sojourners in the Eternal City more esteemed for their social qualities, and few connoisseurs whose opinions were so generally quoted and approved. His long residence abroad and his fine judgment enabled him to form a small but choice collection of early Italian pictures, drawings, and mediæval antiquities, chiefly illustrative of the places and times upon which his pen was employed. With these gatherings he adorned the house in George Street, Edinburgh, in which he took up his permanent abode in 1847. In obedience to the directions in his will, his widow has ordered them to be sold during the present month

Marriage.

Travels.

Winters in Rome.

Summers in Italy and Germany, &c.

Collections.

Edinburgh.

Sale of his collection.

VIII.

under the hammer of Messrs. Christie & Manson. Those who have had the advantage of seeing them as arranged by his hand, will regret that the place which once knew them is to know them no more; and that as a collector Mr. Dennistoun is to live only in the page of his friend, Dr. Waagen. The artists of Edinburgh will regret that no effort was made to secure to the National Gallery of that city a collection formed with such discriminating taste by one of the best writers on art whom Scotland has produced. Nor will there be wanting many to feel more keenly still the loss of the intellectual society which gathered in that home of arts and letters; and not a few to remember with affection the fine intelligence, the quiet wisdom, and the warm heart of the friend who had filled that home with so much that was graceful, and elevating, and precious.

Works.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Dennistoun wrote prefaces and notes, and performed, in his usual skilful and accurate style, other editorial functions for several volumes published by the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs. These were:—

Moysie's Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from 1577 *to* 1603.

Cartularium Comitatus de Levenox, ab initio seculi XIII. *usque ad ann.* MDCCXCVIII.

The Loch Lomond Expedition, 1715.

The Coltness Collections, 1608–1840.

Ranking of the Nobility, 1606.

VIII.

Reviews.

He likewise contributed to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, several articles, of which we especially call to mind those on the Stuarts in Italy in the former; and on Mr. Burton's *History of Scotland*, and on the National Gallery, in the latter. Of the attention which he had given to the artistic institutions, interests, and prospects of the nation, his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the National Gallery, in 1853, is a proof. Indeed, that evidence may be fairly reckoned amongst his literary works. He was one of the few witnesses who appeared before the Committee who seemed to have taken the trouble to consider the subject before coming into the room, or to separate the broad public question at issue from their own private whims and predilections, or to compare their plans and projects with the materials out of which, and by means of which, they were to be constructed and worked. We hope that the literary executor of Mr. Dennistoun will ere long collect and publish the scattered and miscellaneous writings of his friend. The value of a publication, in itself so desirable, would be greatly enhanced by a prefatory biography, for which Mr. Napier has at his command abundant materials, and a pen which those who knew and loved Mr. Dennistoun would be well pleased to see employed on that labour of love.

His evidence on the National Gallery.

IX.

THE DUKES OF URBINO.[1]

The Examiner, May 17 and 24, 1851.

IX.

Urbino.

RBINO is second in importance to no city, of the same size, in Italy. As the birthplace of Raffaelle, it is the Mecca of painting. It likewise gave to art Timoteo della Vite and Federigo Baroccio; its theatre, where the *Calandra* was first acted, may be called the cradle of the Italian drama; and the *Courtier* of Castiglione, the most popular book of its time, rendered Urbino a household word in literature during the whole of the sixteenth century. For two hundred and twenty-one years, from 1404 to 1625, the most varied and interesting tract of Italian history, the Counts and Dukes of Urbino, almost without exception, were men of high faculties and rare skill in the arts of both war and peace; beneficent and splendid at home, honoured beyond the

Its importance in Art.

Its Counts.

[1] *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.* By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. Three vols. Longman & Co.

IX.

Alps, and wielding within the Peninsula an influence far exceeding that which belonged to the wealth of their treasury or the extent of their dominions. In an age so prolific of authors-errant, ever on the watch to assert the charms of virgin themes, or redress the wrongs of forgotten celebrities, it is strange that, until now, no literary champion has appeared in English lists to vindicate the fame of "the Athens of Italy," and its princely lines of Montefeltro and Della Rovere. But it is well for Urbino and her dukes to have at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Dennistoun, so happily fitted, by his taste, ability, industry and opportunities, to do them complete and enduring justice.

Fortunate in a historian.

Early history.

The early history of Urbino, with other proper names, might be the history of almost every State in Italy. There is the bold baron distinguished above his feudal peers for energy and address, who fights and flatters his way to the sovereignty of the town nearest to his mountain castle; there are the little wars of half savage life which call forth great passions, great virtues, and atrocious crimes; now and then the scene of ancient turbulence is brightened by some noble deed, or by some gleam of intellectual promise; and ever and anon the picture takes a deeper shadow from some transcendent wickedness, perpetrated by one of that line of potentates, in whom, though robbers and jobbers

above all other princes, the superstition of the South still reveres the successors and types of Him whose kingdom was not of this world, who did no violence, and in whose mouth no deceit was found.

Federigo, second Duke.

Mr. Dennistoun begins his more detailed history of Urbino with the reign of Federigo, the second Duke. His memoir of this prince is perhaps the most interesting of all his memoirs. Federigo was so nobly endowed by nature, that to have produced one such man gives high historical precedence to the dynasty of Montefeltro. He combined Tudor energy with Aragonese shrewdness, the gallant bearing of the Valois with the scholarly refinements of the Medici. The illegitimate son of Guidantonio, first Duke of Urbino, he was born in 1422; in 1442, owing to the failure of other heirs, he succeeded his father as Count of Urbino; in 1474, he was advanced by Pope Sixtus IV. to the rank of Duke; and, in 1482, he died. His life of threescore years, therefore, embraced that eventful period of Italian history when Popes Martin and Eugenius, and their successors, were reconstructing at Rome the temporal power of the Holy See, which the secession and the anti-Papacy of Avignon had so grievously dilapidated; when the houses of Aragon and Anjou were waging their long wars for the crown of Naples; when Cosmo and Lorenzo were founding and embellishing the splendid structure of Medicean power

His period.

IX.

at Florence; when Venice touched the zenith of her glory in the acquisition of the royal isle of Cyprus; and when the tide of Turkish conquest, casting upon the Italian shores the remains of Greek civilisation, revived amongst the men of the North the arts and the learning of the ancient world. Federigo received his education and his taste for letters from Vittorius da Feltre, a famous grammarian of Mantua. His military instructor was Nicolo Piccinino, a noted *condottiere* who then divided with Francesco Sforza the fighting trade of Italy.

Italian soldiership.

For soldiership was then a branch of industry as distinctly recognised, and hardly more dangerous than firemanship or stokership now are in our days of steam. "There's to be nae hittin' in the belly, for it may kill ye; and there's to be nae hittin' in the face, for it's awfu' sair," were stipulations once on a time entered into by two canny lads, countrymen of Mr. Dennistoun's, before proceeding to fisticuffs. These conditions breathed the precise spirit of the *condottiere* articles of war. Hired by the month or year to fight for interests in which they had no concern, and sharing and respecting each other's love of pay and pillage, the foes of to-day had been comrades yesterday, and might be so again to-morrow. For once the Christian precept—Love your enemies—was strictly observed; the rival companies being necessary to each other's existence, and

Condottiere.

IX.

directly interested in each other's well-being. Sforza no more wanted to put down Piccinino, or seriously to cripple his forces, than the Life Guards at a sham fight want to cut the Blues to pieces, or than the champions of the circus want to injure the painted chargers or gilt property of Mr. Batty. In such hands, therefore, war became most harmless, conventional, and chess-like; great armies fought all day, as at Anghiari, leaving on the field only a single man, killed by a fall from his horse; and in the evening of an obstinate battle, as at La Molinella, the contending generals sometimes met at the watch-fire to talk of the events of the day, and compliment each other on their strategic skill. This system of warfare, which so entirely met the views of Hotspur's parmaceti-prescribing lord, was not exploded until 1492; when the French crossed the Alps to teach the Italians the proper use of cold steel and villainous saltpetre.

Federigo's feats.

Of such laurels as could be reaped in Italian fields, Federigo made an abundant harvest. As a lad he won great fame by the capture of S. Leo—a fortress of his duchy perched on a pillar-like rock—a feat of real daring, which would have made the reputation even of a Swiss or Scottish partisan. As captain-general in the service, at different times, of the Dukes of Milan, of the Aragonese Kings of Naples, and of the Signories of Florence and Siena;

IX.

His character.

and as Gonfaloniere of the Church, and in the course of many campaigns, he won not only the bloodless laurels of a consummate tactician, but such a reputation for spotless honour and unshaken fidelity as dignified the base calling of a hireling soldier, and stamped him as the "faithful Abdiel" of an age of treason. He was one of the few princes who touched the pitch of Papal service without being defiled. Nor was a great and a good name the sole reward of his military career. His pay from foreign potentates formed the chief part of his annual revenue. Although he considerably extended the bounds of his duchy, we gather, from data supplied by Mr. Dennistoun, that he did not draw from it more than 25,000 or 30,000 ducats (£5,000 or £6,000) yearly; while his allowances, in the latter and more profitable part of his life, sometimes amounted, in time of war, to 165,000 ducats, and

His gains.

in time of peace to 65,000. These martial gains were devoted, in his brief intervals of repose, to

Government.

the noblest purposes of peace. His government being of that paternal kind, which is possible, and in good hands perhaps salutary, in small communities, he was the model, the Mentor, and the Solomon of his people. He judged their causes without ap-

Beneficence.

peal; he mediated in their quarrels; he dowered their daughters; he fed their poor, and his advice was ever ready for the noble who was about to build a palazzo,

IX.

or the huckster who was about to open shop. All his principal subjects were known to him by sight, and he conversed with them, at all times and in all places, with a courtesy so punctilious that "busy as the bonnet of Federigo" became, like the Italian phrase, "busy as an English oven at Christmas," a proverbial synonyme for overtasked. To his "corte," Urbino, he gave its chief embellishment, in that singular and beautiful palace in which Lauranna left to after-ages one of the most brilliant specimens of rich cinque-cento architecture. The court, the great staircase, the audience-chamber, and the long-drawn corridors, were models of design and palatial proportion, and unrivalled for its decorations sculptured in the grey limestone of Dalmatia, or executed in inlaid woodwork, by the best artists of Italy. Two principal rooms, each 45 feet by 22, and 22 high, were devoted to the literary accumulations of the Duke.

"Busy as the bonnet of Federigo."

Palace.

Whatever doubts there may be as to his proper place amongst soldiers, his right to high rank amongst book-collectors is incontestable. We would not give a volume of F.M. the Duke of Wellington for all the despatches which Duke Federigo ever penned; but we would cheerfully forego the catalogue even of the Heber Library for a true inventory of the treasures amassed by a bibliomaniac, so early, so earnest, and so wealthy and so discerning.

His book-collecting.

IX.

His libraries and their contents.

One of his libraries contained manuscripts, the other was devoted to the printed books. The first was filled with all that could be procured which was most ancient and authentic, most exquisite and beautiful in penmanship and pictorial embellishment. Into the second, which must have been opened within a few years after the printing-press had given birth to its beautiful first-born, the Psalter of Mentz, there can be no doubt that there were gathered, as they appeared, the productions of Guttenberg and Schelhorn, of Sweynheym and Spira.

Plan of his collection.

The plan of the Duke, as stated by his librarian, Vespasiano, was indeed sufficiently comprehensive and magnificent. It was nothing less than "to obtain every book in all branches of learning, ancient and modern, original and translated." To carry out this design in an age when bibliography as yet was not, he procured the list of authors whose works it had been proposed to Cosmo de' Medici to purchase for the library of S. Marco at Florence. Not only did he soon outstrip this model collection, but after some years the librarian was able to declare, after an inspection of the catalogues of the most famous libraries, that Urbino was richer in books than the Vatican and Pavia, Venice and Oxford. Federigo's passion for his library is attested by the currency of the tale, apocryphal though it be, that at the sack of Volterra the only part of the plunder

IX.

which he reserved for himself was a Hebrew Bible of venerable antiquity and remarkable beauty—a precious tome which Mr. Dennistoun thinks was more probably presented to the Duke by the citizens of Florence, grateful for the subjugation of their rebel dependency. Of his magnificence an example still remains in the copy of Jerome's Vulgate, transcribed and illuminated at his expense, and reckoned one of the most splendid books of the fifteenth century. His shelves, indeed, would have delighted the eye of a sumptuous Grenville or a gorgeous Beckford, not only by the beauty of vellum leaves and the splendour of golden borders, but by the bindings within which these beauties lay clasped and secure; for each volume, of whatever degree, from the laws of Moses to the jests of Poggio, was arrayed in crimson and adorned with silver. In such a library it was no wonder that Guidobaldo I. found it necessary to impress upon the minds of his librarians that while they were to be "courteous in showing the choice books to persons of learning and authority," they were also to be "observant that such persons abstracted no leaves." When the duchy devolved to the Church, the two libraries were removed to Rome, the MSS. to furnish the new shelves of the Sapienza, the printed books to swell the uncatalogued treasures of the Vatican. For the intellectual stores of the Christian capital,

Magnificence.

Sumptuous books.

Removal of his books to the Vatican.

IX.

amongst its cardinals or pontiffs, for whose purple ease a library was a natural toy, and whose resource was that exhaustless "digging," the superstition of mankind, few have done so much as this captain of mercenaries. Honour be to Duke Federigo, as a soldier who loved and honoured learning; and the still greater and rarer honour that, living in the demoralising service of the Church, history can permit it to be said of him without remonstrance, that he was "the ideal of a perfect man and a wise prince."

Death.

This martial bibliomaniac slept with his fathers in 1482, and his son Guidobaldo I. reigned in his stead until 1508. Though only eleven years old at his accession, the young Duke was continued, for his sire's sake, in the honorary command of the allied forces of Naples, Florence, and Milan. Distinguishing himself in early youth upon several bloodless Italian fields, he was at the head of a division of the Italian forces when Charles VIII. invaded Italy in 1494. All that can be said of his conduct before the fierce chivalry of the North is, that he suffered no disgrace which was not shared by his elders in arms. The Frenchman possessed himself of the crown of Naples without striking a blow, and was at last forced to retrace his steps only by a threatened combination against him of the Emperor and the Spaniard. The Italian leaders,

Guidobaldo I.

Early distinction.

IX.

relying on greatly superior numbers and a strong position, ventured to meet the retreating marauder in the defiles of the Taro; an act of daring which resulted in their speedy, signal, and bloody defeat. Duke Guidobaldo was not among the fugitives from that fatal field; but neither he, nor any of the comrades who had been wont to play at soldiers with him, meddled more with the dangerous Gaul. To hunt down Montpensier, the French viceroy at Naples, took a year's campaigning; but the business was left to the great captain and his Castilians, trained in the wars of Granada to the use of their trusty toledos, instead of the "leaden sword in golden sheath" approved by the soft Italian. Dur-

Varying attitude of the Pope.

ing the Borgian reign of terror, Guidobaldo was alternately smiled and frowned upon by the Pope, and finally driven from his dominions, which became those of Cesare's duchy of Romagna. For a

Exiled to Venice.

year he was an exile at Venice, until the tragedy of the garden-Belvidere of the Vatican restored him to

Return to power.

service, and reinstated him in power.

His court.

Here for four years, from 1503 to 1508, in spite of poor health and torturing gout, he made his court the most elegant and intellectual in Italy. Here he continued to decorate the palace and enrich the library; here he entertained Julius II. and gallant train with regal hospitality; here he surrounded himself with wit and beauty, and led the life which

IX.

Castiglione.

The Fregosos and Bembo.

Bel Bernardo Dovizzi.

Duchess Elizabeth and her nieces.

Giovanni Sanzi.

Raffaelle.

Giovanni della Rovere.

his favourite Castiglione has recorded in the pages of the once famous Corteggiano—a signal example of how the wit of one century may become a soporific of the next. Here the Fregosos talked Latin with Bembo, the Ciceronian cardinal, who cautioned a young priest against corrupting his style by the perusal of St. Paul; here the Bel Bernardo Dovizzi cracked his jokes; here Accolti spouted his endless verse; and here the Duchess Elizabeth and her fair Gonzaga nieces, and Emilia Pia, peerless in beauty and in wit, and sighed to in vain by each euphuistic swain, rained influence from their bright eyes, and awarded the guerdon of their chaste smiles. Here, too, though without the courtly circle, the humble painter Giovanni Sanzi imagined his simple and graceful pictures, and built the lofty rhymes of his epic life of the Duke Federigo—a poem which, unless the beauty of the extracts before us belong to Mr. Dennistoun's excellent translation, well deserves to be released from its MS. prison-house in the Vatican. And here, last and greatest of all, his son, the young Raffaelle, became a neophyte in the great temple of art of which he was to be priest and king.

Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., was the husband of Giovanna, sister of Duke Guidobaldo. The Duke being childless, the son of their marriage, Francesco Maria, was chosen as his suc-

IX.

cessor. The honours of Montefeltro thus passed into the house of Della Rovere—a house plentifully aggrandised by the nepotism of two Popes. Francesco Maria was by birthright lord of Sinigaglia, and his duchy of Urbino was further increased by the grant of Pesaro by Julius II. His eventful reign, which extended over thirty years, began in 1508, the eighteenth year of his age. He was a man of violent and impetuous temper, of which he gave ample proof by slaying with his own hand, when only sixteen, the paramour of his sister; by stabbing, amongst his guards, the Cardinal of Pavia, the treacherous legate of Julius II., of whose troops he was himself general; and by habitually "punching the heads" of the officers who differed with him in councils of war—an affront for which Guicciardini took signal historical revenge. Of all the Italian princes he was most severely galled by that golden yoke, which, with "*Suave*" for its motto, was the favourite device of Leo X.; for he was twice driven from his dominions by the arts and arms of that pontiff, who, having a nephew to provide for, piously sought to do so rather at the expense of the nephew of God's late vicar than out of the patrimony of St. Peter. In the long struggle between France and Spain, of which Italy was the arena, Francesco Maria, after some coquetting with the French king, became captain-general of Venice, and acted feebly,

Duke Francesco Maria.

Reign.

His temper.

Becomes captain-general of Venice.

IX.

and with little effect, in concert with the imperial forces. In this command his real antagonist and difficulty was not Bonnivet or Bayard, but the proveditore of Venice, the millstone commissioner, which it was the policy of the signory to hang round the neck of her generals. The sack of Rome causing a general dread throughout Europe of the power of Charles V., Venice joined a new league against him; and Francesco Maria did her good service by defending her mainland territories from the attacks of the Duke of Brunswick. When peace was patched up, he met the Emperor at Bologna, and had the address not only to obliterate any unpleasant feelings which his change of side might have awakened, but to obtain his favour and friendship. In 1538, his credit stood so high with Charles and the Pope, that he was made captain-general of their league against the Great Turk. In this capacity he was maturing a vast scheme of conquest which embraced the taking of Constantinople, when he died by the hand of his barber, who poured poison into his ears, why or at whose instigation still remains to be discovered. To the artistic beauties of Urbino his reign added little, except the noble country palaces of the Imperiale, which, with its gardens of pine and cypress, was the work of his Duchess Leonora. The prominent place maintained by Francesco Maria proves him to have been a man of no ordinary ability. His reputation

Power of Charles V.

He meets Emperor at Bologna.

Captain-general of the League.

Place and fame.

IX.

rests upon his campaigns, in which, notwithstanding his hot blood, his tactics were Fabian; upon some military discourses, printed from his notes long after his decease, and said to have been once reckoned a book of authority; upon the fortifications executed under his eye at certain of the strongholds of Venice; upon his Feltrian legion, a militia of 5,000 men, in which he made himself something like a standing army; and lastly, and perhaps chiefly, upon the public rejoicings ordered by Sultan Solyman on receiving the news of his death.

Duke Guidobaldo II.

Guidobaldo II. succeeded his father in 1538, at the age of twenty-four. His predecessors had been soldiers or scholars, and sometimes both; he was neither one nor the other, and on the whole was the most commonplace of Mr. Dennistoun's dukes. Although he held the honorary post of captain-general of Venice, and although he received a retaining fee from Spain for the swords of his Feltrian legion, he had inherited none of the martial spirit of his sires. When the vast fleets of Solyman were beleaguering Malta, the outpost and bulwark of Christendom, the Duke of Urbino refused to allow his son to lead the contingent which he furnished to the Christian armament, but sent him to Madrid to sue for dividends, of which it has ever been the custom of Spain to disappoint her bondholders. The young prince, however, was permitted to serve as a volunteer under

IX.

Don John of Austria at Lepanto; while the crusading zeal of the Duke himself found vent in writing a discourse against the Turks in his closet at home. A palace of no great merit, which Guidobaldo built at Pesaro; his marriages into the families of Varana and Farnese; a tax-born revolt at Urbino, and its bloody chastisement; and his love of horses, watch-making, and the porcelain manufacture;—were the memorabilia of his uninteresting reign and life, which came to a close in 1574.

Palace.

Marriages, &c.

In his successor, Francesco Maria II., the last Duke of Urbino, the sun of Montefeltro and Della Rovere set in great splendour. This prince was an epitome of the genius, the graces, and the glory of his house. He had fought at Lepanto a greater battle than had fallen within the military experience of Duke Federigo; he was as good a scholar as Guidobaldo I.; and in his stud and his forests, his palaces, villas, theatres, his galleries, his libraries, and his patronage of arts and learning, he emulated the tastes, enriched the collections, and surpassed the magnificence of all his predecessors. His name would belong to literary history, were it only as the husband of Lucrezia d'Este, to whom Tasso sued and sang for four years before her marriage, when he transferred his love and his lays to her yet more celebrated sister Leonora. The match, which was very unequal in point of age, was not a happy one; none

Duke Francesco Maria II.

Lepanto.

Great abilities.

Husband of Lucrezia d'Este.

IX.

of the transports of which the poet dreamed seem to have fallen to the lot of his successful rival; and within six years of the wedding, the Duchess of Urbino took up her abode at her brother's court of Ferrara. Her death happened there, and was, in 1598, thus drily recorded in her lord's private diary: "Feb. 15. Heard that Madame Lucrezia d'Este, Duchess of Urbino, my wife, died at Ferrara on the 11th."

His passion for reading and book-collecting.

Reading and book-collecting being the Duke's chief passion, he now entertained the design of resigning his dominions to the Holy See, on which they would devolve if he remained childless. The remonstrances of his people, however, induced him to make one more effort for the preservation of the dynasty. Having married at twenty-two a woman of five-and-thirty, he now, at fifty, ventured upon a bride of fourteen, his cousin Livia della Rovere—an incident which gave him matter for another brief entry in his journal. A son, Federigo, being born to him in 1605, he watched his growth with anxious impatience, not only from feelings of parental affection, but from his desire to escape, at the earliest possible moment, from the duties of sovereignty. These, in the meanwhile, were left to his ministers, while he himself lived in luxurious and lettered ease at his beautiful rural palace of Castel-durante, enjoying the chase or his garden, managing his breeding

Marriage.

Birth of a son.

Desire to retire.

IX.

Resigns ducal chair to his son.

His son's death.

stud, enriching and arranging a library, or conversing with a society of learned friars whom he had established in a neighbouring convent. In 1621, he resigned the ducal chair to his son; but his plans were doomed to disappointment, for the sudden death of the scapegrace, in 1623, reimposed upon his father the burden which his irregularities had not permitted the father wholly to lay down. Two melancholy years were now spent by the childless old man in arranging with the Holy See the terms of the devolution of his duchy; a negotiation in which the Vicar of Christ, as usual, dispensed in his own practice with obedience to the precepts of his Master. Ecclesiastical rapacity being, in part, successfully resisted, and, in part, appeased by submission, the last Duke of Urbino returned to his beloved valley of the Metauro, to pass amongst his books and flowers and learned friends a tranquil evening of life, in which the ancient philosophy of Salona was not ungracefully blended with the piety of Yuste. He died in 1631.

Death.

The Borgias.

We have passed in review the Dukes of Urbino, who are the principal personages of Mr. Dennistoun's valuable history. It is not only upon them, however, that he has thrown new light, or concentrated light from sources not unfamiliar. His account of the Borgias is excellent, especially his notice of the brief and strange career of Cesare,

IX.

Popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II.

Military incidents.

which is the best that we have yet seen. Of Popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II., too, his sketches are full of life and interest. The blemish of the volumes, if amongst so many beauties we must remark on a blemish, is that we are told too much about the weary, objectless, spiritless wars of the Italians. Of the whole military narrative only two incidents have fixed themselves in our memory — the surprise of S. Leo by Duke Federigo, and the pleasant trick of Bishop Vitelli, who — being governor of Urbino, and distrusting the city militia — caused the bold burgesses to muster outside the walls, and then barred them out. Were Mr. Dennistoun to set his authorities in array against us, we dare say we should be forced to confess that he has used almost hydraulic power in compressing his materials. Nevertheless we recommend him still further to abridge his abridgment of these most somnific of chronicles, were it even by the painful process of excision. For indeed the *condottiere* wars are no more worthy of remembrance than those later pageants which accompanied thick-lipped archduchesses to the altar, or consigned leaden-headed archdukes to the tomb. Sufficient unto each day are the folly and the folios thereof.

Space fails us to follow Mr. Dennistoun in his history of the arts and artists of Urbino and Gubbio, one of the best portions of his work. But we can-

IX.

Extracts.

St. Francis of Assisi.

not deny our readers the pleasure of a few random extracts, as specimens of his style :—

"During the early years of the thirteenth century, there appeared on the lofty Apennines of Central Italy one of those mysterious beings who, with few gifts of nature, are born to sway mankind ; whose brief and eccentric career has left behind a brilliant halo that no lapse of time is likely to dim. Giovanni Bernardoni, better known as St. Francis of Assisi, by his eloquence, his austerities, and all the appliances of religious enthusiasm, quickly gathered among the fervid spirits of his native mountains a numerous following of devoted disciples. In a less judicious Church he might, as a field preacher, have become a most dangerous schismatic ; but, with that foresight and knowledge of human nature which have generally distinguished the Romish hierarchy, the sectarian leader was welcomed as a missionary, 'seraphic all in fervency,' and in due time canonised into a saint, whilst his poverty-professing sect was recognised as an order, and became one of the most influential pillars of the Papacy.

"It was—

" 'On the hard rock
'Twixt Arno and the Tiber, he from Christ
Took the last signet.'

From the desolate fastnesses of Lavernia, which witnessed his ascetic life and ecstatic visions, to the fertile slopes of Assisi, where his bones found repose from self-inflicted hardships, the people rallied round him while alive, and revered him when dead. Nor did the religious revival which his preaching and example there effected pass away. Acknowledged by popes, favoured by princes, his order rapidly spread. In every considerable town convents of begging friars were established and endowed. Still, it was in his mountain-land that his doctrines took deepest root, among a race of simple men, reared amid the sublime combinations of Alpine and forest scenery, familiar from their days of dreamy youth with hills and glades, caverns and precipices, shady grottoes and solitary cells. The visionary tales of his marvellous life penetrating the devotional character of the inhabitants, became favourite themes of popular superstition.

" 'A spirit hung,
Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and farms ;
And emanations were perceived, and acts

Of immortality, in nature's course
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds on grave philosopher imposed,
And armed warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed.'

Assisi, in particular, was the focus of the new faith. To its shrine flocked pilgrims laden with riches, which the saint taught them to despise. This influx of treasure had the usual destination of monastic wealth, being chiefly dedicated to the decoration of its sanctuary. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the best artists in Italy competed for its embellishment, and even now it is there that the student of mediæval art ought most to seek for enlightenment.

"With the legends of St. Francis thus indelibly stamped on the inhabitants, and with the finest specimens of religious painting preserved at Assisi, it need scarcely be matter of surprise that devotional art, which we have endeavoured to describe, should have found in Umbria a fostering soil, even after it had been elsewhere supplanted by naturalist and pagan novelties; for the feelings which it breathed were those of mystery and sentiment—its beauty was sanctified and impalpable. By a people so trained its traditional types were received with the fervour of faith; while to the limited range of its themes the miraculous adventures of the saint were a welcome supplement. The romantic character of these incidents borrowed from the picturesque features of the country a new but fitting element of pictorial effect, and for the first time nature was introduced to embellish without demeaning religious painting.

. . . . . .

"The Umbrian art, of which we have attempted to trace the origin, has not hitherto met with the notice which it merits. Lanzi allowed it no separate place among the fourteen schools under which he has arranged Italian painting, and, by scattering its most prominent names, has lost sight of certain characteristics which, rather than any common education, link its masters together. Nor was this omission wonderful, for the Umbrian painters and their works were dispersed over many towns and villages, none of which could be considered the headquarters of a school, and to visit these distant localities would have been a task of difficulty and disappointment. The patronage of princes and communities seems to have been sparingly bestowed in that mountain-land. Assisi, adorned by many Florentine strangers, was mother rather than nurse of its native art, and other religious houses wanted the means or the spirit to follow her brilliant example. Hence the comparatively

Umbrian art.

IX.

Extracts.

few opportunities afforded to the Christian painters of Umbria of executing great works in fresco, the peculiar vehicle of pictorial grandeur; and alas! of these few, a considerable proportion has been lost to us under the barbarism of whitewash. The revival of feeling for religious art, of late commenced by the Germans, and their persevering zeal in illustrating its neglected monuments, have established the existence of an Umbrian school in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but its history remains to be written. That task would carry us too far from the leading subject of these volumes, yet we shall endeavour in a few pages to sketch its development, from the dreamy anchorites whose rude pencils embodied the visions of their favourite St. Francis, to Raffaelle, whose high mission it was to perfect devotional painting, apart from the alloy of human passions, and to withstand for a time that influx of pagan and naturalist corruptions, which after his premature death overwhelmed it.

Orvieto.

Church of St. Francis at Assisi.

"Two fanes were commenced in the thirteenth century near the Tiber, which became conspicuous as shrines equally of Christian devotion and Christian art. The cathedral of Orvieto for two hundred years attracted from all parts of Italy many of the best artificers in sculpture and painting, some of whom, arriving from Umbria, carried back new inspirations to their homes. The sanctuary of St. Francis, at Assisi, coeval with the dawn of Italian art, borrowed its earliest embellishments from Tuscany, where Giotto and his followers were engrafting on design two novel ingredients—dramatic composition and allegorical allusion. The former of these elements distinguished the Florentine from cotemporary schools, and carried it beyond them in variety and effect, preparing the way for the pictorial power which Raffaelle and Michael Angelo perfected. To the inspirations of Dante it owed the latter element, and to the enthusiastic though tardy admiration which his fellow-citizens indulged for his wildly poetical mysticism, may be ascribed the abiding impress of a tendency which not only authorised but encouraged new and varied combinations. The rigid outlines, monotonous conventional movements, and soulless countenances of Byzantium gradually were mellowed into life and beauty; but it is curious to observe how much sooner genius caught the spirit than the form,—how it succeeded in embodying expression long before it could master the more technical difficulties of design, action, and shadow. The credit claimed for Giotto of introducing physiognomical expression is, however, only partially true. Compared with the Greek works, or even with those of his immediate antecedents, Cimabue, Guido, and Margaritone, his heads,

indeed, beam with animated intelligence, and feel the movement which he first communicated to his groups. Yet not less was the still and unimpassioned, but deep-seated emotion, which the Umbrian painters embodied in their miniatures and panels, an improvement upon the lifeless and angular mechanism of the Byzantine artificers, although these very opposite qualities are generally condemned to the same category of contemptible feebleness by our pretended connoisseurs, glibly discussing masters whose real works they never saw, or are unable from ignorance and prejudice to appreciate. Such a state of art could not, however, remain wedded to a few fixed types. It was inherently one of transition, and necessarily led to a gradual abandonment of the Giottist manner of representation, while it enlarged the principles of composition introduced by Giotto. Beato Angelico, the first Florentine who successfully departed from that style, reawakening the old religious spirit, and embodying it in forms of purity never before or since attained, forsook not wholly the Dantesque spirit. His passing influence yielded to a manner more in unison with the times, which was formed and nearly perfected by Masaccio; but still Dante was not left behind. Luca Signorelli, issuing from his Umbrian mountains and his Umbrian master, imbibed at Florence the lofty images of 'the bard of hell,' and energetically reproduced them in the Duomo of Orvieto, in startling contrast with the works of Angelico, and other devotional masters, who had previously decorated that museum of art.

"There, too, had been wrought some choice productions of the Pisan sculptors; but their tendency to clothe nature in the forms of antique design met with little sympathy, and no imitation, from students whose minds were preoccupied by tales of St. Francis, and thus it is unnecessary here to notice them further. The Sienese school is in an entirely different category. Without encumbering ourselves at present by the definitions and distinctions of German æsthetic criticism, we shall merely remark that the painters of Siena, from Guido until late in the fifteenth century, never lost sight of that sentimental devotion which we have already described as the soul of Christian art, and which so curiously pervades the statutes of their guild formerly quoted. The cathedral of Orvieto was founded in 1290 by a Sienese architect, who, as we may well suppose, brought some of his countrymen to assist in its embellishment, and to infuse these principles among the native students, who, from assistants, became master artificers of its decorations. Nor was this the only link which connected Sienese art with the confines of Umbria. The scattered townships in the Val di Chiana preserve in

IX.

their remaining early altar-panels clear evidence that these were supplied from Siena; and Taddeo Bartolo, repairing thence in 1403 to Perugia, and perhaps to Assisi, left proofs that the bland sentimentalism of his native school might be united with a tranquil majesty, to which the Giottists had scarcely attained."

Raffaelle.

The twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth chapters present us with an account of Raffaelle, complete yet concise, and embodying all the new matter relating to him which rewarded the patient investigations of Passavant. They are illustrated by a new and most interesting portrait, engraved after a picture discovered by Mr. Dennistoun, and executed by Giovanni Sanzio when his son was six years old; and they are upon the whole the best English biography of "the most gentle and most eminent of painters." We give the concluding passage:—

"A critical examination of the peculiar merits of Raffaelle's pencil, and of the benefits which he brought to art, would lead us further than this sketch will permit: yet there are certain points so apparent even to superficial observers, some qualities so unanimously dwelt upon by his eulogists, that it would be incomplete without a passing notice of them. To him the perception of beauty was a sixth sense, ever in exercise, and applied to the creations of his genius as well as to his studies from nature. To its test were submitted those traditional forms of devotional art which influenced his early training; it imparted life and movement to Perugino's so-called monotonous poverty; it modified the dramatic action of the Florentine manner; it caught the full tones of Fra Bartolomeo, and gave dignity to the simper of Leonardo; it showed that anatomical accuracy required no muscular contortions; it realised the grand without verging upon the monstrous; it separated grace from grimace. This was an innate and personal gift that could neither be taught nor imitated. The elevated character, harmonious composition, correct design, and just colouring which Raffaelle stamped upon his school were manifested in various degrees by his pupils, but the spirit

IX.

of their master was a boon from nature which none of them could seize or inherit. There are impetuous and daring minds who delight more in the energy of Michael Angelo's terrible forms ; others luxuriate with greater fondness on the mellowed depth of Titian's magic tints ; whilst to some the artificial contrasts of Correggio's brilliant lights, and Leonardo's unfathomable *chiaroscuri*, have irresistible charm. These eminent qualities are, however, the separate endowments of four individual minds ; but Raffaelle, deficient in none of them, possessed, in no less perfection, other more important requisites which we have noticed. It was this happy union that rendered him the unquestioned prince of painters, while the ready obedience of his unerring hand enabled him to realise the pure conceptions of his refined mind with a delicacy and truth which seem to defy imitation.

"Yet his sterling merit was undeviating propriety in the conception and execution of his works. Nothing ever emanated from his pencil offensive to religion, morals, or refinement ; all that bears his name would honour the most fastidious reputation. To him accordingly there was granted a purity of taste, in none other united to equal genius. It was this that maintained the elevation of his style amid the conflicting difficulties and temptations of that 'new manner,' which it was his mission to perfect. Thus, although it is in the productions of his second period that we find the beau-ideal most perfectly realised, yet, even his later works, which descend to a closer imitation of nature, seldom fail to invest her with a dignity rare in the external world. In proportion, therefore, as he discovered or adopted the more elaborate resources and processes of his art, his ripening mind supplied him with themes and conceptions worthy of them, and of immortality. Without including the eleven crowded representations in the Duomo of Siena, his unaided authorship of which is, perhaps, not distinctly established, the various series of subjects which he invented for the Stanze, the Tapestries, and the Loggie, indicate a grasp of intelligence, a variety of acquirement, never before or since brought into the service of art, and establish beyond question that the intellect of Raffaelle fully equalled his taste."

Pottery of Urbino.

Mr. Dennistoun devotes an interesting chapter to the beautiful pottery of Urbino. This manufacture was animated with all the artistic spirit of the times, and was a fine example of common materials rendered

IX.

more precious than the rarest by the ennobling touch of genius. It began about 1450, and lasted to 1700; its golden age being between 1490 and 1570. The finest majolica ware was made at Gubbio and Pesaro; and the great patron of the art was Guidobaldo II., who frequently presented services of his native porcelain "to foreign princes and other great personages, who again often sent commissions to be executed in the duchy." A double service was thus sent to Charles V., and another to Philip II., and a very numerous set of drug-jars, made for the ducal laboratory, were afterwards given by Francesco Maria II. to Our Lady's shrine at Loretto, where they still contain physic for the faithful. Amongst the articles manufactured of this pottery were "tiles for floors or panelling, vases of ornament, beakers, epergnes, wine-coolers, perfume-sprinklers, fountains, wine-cups clustered with grapes whence the wine was sucked through a hole anticipating sherry-cobbler, pots, sauce-boats, salt-cellars, inkstands, pilgrim-bottles, and figure-groups." Of these beautiful productions of a forgotten art, Mr. Ford possesses some charming specimens; and the matchless collection of Mr. Bernal probably contains more fine pieces by Andreoli and Fontana than ever graced the buffet of a duke of Urbino.

Mr. Ford's collection.

Literature of Urbino.

Mr. Dennistoun passes in review before us not only the arts, but also the literature of Urbino. By Duke

IX.

Francesco Maria I., Ariosto had been profitably and honourably entertained; Vittoria Colonna was related to the house of Montefeltro; Bernardo Tasso was in the service of Guidobaldo II., and lived for some time in a villa at Pesaro; and Torquato, who had passed a part of his boyhood there, afterwards paid a long visit to his ancient love, Duchess Lucrezia, at Castel-Durante, where he wrote passionate sonnets in praise of her autumnal charms, and found in the beautiful gardens of the palace the type of the enchanted pleasaunce of Armida. Were it not for the illumination shed upon its literature by these stars, the duchy could boast of few pens who deserve to take rank beside its pencils. Of the writers who may be said to belong to it, Bembo and Castiglione are perhaps the only names of which a foreigner need be ashamed of being ignorant. And even they are now little more than names. Bembo, a pagan in cardinal's clothing, has left us four folios, in which the curious reader will find choice examples of the most commonplace things said in the purest Latin and sweetest Tuscan, and of the lightest subjects treated in the heaviest style. Castiglione's works are briefer and better; his poetry is not without elegance and pathos; and his *Courtier* is still curious as a real picture of the manners of Italian high life at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Never was the work of a few days—for such he

Vittoria Colonna.

Tasso.

Bembo.

Castiglione.

The *Courtier*.

IX.

tells us this famous book was—repaid by so rich a harvest of celebrity. Jaques Colin and Thomas Hoby, who translated it into French and English, regarded the author with a reverence unknown to modern translators; and the Castilian version was elaborated, with much preliminary homage, by writers of no less rank than Boscan and Garcilasso. The modern reader, if such can be found, is not likely to share their opinions; he will lay down the book with little love or respect for "the good old days" to which he has been transported, but perhaps not without some surprise at the dulness of their wit and the grossness of their refinement. Of the influence of the exaggerated and euphuistic style which obtained in Italy, during the rule of the Spaniard, upon Italian speech and writing in the present day, Mr. Dennistoun gives the following specimen, of which we must not deprive our readers:

Italian euphuism.

"*Letter of introduction from an accomplished and gentlemanlike artist at Rome, presenting the author of these pages to a friend in the provinces.*

"MOST VALUED FRIEND, MY MOST WORSHIPFUL MASTER,—To the flower of chivalry, to the promoter of the fine arts and of native antiquities, I address the noble Signor di Dennistoun from Scotland, himself also a passionate encourager of all that renders our Italy so beautiful. As he wishes to know and admire the many monuments which adorn . . . and with that view is going thither with his illustrious consort, I could not but direct him to your lordship.

"Your incomparable courtesy and kindness will not let me add another word; yet I ought by anticipation to offer you lively thanks for the favour you may extend to this gentleman, as I likewise thank

you for other obligations conferred upon me in the acquaintance of that so generally accomplished Prussian, the Chevalier Waagen. I pray you to make my profound duty acceptable to your lady, and ever to believe me, what it is my sincere boast to call myself, your most illustrious lordship's most affectionate and most devoted servant and friend,

* * * * * * *

"Rome, *April* 1843.
To the Nobleman,
The Lord Cavaliere, * * * * * * *
&c., &c., &c.
* * * * *"

So, in another southern land, Portugal, "the most excellent and illustrious lord" is the style equivalent to our "esquire."

Conclusion.

In taking leave of Mr. Dennistoun, we would bear our testimony to the taste displayed in his illustrations; to their fitness, novelty, and beauty; and to the style—with one or two exceptions—in which they have been engraved. And as the last, though not the least, merits of these learned, agreeable, and comely volumes, we would cite the double tables of contents and the index as models for the imitation of writers of new books and editors of old ones. No author, at least none whose web is not self-spun like a spider's, can fail to have rejoiced in the help and deplored the want of these maps and finger-posts of literary travel; and when we find an octavo of 580 pages, like Mr. Bradford's recent publication of the *Correspondence of Charles V.*, put forth without any table of matters whatever, we are

Contents and good index.

IX.

tempted to infer that the author has curtailed his book of facilities for consultation, because he knows that it is not worth consulting. In Mr. Bradford's case we admit the inference would not be just; but we trust he will take the hint in his next edition, and, when he writes, do unto others as he himself, when he reads, would wish to be done by. We would also remind the worthy publisher of Mr. Bradford's book that he has now sent forth some eighteen octavo volumes of *Horace Walpole* without so much as an attempt at an index to one of them. No want in literature is so deplorably felt as this.

X.

DEVISES AND MOTTOES.[1]

Morning Chronicle, Jan. 6, 1851.

X.

Art of "Devise."

Its province.

THE art of "Devise" is one of the great lost, or at least forgotten, arts of elder time. Perhaps not a few of our readers will be glad to be told that its province lay in translating thought into symbols, or in illustrating symbols by tersely expressed thoughts. Two hundred years ago it was sometimes the serious occupation, often the favourite pastime, of many of the famous wits of the world. By the initiated it was had in reverence, which men would nowadays hesitate to profess for the business of their lives, or the dearer hobby of their leisure. "A devise," said Annibal Caro, "is not to be made on the sudden, or without deep meditation." "Philosophy and poetry," wrote Père Le Moyne, "history and fable, ancient and modern learning, all that is

Reverence for the "Devise."

[1] *Die Devisen und Motto des Späteren Mittelalters.* Von J. v. Radowitz. Stuttgart und Tubingen. 1850.

X.

taught in colleges, all that is learned in the world, are condensed and epitomised in this great pursuit; in short, if there be an art which requires an all-accomplished workman, that art is Devise-making."

Antiquity of its origin.

This august art had its origin in the most venerable antiquity. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and brave shields before his lion-garnished buckler. In peace and war symbolism flourished through the classical ages; nor does it appear ever to have been lost even in the mediæval night. But in the Renaissance it shot up to a height which it had never before attained; and in the French invasions of Italy, under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., its growth was singularly rapid and luxuriant. From the banners of the Free Companies and the crests of *preux chevaliers*, a rage for devises and mottoes spread, as if by contagion, to all orders and conditions of men and manufactures. Alciati, a doctor of Padua, who first wrote upon the subject (1542), soon became as well known throughout Europe as Erasmus. A cloud of translators first, and then imitators, followed in his track. In France, in Italy, and in Germany, tome after tome came forth, in which the emblematical properties of the crescent, the pelican, and the salamander were discussed as earnestly as transubstantiation or the doctrine of purgatory, and often by pens which had shed much

Growth.

Alciati.

X.

Impreses.

Ambrosio Morales.

William Camden.

Otto Venius.

The De Brys. Bonasoni.

General use and popularity.

ink upon those graver mysteries. Well-contrived devises sometimes led to mitres, as well-edited Greek plays or telling party pamphlets do now. In Spain and in England the science of Impreses engaged the attention of Ambrosio Morales and William Camden; at Antwerp it employed the pencil of Otto Venius; at Frankfort and at Bologna it retained the delicate burin of the De Brys and of Julio Bonasoni. Everything that was in heaven above, and the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, became the prey of the emblem-maker, and the symbol of some vice, or virtue, or quality of the mind. The architect, the painter, and the sculptor; the potter, the carpenter, the upholsterer, and the tailor, every artificer, in short, garnished his works with curious devises, and neat and appropriate sentiments. The bellows and the hearthbrush of Diana de Poictiers were covered with her crescents, as were the walls and ceilings of her beautiful bower at Fontainebleau. Ladies read invitations to love, or cautions against that passion, on the fringes of their mantles, on the borders of their tapestries, embossed on the cases of their watches, carved on the frames of their mirrors. Gentlemen drank out of beakers lettered with Bacchanalian distiches, and ran one another through the body, with cold steel that was edged with an epigram, or pointed with a moral. The Jesuit wrote, Ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον, "The Dispensary of

X.

the Soul," over the door of his library: the cannon-founder, honouring the breach of his brass gun with the observance of the custom, inscribed near its touchhole, *Ratio ultima regum.* "Pretty answers" might well be learned from "goldsmiths' wives," and "conned out of rings," for that craft had its quiver full of them. Did a lover make himself a chain of his lady's hair, he was sure to inscribe it, *Radii sine sole supersunt;* did he enshrine her precious image in a jewelled case, he would not fail to remark thereon, *Tegit ignibus ignes.*

Mottoes.

Mottoes gave rise to many *mots* of historical celebrity. The vaunting motto of Cæsar Borgia, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, was wrought, after his inglorious death, into this scoffing epitaph:—

"Borgia Cæsar erat factis et nomine Cæsar,
Aut nihil, aut Cæsar dixit utrumque fuit."

When Charles V. was forced to raise the siege of Metz, the French wits, for his proud *Plus ultra*, read *Plus citra;* or those who preferred a pun to an antithesis, read it *Non ultra metas.*

Decadence of Devises.

In the gradual disuse of tourneys and carousals, and of marriage and funeral pageants, the occupation of the devise-maker began to be gone. For a century later his invention had a narrow field left in the signs of shops, which, indeed, are still found in Austrian and Russian towns. The race of archi-

tects, of whom Bernini and Perrault were the chiefs, banished the emblem and the legend from the portal, the window, the cornice and the chimney-piece, and their other haunts within doors; succeeding barbarians dismissed them even from the fountain and the sun-dial, of which they were the natural and most graceful ornament; nor have they been permitted to find an undisturbed resting-place on the tomb. Indeed, the emblem may be said to have been long defunct; and the motto, except where it occurs in heraldic blazonries, skulks in obscure places—in the crackers and bon-bons which surround a twelfth cake—on the envelopes which conceal the names of essayists competing for a prize—on the knife of the Spanish contrabandista, and on the garters which he presents to the brown maiden of his choice.

Heraldry.

The defunct art has now, however, a chance of a resurrection. The palmy days of devise-making, such as it saw when Paul Jovius wore the mitre of Nocera, are not perhaps likely to return. But no subject will be considered wholly without interest which has been taken up by the late War Minister of Prussia. General von Radowitz has pursued his researches into the "Devises of the later Middle Ages, and the poetry of mottoes," with his usual energy and success. They were, he tells us, the amusement of "leisure hours before and after diffi-

Revival.

Radowitz's collection.

X.

cult times;" and he dates his brief preface from the Brunnen of the Freienwalde.

Survey of subject.

His survey of his pleasing subject is at once philosophical and popular, learned and lively; and his illustrations are extremely apt and well-selected. But the aim and scope of his work, and the style of its execution, will be best displayed by a few extracts from his introduction.

History.

"The object of the present treatise is to acquire a clear acquaintance and appreciation by illustrating, as far as possible, this activity of the human mind, which has become nearly obsolete at the present day.

Ancient.

"In ancient history we find instances of the use of devises. It is true that it cannot be proved that in the fight for the body of Moses the archangel Michael bore his own name as devise upon his shield—'*Quis ut Deus;*' whilst Satan, on the other hand, bore the proud motto—'*Ascendam*' (Borchius Symbolographia, p. 10). The earliest ages, however, give instances of the use of them. According to Pausanias, Agamemnon had a lion's head upon his shield, with the devise, 'This is the fear of man.' Æschylus tells us that the shields of the seven heroes of Thebes bore devises and mottoes. Kapaneus bore upon his shield a naked man carrying a flaming torch, with an inscription in gold—Πρήσω πόλιν (I will burn the city). Eteocles carried a warrior rushing to the battle, with the motto, 'ως οὐδ ἂν Ἄρης σφ'ἐκβάλοι πυργωμάτων (Mars himself shall not overthrow me). The shield of Polynikes bore a likeness of himself, accompanied by a figure of justice, with the words, κατάζω τ'ἄνδρα τόνδε καὶ πόλιν ἕξει πατρωων δωματων τ'επιστροφάς (I will lead him back to a city, and to the house of his fathers). Similar is to be found in the symbolical forms of the first Christians. The well-known illustration of the fish in connection with the name of Christ, the Alpha and Omega placed by the side of the symbols of the cross, or the monogram of Christ, the hare, in its Greek appellation, in allusion to the Logos, may be regarded as real devises in the above sense. The same may be said of the crocodile upon some of the gold coins of the Emperor Augustus, which, tied to a palm-tree, bears the following inscription—'*Colligavit*

X.

nemo' (No one bound me), and which is a plain allusion to the conquest of Egypt."

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French. "French authors, more especially Le Moyne and Menestrier, maintain that devises originated in France. The assertion of Levasseur that Louis XI. wore a sapphire in his marriage ring, with the motto, '*Hors cet anel pourrions trouver amour*,' is scarcely deserving of credit. It must, however, be allowed that some of the most ancient devises which we still possess are of French origin—for instance, the star of the Order of the Knights of the Star, instituted 1351 by John II., with the words, '*Monstrant regibus astra viam*' (The stars lead on kings); and the flint and steel of the Dukes of Burgundy, with the words, '*Ante ferit quam flamma micet*' (First blow, then fire); William of Hennegau bore a harrow, with the words, '*Evertit et æquat*' (It tears up, then smooths over). But in 1350, Edward III. had already instituted the Order of the Garter with the well-known motto, '*Honny soit qui mal y pense*,' which, in connection with the insignia of the Order, must be regarded as a real devise."

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German. "Germany, though with little probability of success, has claimed the origin of them. The tournaments, in which the German nobles took so prominent a part, offered at least the opportunity for attempts in this art. From the diary of Wolf Wolfrath, the lute-player, we find that at a tournament at Vienna, in 1560, crowns of laurel were awarded not only to the most valiant knight, but also to him who made the wittiest devise.

"It is evident that from the middle of the fifteenth century the usage of mottoes and devises became general throughout Europe. To the no small value attached by knightly and courtly spirits of that age to a happy choice of devises, we are indebted for a few collections of them. The literature of emblems is no less extensive than that of proverbs; learned men of reputation did not think it beneath them to collect the many devises in use, as well as to exert their philological elegance and wit in inventing them."

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Meaning of a "devise." "The meaning of a devise, generally, must relate to the present or the future, never to the past. Among other reasons is quoted that the Italian expression *emprese* signifies that a devise must always announce an enterprise—some action in contemplation, some great idea, a noble passion, but never a practical fact.

X.

"The body of the devise must never be indecent or burlesque; the more rigorous excluded even animals of a vicious nature, although they appear constantly in coats-of-arms.

"For this reason the devise of Pope Gregory XIII. has been criticised: a dragon with the quotation from the Æneid—'*Delubra ad summa*' (To the roof of the temple). And, in sooth, the propriety of a comparison of the elevation to the Holy See with those serpents that crawled up the Trojan temple, after slaying the priest on duty, may be questioned.

"Hateful objects were strictly avoided: a toad or a bat would not have been allowed in a devise. Articles of daily use, as implements of labour or of cookery, were unwillingly admitted. Thus the selection of a sieve as the devise by the Academia della Crusca, as a play upon the word *crusca* (bran), with the motto, '*Il piu bel, fior ne coglie*' (The finest remains), was objected to. The emblem, moreover, should represent a real object, not only an incorporated idea. The invention of Did. Saavedra, who wished to express the union of justice and mercy by a symbol half eagle, half ostrich, with the lemma, *præsidia majestatis* (the supports of majesty), was rejected. This, however, did not exclude fabulous forms, as sirens, phœnixes, griffins, and harpies, as tradition not only gives them a distinct form, but determines their attributes. In the same manner the mythical properties of certain productions of nature were adopted. The dolphin appears as the friend of man; the salamander is supposed to be incombustible; the swan sings its death-song; the sunflower turns towards the sun; the pomegranate bears a crown; the stork is tender towards its young; the crane, by a stone, keeps off sleep; the porcupine shoots its quills; the eagle gazes undazzled upon the sun; the pelican feeds its young with its blood; the crocodile weeps hypocritical tears; the bird of Paradise lives only on the wing."

Rules of Paul Jovius.

To these excellent remarks we may add the rules or conditions upon which, according to Paul Jovius, a devise ought to be constructed. The first essential is that the emblem, which may be considered as the body of the devise, should be exactly fitted to the motto, which is its spirit; the second, that it should

X.

not be so obscure as to require a sibyl to explain it; the third, that the ideas suggested should be in themselves agreeable; the fourth, that the forms employed should not be human; and the fifth, that the motto should be brief, and expressed in some foreign tongue, that its sweetness might not be wasted on the vulgar. It is rarely, however, that we find all these conditions fulfilled in a single specimen; and indeed the third and the fourth were habitually disregarded. The devise which Jovius mentions with peculiar praise, as coming nearer to his lofty ideal than any other, is that worn in the Italian wars by Marc Antonio Colonna—a palm-branch laid across a branch of cypress, with the motto, "*Erit altera merces.*"

Preference for emblems of action.

Devise-makers in general, however, did not agree with the bishop, but preferred emblems full of *sturm und drang*, noise and bustle, and which pointed rather to an action than to a thought. Here we may once more take General Radowitz for our guide:—

"The more movement there is in the emblem, the higher value is set upon the invention. The eagle that wings its way in storm and lightning, the lion that has slain a tiger, the sun bursting through the clouds, are esteemed superior and more eligible than these same bodies in a quiescent state. The picture must be always perfect, as well the object itself as the attributes to which the devise relates. The beautiful devise by which Mary Queen of Scots lamented the death of her husband, Francis II., *Dulce meum terra tegit* (The earth covers my sweet), was declared faulty because the necessary emblem, a licorice

X.

plant, is difficult of being comprehended. The same censure is passed upon the otherwise clever devise of the Earl of Essex, a rough diamond with the motto, *Dum formas minuis* (Polishing diminishes). For the same reasons those emblems are excluded which can only be recognised by their colour."

Devises on Love and War.

Martial.

Love and War were the two great subjects to which all devises addressed themselves. The general tenor of all martial mottoes is the same as that which we have read upon the huge seal of jadestone, considerably older than the English monarchy, which was presented by the late Dwarkanauth Tagore to Mrs. Norton. "A hero," says this great seal of the Flowery Land, "during life should be madly impetuous, and, at his death, an ancestral temple should be raised to him." "A crown or else a glorious death, a sceptre or an earthly sepulchre," was the battle-cry of Richard of York in Shakespeare; "A peerage, or Westminster Abbey," said Nelson at the Nile; and the same sentiment used to be expressed in lions, griffins, blazing bombs, burning mountains, wave-beat rocks, and other brave words of the emblematist. One of the most extravagant of these utterances that occurs to us, was that of Sir Philip Sidney, who painted on his shield the tideless Caspian Sea, and the legend, "*Sine refluxu.*" That of General Brown, in the Civil Wars of England, would have been approved by Jovius. The figures were a death's head and a laurel crown, the words "*One of these.*" There was

X.

much poetry and true pathos in the mourning scutcheon of Lord Essex—a sable field, surrounded by the legend, "*Par nulla figura dolori.*"

Amatory.

The amatory devises were as various in aspect and as monotonous in meaning as those which belonged to war. In Bishop Jovius's time, lovers seem to have found as much difficulty in expressing their affections in words as Lord Essex found in putting his sorrow into tangible shape. The motto-loving prelate, while he admits the ingenuity of the fair Florimonda of Milan—in hinting, by means of her sky-blue robe spangled with butterflies, that her lovers were likely to singe their wings—would have greatly preferred that the lady should have plainly given notice of the danger in so many words on her phylacteries; for one of her adorers, who loved rather well than wisely, was reduced to the necessity of inquiring the meaning of the papilionaceous petticoat. "It means," said Florimonda, "that I wish to treat you with that courtesy which you extend to your friends when you hang a little bell to the tail of your kicking-horse, that they may beware of his heels." At Melton, we believe, the emblematical bell appended to the steed has been replaced by the motto "*He-kicks*," affixed to the rider's back. When, however, the name of the thing which was used as an emblem expressed the idea, the legend might be omitted. The gentleman of Pavia who loved a lady

X.

named Bianca, wore an end of white wax candle in his cap to show that he was "*Can-de-la Bianca.*" The pun is not apparent or translatable in English, but at Pavia the lady and her friends were supposed to see the point, without being expressly told that the wearer had made a candlestick of his head to show that he was the faithful "*dog of Blanche.*" The lover's emblem was sometimes addressed solely to the eye of his mistress, and in this case, too, a motto was superfluous. Thus the Spanish knight who was told that the Anna of his heart was courted by a rich and otherwise formidable rival, dumbly entreated her to refuse him, by hoisting at his crest the symbol of a little duck, of which the Castilian name is *Anadino*, and may therefore be read, "*Anna! say no!*" We trust that this morsel of silent eloquence did not plead in vain.

Proverbs.

Here are some remarks on proverbs, which well deserve perusal:—

"In the same manner as the proverb is, properly speaking, the result of the moral feeling and reason of the people, in like manner does its reactionary influence tell upon individuals much more powerfully than is generally acknowledged. We would be astonished, on examination, to find in how many great and small occurrences of our life our determination has been swayed consciously or unconsciously by the sudden remembrance of some proverb. It would be an additional occupation to explore the rich mines of proverbial sayings to discover their poetical value, and to give them the place that is their due. National poetry has, at least, as great a share in their creation as reflection. Like national ditties, proverbs cannot be traced to an

original fountain, seldom to a definite epoch. They spring from an unknown source, increase in volume as they roll on, and are adopted by all as unconsciously as they have sprung into existence."

Bibliography.

Among the merits of General von Radowitz's pages, we shall mention last, but by no means value least, his very useful and ample list of books on the science of emblems and devises. A good account of devise-books is still a desideratum amongst our special bibliographies; and the titles of those which have been brought together by the General, would form an excellent foundation for the undertaking.

Omissions.

Amongst the more important works which he has not noticed, are the *Imprese* of Camilli, 4to, Venice, 1586, remarkable for the beauty of the engravings by Girolamo Porro; and the fine Spanish *Emblemas* of Horozco y Covarruvias, 4to, Segovia, 1589; Zaragoza, 1604; and Madrid, 1610. Although he has commemorated some of our English mottoes, he has passed over without remark all the eminent pens of England who laboured in the garden of dainty devises, some of whom are quite worthy to be had in honour with the Ruscelli and Bârgagli of Italy, and the German Brucks and Boxhorns. Their works, rare even in England, are perhaps hardly known on the Continent. We therefore venture to recommend the distinguished stranger, when he visits the Grenville Library at the British Museum, to ask for Geffry Whitney's *Emblems and Devises*,

X.

4to, London, 1586; those of George Wither, fol., London, 1635; of Quarles, 8vo, London, 1635; and the curious little volume of Robert Farley, called *Lychnocausia*, 12mo, London, 1638, on the emblematical meanings of light. He may also look at Phil. Ayre's *Emblemata Amatoria*, 12mo, London, 1683, for the sake of the illustrations; and at the end of the translation of Estienne's *Art of Devise-Making*, 4to, London, 1650, he will be glad to see the *Catalogue of Coronet Devises in the Late Warre*. We feel some diffidence in mentioning these old books as novelties on his own subject, to an author who has brought us acquainted for the first time with many of the best emblems and emblem-makers of the Continent. If he is already familiar with them, he will excuse us; if he does not know them, he will thank us. For we do not, and from his style we judge that he does not, adopt the surly motto of George Wither—

"Nec habeo, nec careo, nec caro."

XI.

The Examiner, Dec. 28, 1850.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SEALS.[1]

XI.

SEALS are among the most venerable implements of civilised man. What the plough is in agriculture, the seal is in commerce and conveyancing. The Lacedæmonians are said to have been the first European people who used signets, which they shaped out of morsels of worm-eaten timber. In Greece, therefore, the wood-worm was held to be the parent of the beautiful art of Pyrgoteles and Dioscorides. There can be no doubt, however, that intaglios were common in the most remote antiquity in Egypt and China. Whether the gold seal-ring of Cheops, said to have been found some years ago near the great pyramid, be genuine or not, it is certain that rings, bearing the images of hawk-headed or dog-headed deities, or the names of

Seals—their antiquity.

Lacedæmonians.

Greek.

Egypt. China.

[1] *Descriptive Catalogue of Impressions from Ancient Scottish Seals, from* 1094 *to the Commonwealth.* By Henry Laing. 4to, Edinburgh, 1850 (Plates). Published by the Author.

XI.

kings or cities, engraved on gold or gems, adorned the fingers of men and mummies near the times of Moses.

Biblical references to seals.

The Bible abounds in allusions to seals, and in proofs of the reverence attached to them. Aaron's breastplate was a mosaic of engraved *pièrre dure*. In the Book of Job we are told that the earth in God's hand "is turned as clay to the seal," probably pointing to the brickmaker's stamp, in which the germ of the printing-press is discovered in the dawn of civilisation. In the Canticles the royal lover, mingling menaces with entreaty, conjures his beloved to wear him "as a seal upon her breast, as a seal upon her arm." The seal of Solomon was the most potent of Oriental talismans. It is perhaps also a tribute to its sacred character, that in eastern romance it is a standing simile for a woman's mouth, in spite of its inappropriate shape. Every reader of the *Arabian Nights* may remember that while the eyes of the Fatimas and the Azubeydahs are compared to the eyes of gazelles, their forms to the willow-bough, and their cheeks to anemones, their mouths are said to resemble the signet of the son of David, or, in other words, a pair of interlaced triangles.

Arabian Nights.

Private seals.

Although public seals were unknown to the governments of antiquity, the private ones of kings and great men were frequently objects of historical notice. Pyrgoteles enjoyed the monopoly of engrav-

XI.

ing the face of Alexander the Great on gems, as Apelles and Lysippus did in painting and sculpture. After the defeat of Darius it was noted that the conqueror sealed his letters for the Asiatic post with that monarch's head; for the mail to Europe, with his own. The capture of Jugurtha, engraved by Sylla's order on his signet, was one of the first causes which moved the jealousy of Marius. Pompey had a figure of Victory on his seal; an emerald cut with the head of Ptolemy was the favourite gem of Lucullus; a frog was the impress of the seal of Mæcenas. Of Macrianus, one of the pretenders to the purple during Valerian's captivity, the most characteristic trait preserved is, that he and his children, male and female, used seals with the effigy of Alexander, thus assuming the Macedonian's head for their family crest.

Alexander.
Darius.
Sylla.
Pompey.
Lucullus.
Mæcenas.
Macrianus.

Seals and coins may be considered as bottles filled with memoranda and cast upon the ocean of time by the earlier mariners for the use of those who came after them. Their forts, their factories, their lighthouses, have many of them disappeared; but the bottles are perpetually being found after many days. To engraved gems we owe much of our knowledge of antique life. They have preserved for us many portraits of the great and the beautiful, giving us precious glimpses of the characters of men and the toilettes of ladies. Stamped on the faithful and

Historical value of seals and coins.

XI.

time-defying onyx, we may read the hard nature, the fun and the fiddling of Nero, in his handsome face; and on the rough but kindly features of Titus, the combined gentleness and strength of his mind. There, young beauties may borrow a hint from the coiffure of the Empress Lepida, whose rich tresses, falling gracefully on her neck, are looped up behind in a circlet of pearl; and their mothers may learn something from the Empress Livia, in other respects no model for the British matron, who so artistically concealed the ravages of time beneath drapery and a diadem. Many an obscure allusion in ancient authors has been illuminated by the pure ray serene emitted by a graven gem. The scholar will often find sermons in these stones, excelling the lucubrations of the commentators no less in clearness than in terseness; and he may sometimes be put right by a scarabæus, when a scholiast has failed him.

Use of seals in the North.

The use of seals appears to have been brought over the Alps by the Romans. The practice did not obtain favour among the early Franks and Saxons.

Anomalous adaptations of gems and intaglios.

The antique intaglios which fell into their hands were seldom applied to their legitimate uses, but became ornaments of the knight's dagger or goblet, the mitre of the bishop, or the chalice of the altar. Fitness of subject was but little considered in applying them; and the bindings of the Gospels were sometimes encrusted with gems illustrating in a

XI.

lively manner the worship of the god of gardens. Of this some instances may be found among the regalia of Charlemagne, now at Vienna. So in our own days, Captain Harris, when introduced by especial favour, and after many reverences, into the lady-chapel of the cathedral of Shoa, found the walls of that holiest of Abyssinian shrines hung round with coloured prints of the great Leicestershire steeplechase.

Earliest English seal, 1066.

The earliest existing example of an English seal is, we believe, that of Edward the Confessor, appended to a charter granted by him in 1066 to the Abbey of Westminster. After the Norman conquest seals became a necessary and important part of all deeds, and the possession of them a mark of power and dignity. For about ten centuries the use of a seal was a privilege enjoyed by none below the knightly rank. Royal seals, as is well known, bore the effigy of the king on his throne. On the seals of the laity a man in armour and on horseback, with a sword in his hand, was the usual figure; and it was not till the first half of the thirteenth century that the practice became general of introducing armorial bearings upon the shield. As heraldry became an art, these insignia grew in size and importance, and at last came to stand alone. Ere Scrope and Grosvenor had gone into a Court of Chivalry (1385-90), which they found slow and

Introduction of their use, and significance.

Degrees.

Royalty.

Laity.

Importance increased with growth of heraldry.

XI.

costly in its procedure as the Court of Chancery, to try their rights to the azure field and golden bend, horse and rider had been dismissed from the seal to leave greater space for the scutcheon. As, in the captain's eye, a man-at-arms was a lance to deal thrusts, so, in the herald's, he became a mere shield to receive blazonry.

Ecclesiastical seals.

The seals of the Church were of that oval shape, pointed at both ends, known as the *Vesica piscis*. The bishop's or abbot's seal bore the effigy of the patron saint of his see or abbey, and sometimes of himself standing in full canonicals and bestowing his blessing; or it was engraved with some sacred emblem handed down by tradition, or invented by himself. The design was always surrounded by a border inscribed with the owner's name and dignity. Priests of more piety than learning sometimes pressed antique signets into the service of a new creed. An abbot of Selby having become possessed of a gem with the head of an emperor, and inscribed D. Honorius, Aug., converted it into a seal for his own use by adding a rim of gold whereon his view of the matter was thus expressed, "Apud hoc Christus est." An archbishop of York sealed his parchments with a Roman intaglio bearing the heads of Minerva, Socrates, and Plato, and enriched with a modern setting upon which his grace had introduced those personages to the world in Latin

of the most canine kind as the Holy Trinity. A third churchman used for his seal a figure of Bacchus, attended by a faun with a wine-cup, having first Christianised the group with the motto, "JESUS EST AMOR MEUS."

Laing's collection.

Those who are curious in the sigillative habits and history of our ancestors should lose no time in making the acquaintance of Mr. Laing, whose beautiful volume is now before us. Though put forth under the humble name of a catalogue, it has a just claim to be considered a history of Scottish seals. No work of the same extent and completeness exists, that we know of, for England, whose early seals must be looked for up and down the pages of Dugdale and a hundred other antiquaries and local historians. Mr. Laing is a pupil of the late Mr. Tassie, and by profession a seal-engraver in Edinburgh. But he has for many years been engaged rather in forming a collection and in studying the history of old seals, than in engraving new ones; and he is well known in Scotland for the zeal and success with which he has rescued from destruction, by means of glass-casts, many of the curious seals which have dangled so long, unnoticed and uncared-for, from the ancient writings of his country. He has done, in fact, for his own land and the Middle Ages, what his master did for Greece and Rome and classical antiquity—and, more than this,

Scottish seals.

Mr. Laing and his work.

XI.

he has produced a quarto which is as far superior to the quartos of Mr. Tassie as the Pallas on an Athenian signet is to the Blessed Virgin on the broad seal of Our Lady's Abbey at Kelso. His catalogue consists of most careful descriptions of no less than 1,248 seals, illustrated by nearly 200 examples, neatly engraved on stone and wood, with an agreeable preface replete with curious information.

Earliest Scottish example. Duncan II.

The earliest seal which has fallen into his hands is the great seal of Duncan II. appended to a charter in the archives of the see of Durham of about the year 1096. It represents the King on horseback, "in a trellised hawberk and conical-shaped helmet," and is executed with enough skill and spirit to show that it was by no means a first attempt in the art of engraving. The earliest specimen which Mr. Laing has figured is the privy seal (*sigillum secretum*) of Alexander III. (1249–85). That monarch is presented to us throned, crowned, and sceptred, with a naked sword lying across his knees—an apt emblem of the condition of many kings now as then—and the figure and the draperies display some knowledge of drawing. The privy seal and signet of Robert I. (1306–29) are interesting, not only as memorials of the Bruce of Bannockburn, but as fine specimens of early engraving. The designs are simple, consisting of nothing more than the shield, whereon "Scotland's Lion ramps in gold," and a lettered border;

Alexander III.

Robert I.

the spaces between the sides of the shield and the border being, in the privy seal, occupied by a small heraldic quadruped, which Mr. Laing calls a lizard. But, simple as they are, these seals are no less elegant in conception than neat in their execution. David II. (1329–71) had for his privy seal the round shield upborne by a pair of arms issuing from clouds, a pleasing symbol of that heavenly protection which kings by right divine, being taught to consider their inheritance, so seldom take the trouble to deserve. In the next century we find the same idea on the seal of Mary of Gueldres, Queen of James II. (1449–62). Her crown and shield are supported by a graceful angel, who bends over them with flowing drapery and outspread wings, as over a font of holy water or a cherished tomb—a beautiful design, finely executed, which probably came from the hand of some master of Antwerp or Cologne.

David II.

Mary of Gueldres.

The seals of kings and the great nobles are extremely interesting and valuable, as containing authentic specimens of the armour and costume of the time. Here the antiquary may trace the progress of defensive armour, from the rudest chain-shirt that turned the edge of Danish steel at Largs, to the rich mail of plate such as Negroli chiselled for the princes of Hapsburg or Burgundy. The still more elaborate seals of the Church are also, like its illuminated writings, faithful records of ecclesiastical

Value in regard to costume, &c.

XI.

dress and architectural decoration. In them we find at work the same fine fancy and skilful hands that garlanded the pillars of Melrose and fretted the niches at Roslin. Till the end of the fourteenth century a bishop or abbot usually sealed with his own image and superscription. The designs of their later seals are far more florid and flamboyant, embracing figures of the Virgin, or their patron saints, or the Trinity, or all of these together, beneath canopies of state, or shrines richly carved and adorned with emblems and scutcheons of arms; the symbolical oval form being, however, seldom departed from. Some of the finest of these examples belong to the see of Glasgow. In them we usually find the figure of the tutelar St. Kentigern, or more familiarly St. Mungo, with his miraculous fish bearing in its mouth the ring of Queen Languoreth, a ring which that lady had dropped into the Clyde as the maiden in the Spanish ballad dropped her earrings into the well, and, like her, with dire apprehensions of the consequent jealousy of her lord. One of the most beautiful is that of Bishop William Lauder (1417), who kneels at the base of a richly decorated shrine, within a niche bordered with that simple but highly effective ball ornament so much in use among the architects of Castile. The seal of the chapter of St. Giles, at Edinburgh (1496), likewise deserves

Glasgow seals.

Edinburgh.

XI.

mention as a charming example of architectural embellishment in the pointed style.

Wax seals.

In Scotland, as in England, antique seals sometimes impressed modern wax, and gave force to modern parchments. In 1220, John Avenel sealed a charter of the lands of Torthorald with a gem engraved with four grasshoppers within a laurel-wreath, a device in which Ilissus whispered to the Nith; and Thomas Colvil made over certain border acres to the monks of Melrose under a signet bearing a beautiful female head, of which probably both the artist and his model dwelt by the Ægean under the rule of Pericles.

Few have mottoes.

Very few of Mr. Laing's seals are furnished with mottoes. That of Alexander III., already mentioned, is inscribed ESTO PRUDENS UT SERPENS ET SIMPLEX SICUT COLUMBA—a rare instance of the use of a motto, especially on the seal of a layman. Mottoes belong to later, more peaceful, and more learned times, when the knight at the tourney took as much pride in the quaint conceit of his emprese as in the gallantry of his imprise. These impreses are referred by Paul Jovius, a mitred maker of them, at the time when Charles VIII. and Louis XII. led their armies into Italy. The French officers in their campaigns distinguished their companies by devices fastened to their banners; the Italians adopted and improved the fancy; and so arose the art, so long

Mottoes came later.

Impreses.

French.

Italian.

XI.

in vogue, of translating maxims into figures or emblems, and that voluminous literature in which Alciati, Menestrier, Covarrubias, Whitney, and the De Brys hunted down their symbol-game, and won the trophies of the chase. From the brains of these busy wits we believe that many of our modern crests and mottoes were born. Till a very recent date they do not appear to have enjoyed any heraldic honour. In the palmy days of blazon, when Dame Juliana Berners sat down to prove, by its rules, that Our Saviour was a gentleman by his mother's side, it was the quarterings on the shield that made the man, and not the accidental ornaments of the casque. "Men choose what crests they fancy," said Sir George Mackenzie in 1680; and there are still some ancient families, like the Rashleighs of Menabilly, who have never made a choice, and consider their helms all the more distinguished by their bareness. It is probably because crests were assumed at the will of the individual, and were not considered hereditary in the house, that they so seldom appear on old seals. A rare instance of a crested seal, and an instance also of the mutations to which these cognisances were liable, occurs in that of Sir John Hamilton, chief of the name in 1388, who wore upon his helm a boar's head and neck, a crest which succeeding Hamiltons turned into a saw-crossed tree.

Recent introduction of mottoes and crests into heraldry.

Crests individual.

Sir John Hamilton.

XI.

Supporters still more modern.

Supporters, too, which are still more modern than crests, and which we believe to have been the invention rather of the seal-cutter than of the herald, are not common in the seals of Mr. Laing, though by no means rare in Scottish coats. They are still in much request beyond the Tweed. As Dundas of that ilk carried on a lawsuit for about a quarter of the last century with a cadet of his house, who had presumed to give the lion on his shield a blue tongue and claws—a distinction of the chiefship: so two scions of the clan Forbes have lately been battling in the Court of Session, about the right of using for supporters white bears instead of brown. These heraldic cattle are still to be had in Edinburgh, of the breeder, the Lord Lyon, who doubtless finds his account in keeping up the stock. We believe that a pair of supporters —whether lions or wild-cats—fetch as much as a pair of well-bred greys would bring at Tattersall's; and that savages, "wreathed and clubbed," and otherwise decently appointed, are quite as costly as tame men plushed, caned, and calved proper. They are sometimes disposed of even to South Britons. We well remember the glee with which an antiquarian friend of ours, now no more, used to relate how he had been present in the Lyon-office when a southron of ancient name, whose ancestors may have fought at Bannockburn and

XI.

Flodden, came to purchase a pair of Scottish supporters for his old English scutcheon. The Deputy Lyon felt the dignity of his position; but being a kind-hearted gentleman, "roared as gently as a sucking-dove." "Sir," said he, "I will state your wishes and do what I can, but as to augmentations of arms and supporters, as to bears, bulls, unicorns, dragons, griffins, wyverns, and the like, *these are all in the breast of the Lord Lyon.*" His lordship has, we believe, endeavoured to make a clean breast of it, having distributed its contents with great liberality to his friends, thus at once embellishing their armorial insignia, and relieving his bosom of a monster menagerie.

But even where there is evidence to remove from such armorial ornaments the stigma of having been granted by Lord Kinnoul or his immediate predecessors, it frequently likewise proves how subject they were to arbitrary change or accidental transformation. Thus the royal supporters of Scotland, which first appear in the privy seal of James II., in 1429, were originally lions, but were changed in 1542 on the seal of Mary to the unicorns which have survived to the present day. The lions "*sejant and gardant,*" which were borne on his seal in 1400 by Maxwell of Polloc, underwent a more humiliating, though more intelligible metamorphosis. These noble beasts were changed into monkeys, a state

Royal supporters of Scotland.

Maxwells of Polloc.

of vile enchantment from which we are glad to learn from Mr. Laing that the present baronet has effected their deliverance. The zoology of heraldry, at all times conventional, seems to have been in a very low state in Scotland. Lions might well be degraded to monkeys, when the war-horse of chivalry, as represented on the seal of royal knights and illustrious Wallaces, might be mistaken for the clothes-horse of modern life.

Designs of old seals.

In spite, however, of their wooden steeds and ape-like lions, the old engravers produced seals which it would be well if their successors of the present day would more generally take for models. There is a simple grace in these designs, and a decision in their execution, which is very pleasing and effective; and some of the more elaborate ecclesiastical seals are miniature masterpieces, worthy of those great Church architects whose ruined shrines lend their chief interest to many of the towns of Scotland. The finest seals, according to Mr. Laing, belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the sixteenth century, the seal-engraver succumbed to the same influences which were dimming the glory of the painter and the architect. Of the seventeenth century, Mr. Laing has preserved no seal worthy of much notice, except the pretty signet of John Napier of Merchiston, inventor of logarithms, which was gleaned by his kinsman and

John Napier's seal.

XI.

biographer, the historian of Montrose, from a letter dated 1600.

Old wax seals superior to modern.

Our author informs us that the wax seals of the older Scottish charters seem to have been made with more care than was bestowed on those of later times. The more ancient the seal, cries the delighted antiquary, the more sharp and beautiful the impression. The colour of the wax, though it varied at different times, appears also to have been a matter of privilege, and indicative of the authority of the seal, and the dignity of its owner.

Colour of wax varied and significant.

Green.

Down to the end of the fourteenth century, green was a favourite colour, that being supposed, in England at least, to typify the perennial vigour of the deed to which the seal was appended, and perhaps the jealousy with which it was intended to guard it.

White.

The great seals of the kingdom, and the seals of monasteries and burghs, were afterwards made in white wax; a practice which we presume can hardly have become universal in other countries, or the makers of emblems would probably have brought the black into fashion as a symbol of purity.

Yellow.

We believe the wax now generally used in the public seals of Great Britain is yellow, the natural colour, as befits an age of which the best characteristic is that it loves cant a little less than its predecessors. The word cant, as well as the word seal, reminds us of Rome and the fisherman's

XI.

ring, which is always impressed on red wax, and the fisherman's seal, of which an impression (always taken in lead) has lately fallen with such a splash into the mantling pool of our English politics. The red wax on the Papal briefs no doubt has its origin in that Roman love of the imperial colour in which the Protestant interpreter of prophecy loves to read the mark of the beast and the meretricious taste of the scarlet lady. Why lead is used in the larger seal is not so clear; but this question, and that other nice one,—Why did the French Academy seal with blue wax? we leave to our friends of the *Notes and Queries*.

Red.

Lead.

Blue.

In closing Mr. Laing's most acceptable book, we have only to regret that he should have thought it necessary to make his introduction so brief. The collector of so many archæological treasures must have likewise amassed many curious notes, which the writer of the twenty-four prefatory pages could easily have worked up into a very pleasing and useful little volume. Avoiding the prolixity of Theodore Hopfingk, who printed at Nuremberg, in 1642, in the smallest type, 1,050 folio pages on seals, he has become over-curt. Among other points which he has left untouched we should like to have had some information about the artists who executed some of the finer seals, and worthily preceded our friend, Mr. Laurence Butters, as seal-

Conclusion.

XI.

engravers to the Scottish crown. Massy, a writing-master about a century ago, formed materials for a respectable octavo of lives of the English caligraphers; and Mr. Laing might surely fill a duodecimo with notices of the brethren of his more intellectual craft. Brevity, however, is a fault which the critic has seldom occasion to complain of, and may well excuse. But we hope Mr. Laing will take our hint in the new edition of his work, which we trust will be rendered necessary as well by the rapid sale of the present impression, as by the influx of fresh materials. For although he has largely illustrated his subject, he has by no means exhausted it. From the list of sources whence he has drawn his supplies we miss many names of the great historical families of Scotland. Hamilton, Gordon, Montrose, and Argyll, are among the ducal houses alone whose charter-rooms appear to have been unvisited. We cannot suppose but that their graces would afford Mr. Laing every facility of research, especially as we observe that he has had access to the archives of Atholl, to which we presume the path does not lie through Glentilt. We would also suggest that the engravings should be brought into juxtaposition with the descriptive letter-press; or, if this is not possible, that each plate should have a direct reference to its description;

Omissions.

XI.

the index which the reader must at present consult being about as pleasant an incident in his path as the omnibus in a railway hiatus. And so we take our leave of Mr. Laing, with hearty good wishes towards his success in the prosecution of his seal-fishery.

XII.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.[1]

Fraser's Magazine, June 1852.

XII.

National holidays.

YORKSHIRE converging to the Doncaster St. Leger, London discharging itself upon Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, Paris "circulating" through the alleys of Versailles on days of the *grandes eaux* — each furnishes a fine specimen of the national holiday crowd. The Derby and St. Leger, however, like Christmas, come but once a year; and the movable feasts in honour of which Neptune and the *mille tuyaux* open their throats, do not happen above four times in a summer. But from Easter to the middle of autumn, every fair Monday in Madrid brings forth a festal mob, which, for merry clamour, picturesque movement, local colour, and vivid nationality, is fairly worth all the aforesaid gatherings put together.

[1] *Tauromachia; or, The Spanish Bull-Fights Illustrated in Twenty-six Sketches*, by Lake Price: *with Illustrations*, by Richard Ford. Folio. London: Hogarth, 1852.

XII.

If you would study a southern people at its sport, go and stand for half-an-hour at the gate of Alcalá, and watch the dense column of variegated life, trudging on foot, or whirled madly in calesas, which pours down the noble street; and then take your place in a seat on the shaded side in the amphitheatre of the bull-fight. But if, for you, the Pyrences are a barrier not to be passed, then procure Mr. Lake Price's beautiful volume on Tauromachia. Arrayed in the national colours of Spain, *gules* and *or*, it is no less fitted for an ornament to the boudoir-table, than adapted, by the fulness and variety of its information, for a book of reference in the library. A work of the kind was much wanted; for the most picturesque of national sports had been strangely neglected by the pencil. It is strange that Velazquez, who loved and painted horses so well, should have left no studies of the bull-ring; still more strange that Rubens, who delighted in subjects of violence and uproar, and imaginary combats between hunters and wild beasts, should not have had his attention arrested and his pencil provoked by the real encounters of wild bulls and silken courtiers which he must have witnessed at Madrid. Although endless illustrations of the bull-ring are to be found in the Paris print-shops, none are to be depended upon as accurate. In the best of them the fierce Spanish sport is apt to become French melodrama, and many

"Tauromachia."

French illustrations inaccurate.

are obviously the work of artists who have never left the Boulevards for the bull-ring, and whose model bull is the Bœuf-gras at Shrovetide. The Spanish prints, on the other hand, with the exception of the rare and somewhat exaggerated *Toros* of Goya, are tame and spiritless; the men being stiff as dolls, and the bulls dead as bulls of Nineveh. Mr. Lake Price is the first artist who has really taken Tauromachia by the horns, grappled with all its ever-shifting incidents and minute details, and made himself master of the scenes and science of the arena. His drawings are touched with great spirit, boldness, and breadth; truth has never been sacrificed to effect; and yet the more brutal features of the savage pastime have been skilfully veiled or eluded. To say that the letterpress descriptions are from the pen of Mr. Ford, is to say that they are brilliantly graphic and scrupulously faithful; and that for once we find the charms of the handbook pervading the mighty pages of a folio.

Spanish spiritless.

"Tauromachia" accurate.

Mr. Ford's letterpress.

A bull-fight has been described a thousand times, yet we present Mr. Ford's description to our readers, with a certainty that there is none which can so vividly create the scene for those of them to whom a *Plaza de Toros* is a terra incognita, or recall it to those to whom it is as familiar as Smithfield.

His description of a bull-fight.

"As the bull and the picadors are the principal performers of the first act, it will be more convenient to group together the five plates which

Act I.

XII.

give the different scenes, than to describe them one by one. The opening the door from which the bull is to rush out, is a spirit-stirring moment, and all eyes are riveted on his first appearance, as no one can tell how he will behave. Let loose from his dark cell, and amazed at the novelty of his position, he gazes an instant around at the crowd, the glare, and waving handkerchiefs. He bears on his neck a ribbon which marks his breed. He is ignorant of his fate; die he must, however gallant his conduct; death without reprieve is the catastrophe, which, although darkly shadowed out, does not diminish the sustained interest, since the intermediate changes and chances are uncertain, and the action may pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, from tragedy to farce. The bull no sooner recovers his senses, than his splendid Achillean rage fires every limb, and, with closed eyes and lowered horns, he charges the foremost of the three picadors, who are drawn up at intervals close to the wooden barriers. The horseman, with presented spear, awaits him boldly on his trembling Rosinante, for none but the poorest hacks are sacrificed on these occasions. If the animal be only second-rate, he remembers the sharp goad of old, and will not fight against the pricks. Turned by the first picador, he passes on to the others, who receive him with similar cordiality. If the animal be still baffled, stunning are the pæans raised in honour of the men. Such bulls as will not fight at all, and show a white feather, become the objects of popular insult and injury; they are hooted at as 'cows,' which is no compliment to a bull, and as they sneak by the barriers, are mercilessly punished with a forest of porros, or lumbering cudgels, with which the mob is provided for the nonce. Although unskilled in bucolics, Spaniards are excellent judges of the good or bad points of bull, and when any appear unfit for the sport, their indignation at being defrauded of their just rights becomes ungovernable, and the president, wisely yielding to the gentle pressure from without, orders the incompetent beast out, to be replaced by a better. The degrees of merit in a bull are nicely understood, and infinite are the technical epithets by which his good or bad qualities are expressed. Every feat and incident has also its appropriate scientific term. With these curiosities of toresque dialects Spaniards are well conversant: to introduce them here would be mere pedantry, and tauromachian students are referred to the lucid glossaries appended to the masterpieces of Pepe Illo and Montes. When the bull is slow to charge, the picador rides out into the arena, and challenges him with his vara; should the bull decline his polite invitation, and turn tail, he is baited by dogs, which is most degrading. A

bold beast, however, is not to be deterred by fear of steel: he charges at once, and increasing in appetite when baptized in blood, passes on from one picador to the other, overwhelming horses and riders, and clears the arena of foes; then, during the interval, before new assailants can arrive, the conquering hero is hailed with unbounded applause, and cheered with shouts of '*Viva toro!*' Long life is wished to him by thousands who know that he must be dead in less than a quarter of an hour. Such an awkward customer will sometimes kill half-a-dozen horses. The picadors are subject to terrific chances; few in fact have a sound rib in their body. Occasionally the bull tosses man and steed in one ruin, and when they fall, exhausts his fury on the poor beast: for the picador either manages to make him a barrier, or is dragged off by the attendant chulos who always hover near, and with their cloaks entice the bull from the man, leaving the horse to his sad fate. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, every feeling of eagerness and excitement is stamped on the countenances of the spectators. Their rapture is wrought to its pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, the crimson seams streaking his foam and sweat-whitened body, flies from the still pursuing bull; then are displayed the nerve and horsemanship of the picador. It is a piteous sight to behold the mangled horses treading out their protruding and quivering entrails, and yet carrying off their riders unhurt. This too frequent occurrence, and which horrifies every Englishman, has, with some other painful incidents, been kindly kept out of sight by our artist, whose object is to please. Spaniards are no more affected by the reality than Italians are moved by the abstract *tanti palpiti* of Rossini. The miserable horse, when dead, is rapidly stripped of his accoutrements by his rider, who hobbles off; and the carcase is then dragged out by the mules, often leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as Spain's river-beds are marked with the scarlet fringe of flowering oleanders. The riders have a more than veterinary skill in pronouncing, off-hand, what wounds are mortal or not. Those thrusts which are not immediately fatal are plugged up by them with tow, and then they remount the crippled steed, and carry him, like a battered battle-ship, again into action. When the mangled and scared horse will not face the horns, his eyes are bandaged over, and his means of escape curtailed: under any circumstance, no sympathy is shown for him,—all is reserved for the horseman, and for him only for a moment: the dead and wounded are forgotten ere removed, new combatants fill their gap, the battle rages, fresh incidents arise, and

XII.

no pause is left for regret or reflection. When a picador is carried off apparently dead, but returns immediately, mounted on a fresh horse, the applauding of the people out-bellows a hundred bulls. The first act is occupied with the picador, and when the different scenes have been gone through, a signal is given, and the part of the horseman is over."

Madridenian disregard for horses.

It is remarkable how totally devoid the Madridenians are of that sympathy with the horses which is always strongly felt by the foreigner, and especially by the English hippophile. The bull-ring incident which most powerfully touched us, and which has imprinted itself most deeply on our recollection, seemed the merest commonplace to an excellent Spanish friend of ours, who was our companion in the shaded side of the arena. A dark-brown horse, of fine size, figure, and action, who had known better days and gentler usage, had borne a picador gallantly and almost without a scratch through two fights; the cleverness and handiness of the animal who was ridden being far more remarkable than the strength or skill of the animal who rode. The third bull was fiercer than his predecessor; and the horse, through weariness, less able to sustain the shock and elude the horn, had soon received two desperate wounds. Still he bore up bravely against his fate; answering promptly both to the spur and rein, and showing no sign of terror or flinching, though you could see that his legs were failing fast. Again the enemy came on, with his tail in the air and his nose in the sand; burying his horns in the belly of his

Incident.

victim, he lifted his hind-quarters from the ground; and he would have finished him outright but for the distracting flutter of cloaks interposed by the protectionists in tags and silk breeches. When separated from the bull, the gored horse still kept on his legs, while the picador, unseated by the shock, lay like a sack across his path. From his gushing blood and quivering limbs you expected to see the poor beast fall upon the fallen man; to avoid which the nobler animal, gathering all his ebbing force, leaped clear over the picador's body, and fell dead six feet beyond him. This return of good for evil in the death-agony, in which the poor instinct of a brute seemed to rise to the highest virtue of a Christian, was immediately perceived by a neighbouring bagman, who expressed his admiration in French, yet it excited not the faintest murmur of applause from the spectators who spoke Castilian. Next come the chulos, and their performances:— XII.

"These chulos, or assistants on foot, are the chief characters of the second act, of which the leading sources and incidents are faithfully set before us by Mr. Lake Price in these eight plates. These actors are picked young men, who thus commence their tauromachian career. The duty of this light division is to skirmish and draw off the bull when the picador is endangered, which they do with their parti-coloured silken cloaks: their mercurial address and agility is marvellous; they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, seeming scarcely to touch the earth. The most dangerous position is when they venture into the middle of the Plaza, and are pursued by the bull to the barrier, over which they bound: the escape often takes place in the very nick of time, and they win by a neck; and frequently so Act II.

XII.

close is the run that they seem to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns; nay, so active are the bulls that they often clear the six feet high palisado, on which occasion an indescribable hubbub and confusion takes place amid the combatants, water-sellers, alguazils and persons within; all the doors are immediately opened, and the perplexed beast soon finds his way back again into the arena to new inflictions. The plates 14 and 17 represent two of the most difficult and dangerous performances of the combatants on foot, and which are rarely attempted except by the most skilful and experienced toreros and matadors, who take part in these interludes. Such is the *Suerte de la Capa*, or feat of the cloak. When the infuriated bull, foaming with rage, stands lord of all he surveys, Montes would coolly advance, and when within two yards turn his back to the animal, and holding his cloak behind his shoulders, receive the rushing charge five or six times, stepping adroitly aside at each.

"The second, *El salto tras-cuerno*, is even more hazardous: the performer advances as before, and when the bull lowers his head to charge, places his foot between the horns, is lifted up, and lights on the other side. These touch-and-go experiments form no part of the strict duties of the chulo; his exclusive province is the banderilla. This implement consists of a barbed dart or arrow, which is wrapped round with papers of different colours, and in fanciful patterns of ornamental cruelty; the bearer holding one in each hand, approaches the bull, presenting the point to him, and at the instant when he stoops to toss him, jerks them into his neck, turns aside and eludes him. To do this neatly requires a quick eye and a light hand and foot; the ambition of the performer is to place the barbs evenly and symmetrically, one on each side of the bull's neck; three and four pairs of these are usually stuck in. Sometimes, when the bull has given dissatisfaction, these banderillas are armed with crackers, which, by means of detonating powder, explode the moment they are fixed: the agony of the scorched animal makes him plunge and snort frantically, to the delight of a people whose ancestors welcomed the *Auto-de-fe*, and the perfume of burning living flesh."

Saltro tras el cuerno.

Amongst the feats for which the great Montes was famous, was the *Saltro tras el cuerno.* When he first performed it before Queen Christina, then a young and blooming bride, she was so charmed with

his grace and agility that she called for a repetition of the daring leap. Montes explained to her messenger that he could make no promise, because the thing depended on opportunities and chances which but rarely occurred. Her Majesty, in the wilfulness of beauty and power, repeated her *encore*. The great tauricide still hesitated, said he felt he should fail, but feeling also that faint heart would never win this fair lady, promised to try. The result was a dangerous wound, with which he was carried out of the *plaza*, as it was supposed, dying. The Queen was inconsolable, and lavished every attention on his sick-bed; royal chaplains prayed for him, royal chamberlains went to see him; and when, in spite of the royal leeches who attended him, he got well, a royal pension of half-a-dollar a day was settled upon him for life. We have seen this rash *salto* performed only once, by *El Chiclanero*, the nephew of Montes; the somersault between the horns being a peril of great price, reserved for great occasions, and not to be cast every day before the swinish multitude.

XII.

"The fatal trumpet now sounds, and ushers in the third and last act. The arena is partially cleared, the chulos retire to the barriers, and the picadors ride out of the way, walking their wounded horses about, to keep them alive for the fresh bull. The matador (the executioner) stands alone before his victim. Previously to dealing the fatal blow, he addresses the president, holding his montera (cap) in his hand, which he then casts on the ground, and, bareheaded, turns to the bull. In his right hand he grasps a long straight sword, and waves in his left the mutela, or flag, which is about a yard wide; a red colour is selected

Act III., and last.

XII.

because it particularly irritates the bull, and conceals blood. The sword is made for this purpose: the blade is heavy, thick, and four-sided, with more than a bayonet power; toughness, not temper, is what is most desired. Meanwhile, the chulos wait in watchful readiness, and are prepared to fly instantly to the rescue should their services be required. Supernumerary matadors are also at hand in case of accidents, which may happen in the best regulated bull-fights. The matador, as he now stands forth alone, concentrates in himself all the interest which was divided before among the many combatants: he slowly advances to the bull to lure him to destruction. In these brief trying moments, when one surely must die, and both may, the matador looks somewhat pale, but presents the image of fixed purpose and energy. Sometimes even the fierce quadruped seems to feel that the last moment is come, and pauses, when brought face to face in the deadly duel with a single opponent. The contrast between the two is striking—now the power of knowledge is opposed to brute force—the man, arrayed in an elegant ball-room dress, with no armour but his skill and valour, is pitted against an animal the most ferocious of its ferocious kind, and infuriated to madness by insults and injuries;—the one stands still, all coolness and presence of mind; the other bounds and tears, all violence and blind rage. The matador who, during the first two acts, has been intensely studying the character of the bull, now rapidly and finally makes up his mind as to his disposition, by a few passes and foilings with the flag. The principle to be pursued in the attack depends on discovering whether the animal be a bold, fair, dashing antagonist, or a sly and undetermined one. Those which charge, and then stop short, or that run at the man, not at the flag, are chiefly to be dreaded. The matador must be quick and decided in his observations; he must not let the bull run at the flag too often, or too long: the moral tension of the spectators is strained to such a degree, that a lengthened suspense could not be endured; the populace vent their impatience in jeers and noises, and endeavour in every possible manner to irritate the matador, and thus make him lose his temper, and perhaps his life. There are many ways of killing the bull, each of which has its scientific and technical name. In all of them the matador presents the flag to the bull, who, stooping his head, rushes at it with closed eyes. The sword is held above this flag, and the slayer, at the moment of the rush, eludes the charge by a slight turn of his body, and 'receives' the animal on the steady sword. This is the usual mode; then the weapon, which is never thrust forward, enters just between the shoulder and blade-bone,

and is buried up to the hilt. Skilful matadors will sometimes withdraw the sword from the wound, and raise it in triumph above their prostrate victim. On all occasions, a firm hand, great nerve, and quick eye are essential. The populace is most fastidious as to the exact nicety of placing the death-wound. The bull is very often not killed by the first thrust; if the sword strikes a bone it is ejected high in the air by the rising neck. When the blow is dealt truly, death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror, and all that was fire, fury and life is still for ever. The gay team of mules now enters, and the carcase is carried off at full gallop. The matador wipes the streaming blood from his sword, and bows to the spectators. If he has accomplished his feat well, he is applauded to the skies, and is complimented with hats being thrown to him, which he picks up and throws back again: in the golden age of Spain, the matador used to be rewarded with a shower of doubloons.

"When a bull will not run on the flag, he is doomed to the dishonourable death of a traitor, and is houghed from behind with a sharp steel crescent placed on a long pole. When the sinews of the hind-legs are thus cruelly divided, the poor beast crawls in agony and squats down; then a butcher-like assistant—the cachetero—creeps up, and pierces his spinal marrow with a pointed dagger, which is the usual mode of slaughtering cattle in the Spanish shambles. To perform any of these vile operations is beneath a matador, who sometimes will kill such a bull by plunging the point of his sword into the vertebræ. The great danger gives dignity to this most difficult *feat el descabellar.* If the exact spot be hit death is immediate; if the aim misses, and the animal's side only is pricked, he dashes at the unprotected torero and frequently disables him.

"Such is the fight with a single bull, each of which is repeated six or eight times with succeeding animals. The excitement of the spectators rises with each indulgence. After a short collapse, new desires are roused by fresh objects, and the fierce sport is recommenced, to cease only with the expiring day.

"To discuss the metaphysics of the bull-fight would be quite out of place in any illustration of a purely artistical work. The spectacle undeniably combines many elements of the sublime and beautiful. It is impossible not to feel the magnificent effect of the assembled thousands, and the truly local and Spanish colour and circumstance. During some moments of painful details the foreign beholder is undoubtedly constrained to turn away his eyes; but on the whole he continues to be

XII.

fascinated by the poetical and picturesque ferocity of this classical and real spectacle of life and death.

"Be that as it may, the repulsive has been sedulously kept out of sight in these true and masterly sketches, which the preceding remarks will, it is hoped, have in some degree explained."

Illustrations.

We wish we could present our readers with some specimens of Mr. Price's drawings as well as of Mr. Ford's text. The pencil of the clever artist is well mated with the pen of the ready writer. We regret but one thing in their joint work, that one or two pages of letterpress had not been given to an historical and antiquarian notice of the sport from the earliest times—such a sketch as Mr. Ford himself once contributed to the *Quarterly Review* (No. CXXIV.). The volume would then have been not only excellent, but complete.

Bull-fight the oldest popular amusement.

It is in an historical and antiquarian point of view that the bull-fight, being the oldest, is also the most interesting of popular amusements. No other people's sport connects the distant past with the living present—the world of the Forum and the Coliseum, and Christianity in the catacombs, with the world of parliaments, and printing, and Exeter Hall. We do not attempt to deny or palliate its barbarities. But we may ask what really popular spectacle has not shared in this blot since the days when the Athenian mob found its favourite show in the Agora and Æschylean drama? Nor will we discuss the abstract question of man's right to amuse himself by killing

Ethics of bull-fighting.

his lower fellow-beings; but merely observe that in a bull-fight the pain inflicted bears a far smaller proportion to the enjoyment derived than it bears in many sports dear to England and orthodoxy. In Spain, the deaths of six or eight bulls and ten or twenty miserable horses, and a few bumps and broken ribs shared amongst twenty or thirty men, afford an afternoon of intense enjoyment to ten thousand people. In England, a Sir Fowell Buxton, hoarse and weary with the House and the platform, goes down into Norfolk, and for days together bags his fifty or hundred partridges, hares, or pheasants, not to mention those which he dismisses full of lead to deaths of lingering agony; after which the honourable gentleman probably makes a note, querulous about his bad sport, amongst sundry pious memoranda against the sins of worldly-mindedness and self-indulgence. We confess we cannot see in what respect the *matador*, exposing (for bread) his embroidered stomach to a bull's horns, is worse employed than the senator who, in thorn-proof leggings, lies in wait at the corner of a wood to mangle unwary pheasants, and bring unsuspecting hares in sorrow to the grave. Certainly the able debater in over-alls and high-lows has no right to turn up his nose at his fellow-butcher, the poor semi-savage in tinsel and pumps, whose craft calls for at least ten times the coolness and dexterity required in his own perform-

Contrast with British "sport."

XII.

ances. If the honourable gentleman assumes, or will venture to maintain such a right, then may he speedily fall into the hands of a few enlightened Spanish travellers, and become the bull of some social circle, with Mr. Ford to apply the *banderillas del fuego*, which he so well knows how to plant where they are deserved.

Bull-fighting and game-preserving *pros* and *cons*.

For bull-fighting, as for game-preserving, it may be said that it is but fair in estimating the *pros* and *cons* to set against the pain endured by the victims the pleasures enjoyed by multitudes of the family, who never would have lived at all but for man's delight in depriving them of life. Were it not for the bull-rings of Seville and Madrid the cattle on a thousand sierras would be grievously diminished. Were it not for fox-hunting, adieu to the felicities of the vulpine domestic hearth in Wardley Wood, or Barkby Holt; for assuredly, Reynard will not long survive his brother wolf, when squires and yeomen shall be weaned from bruising after the hounds across the ox-fenced pastures of Leicestershire.

Bull.

Fox.

The bull-ring.

The bull-ring of Spain, in its form, arrangement, and many of its minute details, is precisely like the amphitheatres of imperial Rome, where the Dacian met the bold Briton, and where St. Paul fought with the Ephesian beasts. The architectural grandeur and solidity is of course altogether wanting; the *plaza* of Madrid in those respects standing in the

XII.

same relation to the amphitheatre of Merida, that the new suspension bridge over the river of Seville will stand to those noble arches which span the wild stream of Tagus beneath the rocks of Alcántara. But as it is difficult to connect the sport, as it exists in Spain, with the Thessalian bull-fights commemorated on a coin of Cæsar, and exhibited at Rome by Claudius and Nero, we must look for its immediate origin amongst the Moors of the Peninsula. From the Moslem it was borrowed at a very early period by the Christians, and the Cid himself is said to have been the first sportsman who slew a bull from horseback. The first regular bull-fight on record is that which took place at Avila, in 1107, in honour of the marriage of Blasco Muñoz; and the taste for the sport soon diffused itself over all Castile and Catalonia. Towards the close of the thirteenth century, the city of Zamora was already provided with a public *plaza de toros*. Until the extinction of the dynasty of Austria the chief combatants were always knights and nobles of high degree. Don Pedro Niño, famous for his piratical descent on the West of England, was an eminent performer, and so was Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. Charles V., though a Fleming, slew a bull in the *plaza* of Valladolid, in honour of the birth of his son Philip II., a prince who never filled the shoes or saddle of his sire, nor ventured his Catholic

Thessalian bull-fight.

Bull-fighting borrowed from Moors.

First recorded bull-fight, 1107

Combatants formerly knights.

D. Pedro Niño.

Pizarro.

Charles V.

XII.

Don Sebastian.

person in any peril that he could avoid. Don Sebastian of Portugal was a keen and skilful *torero;* and the bull-ring was one of the fields in which distinction was obtained by Philip IV., a man capable of almost everything but kingship.

The bull-ring in reign of Philip IV.

The reign of Philip IV. was perhaps the Augustan age of the aristocratic and knightly bull-ring. Treatises were written on the subject by Tapia, Bonifaz, and Torres, authors who wore the cross of Santiago; and the performers vied with each other in the splendour of their equipments, and went into the *plaza* attended sometimes by a hundred, never less than fifteen or a dozen lackeys, in brilliant liveries.

Salgado's description.

The pomp and circumstance of this glorious war against bulls is thus described by Diego Salgado, a Spaniard, who wrote in English, of this strange trans-pyrenean kind, in the reign of Charles II. :—

"Noblemen of singular magnanimity, being mounted upon horses incomparable nimble and pretty, with costly harness likening the dignity of their riders and the splendour of the festival, appear in great state and pomp, whose grooms in a most decent manner carry the lances with which their masters intend to despatch the bulls. Their duty and charge is to irritate the fury and rage of the formidable beast. Those heroic minds managing their lances most dexterously, accomplish their noble purposes, very often by killing or wounding the foaming animals. Which if they fail to do, then the horses sustain great prejudice, insomuch that their riders are dismounted, whom it behoves in that case to encounter with the bulls a-foot, lashing them with broadswords, which if any decline to do, he is baffled and branded with the character of pusillanimity and cowardice. You may easily imagine that generous spirits will prefer death to such ignominy and reproach."

XII.

A splendid bull-feast was given to our Charles I. when he was at Madrid, making his vain court to the Infanta. Among other memorabilia of that show, a bull was killed by a man disguised in woman's clothes, to enhance the English prince's estimate of the daring of the Spanish dame. Lord Clarendon, who was present at the royal *fiestas de toros*, held in 1649, in honour of the second marriage of Philip IV., reported that "in one day sixteen horses, the worst of which would that morning have brought three hundred pistoles, were slain, and four or five men, besides some maimed for life." Much bull-blood was likewise shed in honour of the nuptials of Charles V., when the Duke of Medina-Sidonia greatly signalised himself in the *plaza*. In 1697, Don Juan de Velasco, newly appointed governor of Buenos Ayres, happening to die of wounds received before the King at a farewell *funcion de toros*, his son was created by the grateful sovereign a "*titulo*" of Castile, and his daughter was made lady-in-waiting to the Queen. We doubt whether a peerage or place would be bestowed upon the family of the knight who should chance to fall in any new Eglintoun tournament that may be held in the Phœnix Park.

Bull-fights, for Charles I. of England;

on second marriage of Philip IV.;

and marriage of Charles V.

Bull-fights were certainly far more common and far more bloody in the sixteenth century than they are now. Now it is only the capital and the great

Sixteenth century bull-fights

XII.

more bloody and fatal than now.

cities that can maintain regular *plazas*, and many considerable towns are unable to afford themselves the spectacle at all. But in 1613, Father Pedro de Guzman complained that the year before, at the feast of the Holy Cross, at Valladolid, ten persons had perished in the *plaza;* and he estimated that two or three hundred lives were annually lost in Spain by this sport, or, what a Scotch lawyer might call, this process of horning and poinding. "There is no city or town," he says, "hardly even a village, where each year bulls are not 'run' once, twice, or even three times." At the grand mountain-city of Cuença, one mighty beast slew no less than seven men, an incident which created so great a sensation that a picture of the horned homicide, with his victims lying around him, was painted and hung up in a public place, to encourage the other bulls and bullyrooks.

Church averse to bull-fights.

The sanguinary chances of the sport was a reason why the Church set its face against it, as it had done against tournaments, but with even less success. Pius V. let loose one of his Roman bulls against the Spanish animals, in which priests were forbidden to give the sacraments of the Church to those who were mortally wounded in the *plaza;* and all ecclesiastics who should attend the entertainment were declared, *ipso facto*, excommunicated. Nevertheless, the Church of Spain had its taurophile clergy, as

XII.

the Church of England has her sporting parsons. Fray Francisco de Alcoçer, who wrote on Games, in 1559, was of opinion that although prelates should abstain from the bull-ring, the sport which had been practised and loved by so many most Christian kings of Castile could not be unchristian; that the bull-fighter escaped mortal sin if he avoided the bull's horns; and that the spectator looking on from a well-grated window, sinned not at all. Doctor Juan de Roa said the *plaza* was the best school for soldiers, both horse and foot; and the belief of the vulgar that bull beef, killed there on saints' days, was a specific against fever and lunacy, seems a proof that the friars and parochial clergy rather encouraged than condemned the popular pastime. One of the best balconies at the royal bull-feasts was always assigned to the Inquisition and the great ecclesiastics, and it was always well filled, as indeed might be expected of those whose function was to bait and burn heretics. The Jesuits alone preferred the parchment bulls of the Pope to the horned bulls of Belial, and stayed away; but they took the precaution of compelling the abstinence of their younger companions by holding solemn functions in their churches at the same time that the more tempting *funcione de toros* was proceeding in the *plaza*. Mariana, the historian, as a Jesuit, wrote on the anti-toresque side, discussing in his treatise, *De*

Mariana.

XII.

Spectaculis, the question, *An agitatio taurorum sit licita?* and deciding that bull-bullying was sinful. But we think we can detect something of a lurking kindness for the condemned sport in the pride with which he dilates on the ferocity of the Spanish bull, and the dangers dared by the Spanish "agitator."

Decline of bull-fighting.

When the star of the Bourbons rose upon Spain, that of the noble bull-ring set. The Frenchman, Philip V., turned up his nose at the national sport, and the Spanish nobility, to whose degeneration he mainly owed his throne, hastened to mould their ugly features after the royal model. But what the spectacle lost in dignity and brilliancy it gained, as modern amateurs think, in that perfection which art has reached in purely practical and professional hands. The *matador*, or bull-killer on foot, dates from the last century; and the skill and courage required in his most dangerous and difficult part soon threw the picador and the rest of the actors into the background.

Famous bull-fighters,

Candido, Rodriguez, Martincho, Romero, Delgado (better known as Pepe Illo), and Conde, were amongst the most famous predecessors of Montes and the Chiclanero.

and their feats.

Delgado, like Montes, described with his pen the feats which he performed with his sword. By these artists strokes of daring were introduced which had been undreamed of by the Velascos and Guzmans. Martincho brought a chair into the *plaza* of Zaragoza, and

seated thereon, sword in hand, awaited the charge of the bull. Another time he stood upon a table, with gyves upon his ankles, and as the bull rushed upon his frail support, leaped over the beast's back. One Apiñani met the bull with a pole, which he planted in front of his advancing nose, and swung himself lightly over the horns and croupe of the beast —a feat practised also by Montes, until the populace, seldom intimidated by the danger of their slave, protested against their favourite's running so desperate a risk. Candido sometimes slew his bull, holding in his left hand his hat instead of the distracting red flag. Pepe Illo, improving on the hint, advanced upon the levelled horns, holding out his watch. But for this, and other temerities, he finally paid with his life, being gored to death in the presence of the Madrid public—a public in which we fear St. Thomas of Villanueva would have found himself in a woeful minority if he had taken its sense upon his famous question—"Can anything be more bestial than to prick a bull, in order to induce him to toss a man?"

XIII.

RECTORIAL ADDRESS: ST. ANDREWS.[1]

Perthshire Journal, Jan. 22, 1863.

XIII.

Acknowledgment of honour.

MR PRINCIPAL AND GENTLEMEN,—The first duty which I have to perform to-day is to thank you very sincerely for the high honour which you have done me in placing me in the chair of Rector of this ancient and famous University. With the distinction, I likewise accept all the responsibilities thereto attached; and I hope to be able to discharge the duties of the post in such a manner as may not disappoint those who, at the recent election, were pleased to prefer my humble name to that of a noble Earl distinguished by high services rendered to the State.[2]

The honour which you have conferred is valuable, not only for its own sake, not only because it was

[1] Inaugural Address to the Students of the University of St. Andrews, delivered on installation as Rector of the University, on the 18th January 1863.

[2] The Earl of Dalhousie.

XIII.

Its value.

unexpected and unsolicited, but also because it has been conferred by young and generous hearts, whose sympathy and approval are more cheering and grateful to men of an elder generation than the givers can ever know until they themselves have ceased to be young. No one can look with any hope or interest into his own future, without looking earnestly and wistfully into the broader future of those who are following him in the journey of life. The limits of the one, and its possibilities, are already discernible. The more distant boundaries of the other give ampler room both for hope and achievement. All those whose duty it is to address mixed assemblages, single out the young as the objects of their most passionate appeals. The young heart, they know full well, is the kindliest soil for any seed they may have to sow, as it is also that in which the plant has the best chance of coming to maturity. It is therefore a high privilege to be selected by an audience wholly composed of the young, to address them in a few words of friendly counsel as to their present employments and their future career.

Appeal to the young.

Fortunes of their country in their hands.

It is impossible to meet the assembled youth of a seminary of this rank without being struck by the thought, which cannot be too strongly pressed home to themselves, that theirs are the hands in which will soon be placed, in no inconsiderable degree, the future fortunes of their country. It will mainly

XIII.

rest with you, and your contemporaries at our other seats of learning, whether the age which opens as you enter on the duties of life is to be a better or a worse portion of the world's history than that which is passing away; whether it is to be an age of stagnation, or of feverish advance ending in retrogression, or of orderly and triumphant progress; whether intellectual life is to flourish in it, side by side with material prosperity; whether Scotland is to repose on her old laurels as the land of Napier and Adam Smith, of Watt and of Brewster, of Hume and Robertson, of Jeffrey and Carlyle, of Burns and Scott, and of Campbell and Aytoun; or whether she is to produce other names worthy to be enrolled with these in the true golden book of this empire. In this great responsibility you are all jointly and severally concerned. There is one, and but one, way of meeting it. Let each one of you cultivate to the utmost the faculties with which he has been endowed, that he may bring them to the world's arena in the highest state of order and efficiency. That is the main purpose for which you are assembled in this University. You are here also to acquire habits of industry and application, the power of continuously giving your minds to any subject until you have mastered it in its principles, and in its details. Lastly, you are here to store your minds with positive knowledge; to provision them for the voyage of life,

Scotland's future.

Invocation to cultivation.

Purpose of universities.

XIII.

from the ancient storehouses and fountains; and to obtain facility in using the keys of science, which hereafter may open for you the doors of the inner chambers of wisdom.

Importance of improving opportunities.

I wish I could impress upon your minds the immense importance of improving your opportunities, and the bitterness of the unavailing regret with which you will look back on the neglect of them; or convey to you some adequate idea of the price at which such opportunities would be purchased by some of us, for whom they are long since past and over. There is a time for all things—a time for preparation and a time for action. When the latter hour has struck for us, we cannot by any device put back the hands of the clock. Prepared or not prepared, most of us must face the realities of life, and begin a sterner education under that hard taskmaster the world, who cares not where straw is found, but demands that bricks shall be made. Even those favoured few who, when their contemporaries are at work, may recur to the preparation for work, even they cannot recall the hours which they have lost, or the happy flexibility of faculty which they have wasted; and they find themselves contending with obstacles far more serious than those from which they had before turned back, with powers rusted for want of use, and bad habits luxuriant from long indulgence.

XIII.

"To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

Learn the art of learning.

That which lies before you, in this your academical life, is to learn the art of learning. You will never again have the choice of acquiring it on easier or on so easy terms; and, if you succeed in acquiring it, it is an art which you will practise with profit and with pleasure to your dying day. The precise methods by which it is to be acquired, it is unnecessary for me to attempt to describe, as it certainly would be presumptuous, in the presence of your distinguished Professors. Besides, the method must be discovered, in a great measure, by each man for himself. Our minds work in various ways, differing from each other as the tools of the carpenter differ. The saw, the chisel, the hatchet, and the plane are all made for cutting, but must be handled in different ways—each in a way of its own, and none of them like the common knife, which can nevertheless be made to answer some of the purposes of all the four. Each man's experience will teach him the most effective mode of applying his own powers. The one thing needful is that they should be applied and kept in honest and healthy exercise.

Methods various.

Powers need exercise.

While I endeavour to press it upon you that you are here to submit your minds to a course of intellectual training, I do not forget that there is a moral

XIII.

Moral discipline.

discipline of at least equal importance to which you must betimes, and especially at this time, become accustomed. It is, in my opinion, a mistake to draw a broad distinction between these two kinds of training, as if they were two distinct operations, and as if it were possible to choose the one and reject the other, and to carry on the one with success while the other is wholly neglected. Depend upon it this separation is not possible. Man cannot attain to any practice, or even to any just appreciation of what is true and beautiful in morals, without at the same time using and strengthening his intellectual powers. Nor can we exercise and improve our intellectual powers by any conceivable process which will not at the same time develop some of the most important of our moral faculties. Self-control, self-denial, the habit of sacrificing the present to the future—things lying at the foundation of all practical virtue—must be acquired before the high places of thought can be reached; nor is there any surer way of acquiring them than by resolutely facing the hill of intellectual difficulty. Certainly one of your chief aims here ought to be to obey, in your studies, in your amusements, in your academic and social life, the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Like anything else worth learning, you will learn obedience to this rule more easily now than at a

Duty of obedience to golden rule.

XIII.

later period of life. The moral capacity of our nature, no less than its intellectual capacity, shrinks and stiffens if not brought early into active exercise.

Error of indulging in private reading.

There is an error into which young students are apt to fall, at which I may here glance. It is an error to which those of a lively imagination are specially liable. They console themselves for neglect of their proper academical studies, and for their consequent deficiency in important branches of scholastic knowledge, by the thought that they are pursuing in private some other reading which they find more attractive, and the results of which they persuade themselves will be of equal value. This is one of those flattering unctions which are ever at hand to soothe the stings of conscience. Work and play, even intellectual work and intellectual play, are two distinct things, and must not be confounded. Each is good in its way, and necessary for our intellectual and physical well-being, but neither can supply the place of the other.

Work and play.

Walpole's recreation.

Of course it is possible to turn play into work, as Horace Walpole did, of whom it was said that after his serious business of collecting knick-knacks and chronicling gossip, he used to go and unbend his mind in the House of Commons. I doubt, however, whether this transformation is ever attempted or effected at college. Certain it is that the mind which has undergone the severe training of accurate scholarship and scientific reasoning, is in a very

XIII.

different state of power and efficiency from that which has only disported itself in the flowery pastures of miscellaneous literature. It is also certain that the disciplined mind will derive much more advantage from subsequent desultory reading, will assimilate more quickly all that is nutritive in that circumambient atmosphere of print, in which we, of this age and country, live and move and have our being. I believe that even those who read very little now-a-days, read, or at least run their eyes over a greater amount of letterpress than was read a century ago by many who were true lovers of reading. For that very reason many of us, not naturally incapable of thought, think a good deal less. Never was there a time when so much loose and imperfect thought was served up by the aid of skilful cookery, and when it was of greater importance for the reader to keep his mental palate and digestive organs in a sound and healthy state.

More reading and less thinking now-a-days.

Do not understand me to speak with disparagement of desultory or general reading. In its proper place it is no less profitable than agreeable, and a taste for it is one of the happiest of inclinations. Books are a source of pleasure the purest and most lasting; the wisest of men have found them the best of companions, as they are also, to use the apt words of a modern poet, the

Desultory reading.

Pleasure of books.

"Friends that can neither alter nor forsake."

XIII.

But in this companionship and friendship, free and various as it may be, there is great necessity for choice. Consider how enormous is the mass of real knowledge and thought that is now garnered in books; how still more stupendous is the heap of sham knowledge, and second or tenth-hand thought of which they are the vehicles. Who ever yet glanced round the shelves of even a moderate library without encountering some book or books of which he had never before heard? Choose any subject, no matter how small, and visit a collection of books relating to that subject, or look into its bibliography, and you will find yourself in a hive of very strange and very busy bees, and will discover that even in the narrowest corner of literature, of the making of books there is no end. Some time since I visited a friend at Florence, and was shown into a noble room, about fifty feet long, nearly full of books. I remarked that he seemed to have collected a very fine Italian library. "Hardly Italian," he replied; "for I have nothing here but what relates to the history and literature of Tuscany." Sixteen years ago M. Duplessis published his *Bibliography of Books concerning Proverbs*, in which he enumerated about one thousand separate works. A gentleman in Germany lately told me that he was thinking of editing a new edition, and that he had collected materials which would increase M. Duplessis' list

Extent of printed matter.

Special subjects.

Works on Tuscany.

Proverbs.

XIII.

Heraldry.

British Museum.

English publications.

Reading with a special purpose.

threefold. A large octavo volume has lately appeared—a Bibliography of French books of Heraldry; and the French language, some fifteen years ago, already possessed six hundred treatises on the diseases of the vine. Think of the reading-room of the British Museum, with its magnificent circuit of four hundred and twenty feet of wall covered to the height of six feet with books of reference—books, each of which may be supposed to be in frequent requisition by one or other of the readers. Lastly, turn over the pages of the *London Publishers' Circular*, a large annual volume, and behold the strong and steady stream of English books alone, which every year pours itself into the ocean of literature. In navigating this ocean, of which the stoutest mariner can pass over only some fractional part, it is surely well to keep some port in view. Reading with a special purpose even at leisure hours, with reference to some favourite period of history, or other branch of knowledge, gives an interest to all kinds of reading and a flavour not their own to very dry books. It is a habit into which lovers of books almost unconsciously fall; yet it would be well for each man to select his subject with deliberation, and with due consideration to the time at his disposal, and the opportunities within his reach.

Many of you have probably already made, or will

XIII.

Choice of a profession.

soon make, choice of a profession. This important subject has lately been so admirably and thoroughly treated in a book with which you all are or ought to be familiar, that I should be guilty of presumption if I did much more than refer you to the pages of *Beginning Life*.[1]

Competitive examinations.

Those of you who are destined for any of the branches of the public service at home or abroad, which are entered through competitive examinations, may be said to have begun life already. The dependence of success, in these examinations, on industry and diligence at college is too close and obvious to need illustration. Although the connection between success in other paths of life and a creditable college career is less obvious, and perhaps less close, the two things are, notwithstanding, intimately connected.

Learned professions.

Let me call your attention to what Principal Tulloch says of the learned professions, which he characterises as "the especially intellectual professions, demanding vivacious intellectual interest, and powers of independent thought" in all who would pursue them with honour to themselves and usefulness to others.

Knowledge always useful

In these professions, while solid professional learning is essential, a large and various stock of knowledge is of immense value. What morsel of erudition or scrap of science is there which may not at some time or other be turned to

[1] *Beginning Life*. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1862.

XIII.

to the lawyer:

Physician.

good account by the lawyer, whose business, touching, at all points, the whole circle of human interest and passion, may lead him into any subject on which dispute and litigation are possible, and who may, one day, have to deal with the foundations of British liberty, or the subtleties of international law, and the next to explain, clearly and neatly, the qualities of a coal or the fashion of a bobbin? Let those of you who intend to practise the healing art listen to the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—a man whose own remarkable attainments justified the high standard which he prescribed for others. "There is no profession," says this eminent man, "in which it is more essential that those engaged in it should cultivate the talent of observing, thinking, and reasoning for themselves, than it is in ours. How many branches of knowledge there are which, if not directly, are indirectly useful in the study of pathology, medicine, and surgery. And all general knowledge, whether of moral or physical science, tends to expand the intellect, and to qualify it better for particular pursuits."[1]

But, in truth, the bar and medicine are in small danger of being overcrowded with incompetent or uncultivated men, for in them such men have so little chance of employment that their connection

[1] Discourse addressed to the Students of St. George's Hospital. 8vo, London, 1843, pp. 16–18.

XIII.

Church.

with either profession will be little more than in name. But in the sacred profession no such safeguard exists. Into all sections of the Church there are ways of ingress from which no means have yet been found of excluding some persons very far below the mark of their high calling. How heavy, then, is the responsibility of those who are led, either by inconsiderate zeal or coarse worldly motives, to undertake awful duties for which they are not intellectually fitted! I can imagine no position more humiliating to a man of any sense and feeling than to find himself, Sunday after Sunday, emptying the church which he has undertaken to endeavour to fill, and deterring his neighbours from the worship to which it is his chief business to draw them.

Reasons for caution.

But supposing the young aspirant for ordination to possess all the intellectual vivacity and spiritual fervour necessary for the effective performance of sacred functions, I see in the present aspect of opinion within and without the Church, strong reasons why he should pause and ponder maturely, before he binds himself with an irrevocable vow.

Changes of opinion.

I need hardly remind you in this place of the great changes of opinion to which all associations of men are liable.

Changes in the university.

The law of change is abundantly exemplified in the history of your own university. It is a Protestant university, founded by Papal bull, and endowed by prelates who shed the blood of Pro-

XIII.

testant martyrs. It has seen various kinds of Protestantism established as the religion of the State. It has also seen the rise and growth of several flourishing Protestant sects. Men can no more go on thinking the faded thoughts than following the superseded callings of distant times. It would be as impossible to restore any human interest to many of the questions which most strongly moved the wisest minds of the fifteenth century, as it would be to revive the business of the monkish scribe and establish a scriptorium in Printing-House Square. Even of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which we are linked by so many golden chains of poetry and eloquence, immortal as the minds which fashioned them—of the centuries of Shakspeare and Jonson, of Bacon and Milton—how much of the wit is now dim, how much of the humour is evaporated, how much of the thought is to us alien and unintelligible! Articles and formulas of belief the most precise, the most consummate theories of ecclesiastical polity, are not exempt from the law of decay to which other productions of the human mind are subject. Look at what has lately happened in that Church of which it is the boast and pride that she is "from change and all mutation free." Pius IX., exasperated at the loss of his territories, fulminates excommunications into the air, addressed to all whom it may concern—those concerned being two

Changes in thought,

in literature,

theology,

churches.

XIII.

persons only, the King of Italy and the French Emperor, a proceeding interesting to the world, in so far as it shows that the Pope is somewhat ashamed of his once formidable spiritual weapon. Mark the effect of the thunder among his own priesthood. Of the Italian clergy, upwards of 8,000, headed by the learned Passaglia, approach him with a petition praying that he will now resign the whole of that temporal power of which he has repeatedly and publicly declared that he cannot part with the smallest portion, and the invasion of a part of which had so lately called forth his severest spiritual censure. While an important section of the Italian clergy is thus giving a practical exemplification of Catholic unity, some of our divines, eminent for learning, piety, and worth, are evincing uneasiness under the pressure of standards and formulas, which they had previously accepted and subscribed. Questions have been raised by them, certainly in no unbecoming spirit, on subjects on which a few years ago speculation would hardly have been considered allowable to persons of their cloth. They have endeavoured to show how old ideas may bear new meanings, how old truths may be brought into new combinations. Even those who have entered the lists as their antagonists, professing to stand strictly upon the ancient ways, seem sometimes to have indulged—if I may venture to judge—in novelties of their own.

XIII.

Advice to theological students.

Upon these controversies this is no time or place to enter. But their existence, and the interest they excite, betoken a time of unusually free and active inquiry. I cannot help pointing out the importance of these questions, and this temper of the time, to you who are preparing yourselves for the ministry. I ask you seriously to consider how painful must be the position of the man who has to reconcile convictions which have been slowly growing up in his matured mind with vows taken, perhaps somewhat hastily, in his youth, and who, even if he succeeds in satisfying his own conscience, knows that the meaning which he now attaches to these vows is not the meaning which they commonly bear amongst those who have also taken them. With a mind fully endowed and cultivated, and a faith securely fixed, a minister of the Gospel stands second to none in the dignity and usefulness of his calling. But if he, imperfectly informed himself, doubting himself, undertakes to enlighten the ignorance and solve the doubts of others, then he is, of all professional men, the most superfluous and the most miserable. Let me entreat you, while you are still without the pale of the one calling which a man can hardly quit without some shadow of discredit, to consider well the difficulties which lie on the threshold and the difficulties which you may find within. Recollect that on the day

XIII.

you enter it, you engage that your then thoughts and opinions, on a wide range of complex subjects, shall be the thoughts and opinions of your whole life. If you feel any misgiving as to your power of keeping this engagement, let the painful conflicts on this very matter which have fallen to the lot of others, warn you, while there is yet time, to seek some other field of exertion. If, on the other hand, you feel no such misgiving, and resolve to continue your preparation for the ministry, remember that that preparation demands the strenuous exercise of all your faculties; and especially set before you that precept of the Gospel which you aspire to preach, which bids you "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Office of Rector.

In conclusion, I shall take the liberty of offering a few remarks on the nature and duties of the office in virtue of which I have the honour to address you. The office, as it at present exists in our Universities, is, as you are aware, the creation of the Universities Act of 1858. It was not created without some discussion, though, as that discussion took place, not in Parliament, but at a full meeting of Scotch members, no report of it was published. Those who objected to the creation did so on the ground that, as the example of Glasgow rectorial elections was sure to be followed, the elections would be apt to be mere political contests; and that such

Creation.

Objections.

XIII.

Support.

contests might both interfere with academical discipline, and have the effect of introducing amongst the students habits of premature political partisanship. On the other side, it was argued that it was a wholesome principle in a free country to introduce a good deal of the popular element into all our institutions; that the students had never yet made any choice that was not creditable to them; and that when the office ceased to be merely honorary, political leaders would be less ready than in former times to accept it. I think I may safely say that the majority who decided the question, and the minority who acquiesced in their decision, did so in the hope that the political element in the elections would be diminished rather than increased by the proposed changes. If there be a danger of its again unduly predominating, I think it will arise from the belief, natural perhaps, but unsound nevertheless, that some advantage will arise to the Universities from their rectors being distinguished politicians, or at least members of the House of Commons.[1] Desiring very earnestly to see our Universities enjoy direct representation in that House, I must take the liberty of warning you—who, I hope, may one day vote for a member

University representation in Parliament.

[1] This impression was sufficiently apparent in some of the speeches at the meetings preliminary to the late rectorial elections at St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

XIII.

for the Scottish Universities—against supposing that Parliamentary rectors are likely to fructify into Parliamentary representatives. Suppose some English borough, "much bemused in beer" and bribery, to be disfranchised next month, and the Scotch members to make an effort to secure the seat for our Universities—observe what is not unlikely, under present circumstances, to happen. Other claimants—advocating the claims of London, Middlesex, Cork, and I know not how many other constituencies—may say to us—"You are making a very unreasonable demand; your Universities have three rectors in the House already—two of them the Prime Minister and his first lieutenant; they are, in fact, almost as strongly represented in point of numbers as the English Universities, and we protest against giving them a fourth seat." My two distinguished colleagues, with whom it is an honour to be associated, are, I fear, but too likely to take the same course and use the same argument. This adverse argument naturally arises from selecting rectors from the House of Commons. Until Parliament will consent to do justice to the claims of the Scotch Universities, their real representatives are and must be the members for the towns and counties in which they are situated. Your rectors have certain duties to perform here, and they ought to be chosen chiefly with a view

XIII.

Conclusion.

to the efficient performance of these duties—with due regard, of course, had to personal character—and not with a view to other functions which certainly do not belong to the office, and which can hardly be safely assumed. It only remains for me to thank you for the attention with which you have heard me, and to announce my intention to give an annual ten-guinea prize, during my tenure of office, for the best English essay—the subject of the first of which will ere long be made public.

XIV.

ON SOME VARIETIES OF HISTORICAL STYLE.[1]

XIV.

A book reflects its author.

IT is difficult to read any book without receiving certain impressions of the character of the author, and impossible to read one which interests us without forming some theory as to his character in our own minds. If the style be anywhere the man, it must be in historical writing. No man can describe the doings of men without unfolding some part of his own human nature, and showing the qualities of his judgment and the tendency of his sympathies. The readers of Hume and of Gibbon would have constructed for themselves a Hume and a Gibbon had Mr. Hill Burton never collected the letters or written his admirable life of the one, or had Lord Sheffield suppressed the autobiography of the other. When an author is personally known to us it seems as if we

Style.

[1] An Address delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, on the 3rd of November 1866, at the opening of the Session.

XIV.

Hallam.

Macaulay.

Subject.

Historians of their own times.

could detect the very sound of his voice in almost every passage of his works. Open a volume of Mr. Hallam, and you will be sure to remark some proof of the scrupulous honesty of that great writer, of his care not to decide on imperfect evidence, of his anxiety to avoid saying more than he exactly knew, or obtaining credit for having himself investigated that which he had taken upon trust. Look into a volume of Lord Macaulay, and in the first page of fascinating narrative or brilliant criticism, in the lucid statement, the ingenious theory, the convincing argument, or even in the sparkle of illustration or allusion, you will find strong traces of that perfect self-confidence which originated Lord Melbourne's saying—"I wish I were only as sure about any one thing as Macaulay is about everything!"

In this institution, where history so frequently engages your attention, it appeared to me that some remarks on certain varieties of the historical style might not be unacceptable or out of place. My desire being to get at the man in the style, I shall confine myself to a class of writers who offer us peculiar facilities for attaining some personal knowledge of them—those who have written on their own times. That fragment of his own time which an author exhibits in himself is often to his reader, as it certainly was to himself, the most valuable portion of his salvage from a submerged and vanished world.

XIV.

Spanish, Scotch, Venetian, French.

From this class, and from the sixteenth century, I will select four—a Spanish soldier of fortune, a Scottish divine, a Venetian statesman, and a French magistrate.

Bernal Diaz.

Amongst records of personal adventure the *True History of the Conquest of New Spain*,[1] by Bernal

[1] *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de Nueva España, escrita por el capitan* Bernal Diaz del Castillo, *uno de sus conquistadores. Sacada á luz por el P.M. Fr.* Alonso Remon; 4to, Madrid, 1632. This is the first edition. The best is that in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* of Ribadeneyra, vol. xxvi.; 8vo, Madrid, 1853, with a preface by Enr. de Vedia. There are two English translations, by Maurice Keatinge, 4to, London, 1800, and by John Ingram Lockhart, London, two vols. 8vo, 1844. In the copy of the first edition of the *Historia* in the Advocates' Library are the following notes:—

"El Dr. Robertson en su libro intitulado *History of America* hablando del libro de Bal Diaz del Castillo dize, 'it contains a prolix minute confused narrative of all Cortes' operations, in such a rude vulgar style, as might be expected from an illiterate soldier,' despues añade, 'his book is one of the most singular that is to be found in any language.' Vease tom. 2 pag. 477 de la edicion de 8vo, 1788. El Dotor se ha equivocado en pensando que la historia de Bernal Dias del Castillo fué de su mano. La verdad es que puso sus papeles entre las manos del Padre Fr. Alonso Remon Coronista Général de la orden de la Merced Redn de Cautivos, hombre muy docto predicador y autor de mas de 40 tractados sobre differentes materias de manera que su estilo no pudia llamarse el de 'illiterate soldier.' Yo conoci muy bien el Dotor Robertson, y puedo certificar que no savia bastantamente la lengua Española para averiguar si el estilo fué bueno o malo." D. S. Edimbo y Julio 17 de 1798.

"Since writing the above, I have seen a translation of this work by Mr. (*sic*), who, with that facility of blunder which is attributed to his countrymen, has continued the mistake Dr. R. gave rise to."

The translator who continued Dr. Robertson's mistake was doubtless Keatinge. I have been unable to identify the writer of the note and owners of the initials D. S. If Remon really wrote the work, the fact seems to have been unsuspected either by Torquemada, who mentions (in his *Monarchia Indiana*) that he himself knew Bernal Diaz, or by Nic. Antonio, or by Prescott, or by Mr. Ticknor. Don Enrique de Vedia, however, in his notice of Bernal Diaz and his book (*Bib. de Autores Españoles*, vol. xxvi. pp. v.–viii.) cites some remarks from a

XIV.

DIAZ.

His history.

Diaz del Castillo, holds a very high place, on account as well of the strange and romantic events which it relates, as of its interest as a brilliant page in the history of a great people. By Cortes and his band of conquerors, the civilisation of the old world was brought face to face with the highest example of the civilisation of the new. In Bernal Diaz the collision of these two forces and two races found a chronicler of tolerable intelligence, and of perfect candour and veracity. His book was composed in his old age, about forty years after the events recorded, at Santiago in Guatemala, where he had settled, and of

MS. *Historia de Guatemala*, written about 1689, by Fra° de Fuentes y Guzman Jimenez de Urrea, a great-great-grandson of Bernal Diaz, who says he had read with great care and interest the original rough copy (*original borrador*) of his ancestor's *Verdadera Historia*, and compared it with the printed volume, and that the result of the comparison was to show that the text had been tampered with, both by omission and interpolation. It is to be hoped that the MS., as prepared for the press, may still lie hidden in some safe corner, and that we may one day have the old *Conquistador's* story as he himself told it. Vedia informs us that two editions of the book were issued at Madrid in 1632, one with an engraved frontispiece, and printed on very bad paper, and the other without the frontispiece, but printed in better style; and that the contents of the two editions are the same, except that in the first only is found the chapter describing the inundation of Guatemala, in 1541, by a "*volcano de agua.*" In my copy of the edition of 1632, the history ends with cap. ccxi. on the back of folio 254, but there is also the engraved frontispiece or title-page by I. de Courbes, as well as a letterpress title. The copy in the Advocates' Library has only the latter title, but it is in other respects similar to mine. The collation of my copy is two titles, five preliminary leaves, ff. 254, paged only on one side, and six leaves of *Tabla de los Capitulos.* Keatinge's translation omits the chapter describing the inundation, and he has divided the book into chapters of his own; Lockhart's translation contains the inundation, and has ccxiii. chapters.

which he was a magistrate. He wrote, he says, "from his memory and his note-book," chiefly to correct the blunders of Lopez de Gomara, a chaplain of Cortes, who had published a *History of the Indies* in which, in Bernal Diaz's opinion, the chief had received more praise, and his companions less than was their due.

Its object.

He set forth from Medina del Campo, to make his fortune in the New World, in 1514, and landed in Cuba. A few chapters of his book are devoted to the earlier voyages in which he took part, but the main action and interest of his narrative begin in the nineteenth, where the Governor of Cuba fits out the expedition of Hernando Cortes, in 1518. After visiting various points on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, they pushed, in the spring of 1519, from the harbour of Vera Cruz into the interior. A few battles, in which sixteen horses, thirty-three cross-bows, sixteen muskets, and some small cannon, made 500 Spaniards more than a match for vast multitudes of Indians by no means wanting in courage and resolution, resulted in the conquest of Tlascalla, the capital of an important tribe at war with Mexico. This conquest the prudence of Cortes turned into an offensive and defensive alliance. He then determined to occupy the country, and as an unanswerable reply to those of his followers who urged the dangers and difficulties of this daring

Goes to the New World.

Cuba.

Mexico.

Conquest of Tlascalla.

XIV.

DIAZ.

City of Mexico.

Monte-zuma seized.

scheme, he destroyed the vessels which had brought them from Cuba. Aided by the Tlascallans, and after a considerable interchange of hard blows and fair words, Cortes led his men in force into the city of Mexico—that wondrous Venice of the West, rising from the bosom of an inland sea in one of the fairest regions of the earth, and in its size, population, splendour and wealth, surpassing the wildest of the dreams which had for thirty years fired the imagination of Europe. The monarch of Mexico, the great Montezuma, was a despot of a mild and feeble character, inclined at one time to oppose the invader by arms, and at another to receive him as the mysterious western stranger, whose conquest of the country was to be the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. The aristocracy and the priesthood were, by a large majority, hostile to the Spaniards. Cortes, perceiving the extreme peril to which he and his handful of adventurers were exposed, determined to seize the person of Montezuma and hold him as a hostage in his own capital. This audacious plan was successfully executed; and for some weeks the government of Mexico was carried on under the orders of Cortes. But a new danger threatened him from another quarter. The Governor of Cuba, who had repented of entrusting him with the expedition, and had endeavoured to recall it, fitted out a new and stronger armament,

and ordered its commander, Narvaez, to follow Cortes and bring him back dead or alive. With his small Spanish force and what aid he could derive from the friendly Indian tribes, Cortes had to meet 1,300 well-equipped Spaniards and 80 horse, and at the same time to hold the city of Mexico. Leaving a detachment to guard Montezuma, he returned to the coast, and by a singularly happy combination of diplomacy, generalship and force, he contrived to capture Narvaez and win over a greater part of his followers. Thus reinforced, he hurried back to Mexico. But his lieutenant had not acted with the prudence of the chief. Cortes found the city in open revolt, and he was obliged to make the terrible midnight retreat, known as the Woeful Night, and, after many desperate conflicts, returned to Tlascalla with 440 wounded Spaniards and 20 horses, his arsenal of European weapons being reduced to 12 crossbows and 7 muskets. The winter of 1520–21 was spent in diligent recruitment and preparation, and in minor expeditions, which had the effect of strengthening the alliances of Cortes amongst the Indian tribes. At Easter he reviewed, at Tezcuco, a friendly town on the lake of Mexico, a force of about 950 Spaniards, including 84 cavalry, of whom only 194 were armed with crossbows and muskets. He had a few cannon, sufficient to arm twelve brigantines, built during

Narvaez' mission to bring back Cortes.

Narvaez captured by Cortes.

The Woeful Night.

Forces of Cortes.

XIV.

DIAZ.

the winter, which lay ready for service on the lake; and from 20,000 to 30,000 Indians were enlisted under his banners. With this force he laid siege to Mexico, and about the middle of August it was once more in his power. Other expeditions of Cortes and his conquerors are related in subsequent chapters; but the main interest of the book lies in the first advance upon Mexico, the disastrous flight, and the long siege, and final conquest of the Indian city.

Style of narrative unpretentious.

The old soldier relates all these marvellous exploits and memorable events with a mingled simplicity and shrewdness, which makes his history one of the most delightful books in the language of *Lazarillo* and *Don Quixote*. From its first line, where he announces his departure from Castile, in the train of Pedro Arias de Avila, the governor of the Spanish mainland, in 1514, to the last words of his preface, written, as he says, in the very loyal city of Guatemala, on the 26th day of February 1568, where he implores the unknown printers, into whose hands it may fall, "not to take away or add a single syllable," it bears the stamp of the man and the age. Disclaiming any pretension to literary skill or fame, he speaks with profound respect, in which there may be a touch of sarcasm, of the historian Gomara, whose errors he desires to correct. He is himself, as he frequently tells us, a rude

soldier, quite unfit to enter the lists of lettered controversy with a licentiate and chaplain, to whom, however, he administers some severe thrusts in the concluding sentences of many of his chapters; but his criticisms are always expressed in the language of a courteous cavalier, and generally tempered by words of regret that so much beautiful writing should have unwittingly been made the vehicle of falsehood, and that so learned an historian should have been so egregiously misled.

His knowledge and reading.

For his time and country, Bernal Diaz seems to have been a well-read man. The monastic institutions must have brought many of the black-letter books, of which Spanish literature chiefly consisted, to the New World before the close of his career. His knowledge of Latin, he tells us, did not justify him in hazarding on a translation of the motto of Cortes. Nevertheless, he was fairly conversant with ancient history. The siege and fall of Mexico remind him of the similar fate of Jerusalem; and when he records how he heard Cortes, on signing the death-warrants of certain mutineers, regret that he had learned to write, he remembers the similar observation of the barbarous Emperor Nero at the promising commencement of his reign. He had not only read Gomara's chronicle with great care, but he had detected the evil influence of that partial chaplain in the historical works of Paul Jovius and

XIV. DIAZ.

Dr. Illescas. His allusions to Amadis and the romances of chivalry are numerous: he compares certain living Mexican artists to Michael Angelo and Berruguete; and at the end of the book he boasts that he had been in 119 battles, the precise number ascribed, he says, by historians, to the Emperor Henry IV. But his historical allusions are chiefly classical, according to the fashion of his age, a fashion of which he gives a somewhat remarkable instance and illustration in a speech of Cortes. At the close of the siege of Mexico, a dispute arose between two Spanish captains about the capture of the king. The Mexican monarch had surrendered himself to the commander of one of the brigantines, but the commander-in-chief of the flotilla claimed the honour of the prize. Cortes decided that so important a question could be resolved only by the Emperor Charles V. himself; and he then warned his officers of the danger of differences for the future, by telling them a story, not of the Moorish wars, or of the later Italian campaigns of the last reign, but one out of Sallust, of the unhappy results of the quarrel which Marius had with Sylla about the capture of Jugurtha.

Style simple.

The style of Bernal Diaz is always simple and natural, sometimes rising into vigorous eloquence, sometimes declining into gossiping garrulity. He was so impressed with the greatness of the achieve-

ments of the little band of conquerors to which he was so proud to have belonged that he considered nothing undeserving of record that a good memory had retained of those immortals. He has given us a most minute muster-roll of them, and in not a few instances, descriptions of their persons and character, and notices of their subsequent fortunes. Some of his portraits are most elaborate, as, for example, those of Cortes with his noble countenance and winning smile, his velvet cap and gold medal, his chain and his great diamond ring; Alvarado, "beautiful and strong, with so cheerful an aspect that the Mexicans called him Sunshine;" Sandoval, with his curly locks, massive shoulders, and bandy legs; boastful Pedro de Ircio, whom they called "the Agramant of many words and few deeds;" the gigantic Luis, who was nicknamed "our little boy;" and of Christoval de Olea, of the powerful frame, who died in saving the life of Cortes, and over whom, as a townsman of his own town of Medina del Campo, Bernal Diaz drops an especial tear, saying, "Even as I now write my heart yearns to him, and I think I see him, with his fine presence and great valour, as I have often seen him when we were fighting side by side." He tells us how some heroes died in the Woeful Night, others in captivity amongst the Indians; how some were sacrificed and eaten, and others died in their beds; how one went home to Castile a rich man, a second

XIV.
DIAZ.

rose to be a chief-justice, a third became an innkeeper; how some turned monks or hermits, while others were hanged for sedition or violence. Of the horses which formed part of the original force we have a very careful catalogue, with a notice of the colour, points, paces and qualities of each. We are twice introduced to a grey mare, belonging to Alonso Puertocarrero, which Cortes purchased at Cuba with the gold fringe cut from the bottom of his robe of state. But another grey mare, "very powerful, fast, and handy, which we commonly called bobtail," appears to have been the better horse.

Although thus minute in some of his reminiscences, our old soldier does not pretend to recollect everything, and where his tenacious memory is at fault, he says so with a candour which inspires us with confidence in his veracity. In the more important portions of the narrative, its current flows with great breadth and clearness, and the reader is made to share both the adventures and the feelings of the Spaniards. The New World is spread before us with its vast valleys and soaring mountains, its fields of unknown produce, its forests of tropical vegetation; and we sympathise for the moment with the enthusiastic scouts who return to Cortes with the intelligence, that from yonder hill-top they have descried a great city built entirely of silver. We take part in the horrors of the Woeful Night, and in the carnage

of the siege; we see the fierce encounters on the causeways and around the pyramid shrines, on whose summits the Christian prisoners are sacrificed to the idols; and our ears are filled with the ceaseless booming of the dismal drum of the war-god. Neither the stately Castilian of Solis, nor the beautiful English of Robertson and Prescott, in spite of the far ampler store of materials at the command of these great writers, have added much to the tale of wonder so simply and finely told by the veteran companion of Cortes.

To break down the monopoly of Mexican glory which Gomara sought to secure, and in the opinion of Bernal Diaz had to a great extent actually secured for Cortes, and to vindicate the fame of his companions, were, as we have seen, the motives which impelled the honest soldier to unwonted literary exertion. "The chronicler Gomara," he complains, "is always saying Cortes did this, went there, came back from yonder, and many other things that will not hold water. Had Cortes really been, as Gomara says, made of iron, he could not have been everywhere and done everything himself. It would have been enough to say that he acted like a good captain, as he always was; and I must say that over and above the great mercies which Our Lord showed us in all our deeds, it is also manifest that grace and wisdom were given to our soldiers to counsel Cortes

XIV.

DIAZ.

in such wise that what was done was done well. Indeed," he continues, "the chronicler Gomara makes no mention of our ever being killed or wounded, weary or sick, but writes as if we had found everything done ready to our hands. How ill-informed he must have been by those who made him write thus! Surely it might have occurred to him that when we conquistadors saw his history we should think it right to declare the truth."[1]

In exposing the partiality of the chaplain for his chief, the old soldier takes care to avoid the similar error of unduly exalting the followers. "Cortes," he frankly acknowledges, "deserves the praise and glory of all our victories, and greater honour than any Roman conqueror." The great adventurer is generally the central figure in his canvas. Only on two occasions does he represent him as sinking under the terrible exigencies which so often surrounded him; once, when, returning from the coast, he found Mexico in revolt, and received his prisoner Montezuma with impolitic discourtesy; and once again, when, weary and wounded, and after a severe reverse during the siege, he resigned for a brief space the chief command to Sandoval. If the claims of the leading officers to the credit of any particular exploit seem doubtful, Bernal seldom decides in their favour

[1] Cap. 66.

without assigning his reasons, and he sometimes decides against them. The story of Alvarado's leap, during the Woeful Night when that popular hero is said to have swung himself on his lance over a very wide breach in the causeway, he examines and disallows, though the evidence has induced other historians to accept it. Of his own feats of arms he speaks with great modesty, claiming for himself little credit beyond that of being always ready to do his duty, and generally present when fighting was going on. He records with pride that he was amongst those who first came in sight of Mexico before the siege; that he helped to rescue a brigantine from the enemy; and that Sandoval thereupon reported his conduct to Cortes in terms which he did not choose to repeat, but which were well known in the army; and he dwells with some satisfaction on his own prowess in delivering himself from a party of Mexicans who had nearly carried him off to the altar of the war-god. In proof of the hardships to which the conquistadors were inured, he says he had got so reconciled to sleeping in armour, that he had some difficulty in breaking himself in to the practice of undressing and sleeping in a bed; and, he adds, "Even now, in my old age, when I visit the townships of my commandery, I seldom take a bed with me, and when I do, it is only in order that the gentlemen who accompany me may not suppose that I have not got a good one." For

XIV.

DIAZ.

this little bit of egotism he apologises to the reader, assuring him that he mentions the circumstance not out of vanity, but to show what hard work the conquistadors had to do, and how thoroughly they learned to do it.

Character of Cortes.

The character of Cortes is brought before us with remarkable distinctness, by means of a hundred minute touches, throughout the work, and we know him far better than most historical personages, and almost as well as we know his countryman Don Quixote, or our countryman Sir Dugald Dalgetty, even before we come to the chapter in which Bernal Diaz finally portrays and dismisses him. We make his acquaintance at Cuba, as the dandy and duellist; admire the skill with which he obtains his expeditionary command from a jealous governor, and the adroitness with which he keeps it, in spite of all the governor's efforts to dislodge him; and we are thus prepared to follow with interest the career, chequered with success and disaster, in which he proves himself to be great amongst the leaders and rulers of men. Full of ambition, courage, energy, and resource, it is very seldom he fails in foresight or caution, and if he is betrayed into a false step, he as soon recovers his balance. No means by which his object can be gained, comes amiss to him; he can be magnanimous, generous, gentle, mean, treacherous, or cruel, by turns, or all at once;

and is always prepared to throw a veil of plausibility over the worst transactions, or clothe brave deeds in noble and appropriate language. After battles in which he has shown the genius of a general, and the valour of a gladiator, he proceeds to divide the spoil in the spirit of a cardsharper. If the plunder be gold and pearls, what with the Emperor's fifths, and the commander-in-chief's fifths, and the charges for the cost of the expedition, the poor adventurers find that there is a mere pittance to be divided amongst them. If the booty consists of Indian women, the young and handsome ones are drafted off during the night before the partition, and only the old and ugly remain to reward the brave who had deserved the fair. After such tricks have been played two or three times, murmurs are heard on all sides. "How comes it," asks one poor fellow, "that we seem to be living under two Emperors?" "Indeed," says another, looking ruefully at his small handful of gold dust, "I am thankful that the governor, considering the vast deductions and calculations he makes, has not brought me in a debtor instead of a creditor." When the discontent grew serious, Cortes would privately give a bar of gold here, or a gold chain there, and scatter promises all around with a lavish hand, and then, says Bernal, "he would summon us all into his presence and make us a speech of most

XIV.
DIAZ.

mellifluous words." He would tell them that he owed all he had to their valour, and that the whole plunder yet taken was but a trifle to what was to come; and if such mellifluous words were not enough, he would resort to further bribes and promises, until tolerable good-humour was restored. Although our old soldier freely expresses his opinion of the meanness of these proceedings, they do not seem to have much diminished the affection and admiration with which he regarded his great leader. When he relates how Cortes lost his finest jewels in escaping from the wreck of his galley at Algiers,[1] he speaks of the loss in a tone of friendly sympathy, wholly overlooking an occasion for moralising which some biographers with less personal provocation would not have failed to improve to the very dregs.

Utterly unscrupulous about what he himself did in this world, Cortes was curiously anxious about what other men believed respecting the next. His zeal for the headlong conversion of Indians amounted to a passion. Allowing a good deal for his desire of pleasing influential persons at home by its exhibition, it is impossible to believe that this zeal was wholly, or even in great measure, fictitious. It seemed almost as if he laboured under an aberration of mind, or as if powerful intellects were in

[1] Cap. 203.

XIV.
DIAZ.

that age liable to be affected by impulses now unknown. He tried to convert savage tribes at first meeting with them, before he had gained their confidence, or obtained any trustworthy means of communicating with them. His chaplain, a man of sense and courage, sometimes declined to deliver the unseasonable sermons which his chief desired him to preach, sometimes interfered for the protection of the native idols which his chief would have compromised the safety of the expedition by destroying. When the good father consented to preach, his sermon was usually followed by a supplementary exhortation by the commander-in-chief himself. The channel by which these Gospel streams reached the Mexican mind, was the mouth of a woman of remarkable ability, the Indian concubine of Cortes. Bernal Diaz records all these proceedings with perfect gravity, and without appearing to perceive in them any tinge of absurdity and indecency. In like manner, when Montezuma declines to be converted by Cortes, or hustled out of the old religion of his race into one of which he comprehends nothing, the chronicler reports the reasonable words of the unhappy monarch without being in the least affected by their force.

In attempting to guess at the religious opinions of a Spaniard of the sixteenth century from his writings, we must always recollect how very likely

XIV.

DIAZ.

any suspicion of heterodoxy was to get a man into trouble even in Guatemala. Bernal Diaz wrote without any distinct view of the press, though not without the hope that his book might be ultimately printed; and it is, therefore, probable that he freely read his manuscript to his friends. No man in those days could be quite sure that his friend was not a familiar of the Inquisition. The old soldier apparently shared with his countrymen of our own day a distaste for abstruse speculation, and a belief that it is right and proper that all men should hold the holy Roman Catholic faith. He was by no means a philosopher, or in any respect in advance of his age. He saw no harm in invading peaceful countries and slaughtering and enslaving their inhabitants; he classed negroes with horses, and regretted the inconveniently high price of both;[1] he thoroughly approved of the sentiment of "the very pious Franciscan, Fray Toribio Motelmeo," who said it was perhaps a pity the Indians had compelled the Spaniards to put so many of them to death, but that the great bloodshed had at least the effect of showing them that their gods were no gods at all; and he sneered at Bishop Las Casas as a meddling grievance-monger, who was very ill-disposed and very unfair to gentlemen adventurers.[2]

[1] Cap. 34.

[2] Cap. 83.

Still, after the fashion of his times, he seems to have been a man religiously and devoutly disposed. His hairbreadth escapes by flood and field are ascribed to Divine favour, yet without the arrogant assumption that he was himself the special favourite of the Almighty. If some of his illustrations of the doctrine of a special providence excite a smile—such as his opinion that the Mexicans had left off eating their European prisoners because God had mercifully and suddenly made the flesh of the Spaniards bitter—they never seem to be intended to display his own personal importance. In a Spanish army of 1520 it was impossible that miracles should not be rife. St. James or St. Peter—it was doubtful which—on a grey horse led on the Christians at Tabasco; and, on the later field of Otumpan, St. James again appeared, and such had been the effect of the preaching of Cortes and his friars, that the holy apparition was manifested to a Mexican convert. Bernal Diaz chronicles these events with due reverence, but he is careful to confess that, although he was present at both places, he, sinner that he was, had not the good fortune to behold either saint. According to the custom of the period, he devotes a chapter to prodigies and portents, showers of frogs, tempests and floods, mingled with evil spirits, and the like; but he does not profess that he himself saw anything more wonderful than a comet.

XIV.

DIAZ.

It is impossible to avoid contrasting his catalogue of the benefits conferred on Mexico by the Spanish invasion, Christianity, improved agriculture, splendid churches, convents, colleges, towns, bull-fights, the manufactures of Europe, and the other blessings of civilisation, with the actual result of the expedition of Cortes, and that process of the rehabilitation of the Latin race in the New World now going on there under the orders of the French Emperor and at the cost of the French people, in the manner known to all readers of newspapers, except those published in France. Of this, too, we may one day have a true history. May it be as honestly written as this of old Bernal Diaz, than whom few writers of their own adventures ever had a better right to say, "When you look into my history, you will perceive its sincerity and good faith."

John Knox.

His *History.*

Amongst the historical works of authors who have described their own times, and who were themselves important actors in the events recorded, Knox's *History of the Reformation* holds, for us at least, a very high place. If some of our countrymen have been disposed to exaggerate the influence which our great Reformer exercised on the Reformation in this island, few Englishmen will deny that he is one of the figures which still loom the largest on that distant stormy horizon. No man in England or

Scotland who values liberty, national, civil, or religious, can speak of Knox without reverence and gratitude. He was one of the foremost of that small band of Scots statesmen who perceived that close alliance with England was the true policy of their country. Ancient animosities and predilections were strong enough to lead many true and patriotic Scots to the belief that in all things in which Scotland needed aid from without, her destiny was better secured by alliance with the lilies of France than by ingraftment on the English rose. Looking into the sixteenth century, as far as possible with the eyes of a Scotchman of the sixteenth century, it is easy still to find plausible reasons for that belief. But looking back to that remarkable epoch by the light of the experience of three hundred years, of the various results at home of that French policy which the anti-English party would, if they could, have followed here, we may well be thankful to those who resisted to the death counsels which might have changed the whole current of the history of this island.

Its purpose.

The purpose of Knox's *History* was the vindication of this resistance to foreign domination, and of the separation of the Protestant party from a Church which was the chief support and bulwark of the party of the House of Lorraine. It was written, he says, "to the end that as well our

XIV.

J. KNOX.

enemies as our brethren, in all realms, may understand how falsely we are accused of tumult and rebellion, and how unjustly we are persecuted by France and their faction; and also that our brethren, natural Scotsmen, of what religion so ever they be, may have occasion to examine it themselves, if they may with safe conscience oppose themselves to us who seek nothing but Christ Jesus, His glorious evangel to be preached, His holy sacraments to be truly ministrate, superstition, tyranny, and idolatry to be suppressed in this realm, and finally the liberty of this our native country to remain free from the bondage and tyranny of strangers."[1]

To persuade the adherents of the old religion that it was unlawful to offer further opposition to the new, might seem to most men a hopeless task. But Knox was of the stuff of which men are made who lead forlorn hopes to victory. He doubtless set himself to this literary task with that full assurance of success which had inspired him to undertake so many more perilous if not more difficult enterprises.

The enthusiasm and self-confidence of the more active reformers of the sixteenth century is displayed hardly so much in the perils which they confronted and the sufferings which they actually endured, as

[1] *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1846, vol. i. p. 298.

in the plans which they proposed for the future. After a struggle, in all cases long and fierce, they had emancipated themselves and their followers from the yoke of a Church which they had found too heavy to be borne. But no sooner had they burst these old Roman fetters; nay, indeed, before these had been utterly broken, and in the presence of the power which still hoped to thrust them back into prison, they set themselves in all seriousness and good faith to devise and construct new shackles for themselves and their children. Their unseemly quarrels over the shapes and forms of these contrivances form no inconsiderable part of the political and religious history of Northern Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The habit of subjection, the growth of centuries, was stronger than the house of bondage itself. But the trammels which the Reformation imposed were happily of an altogether different temper from those which the Reformation broke. They were fashioned, indeed, very much on the old pattern, and they were and have been pressed into the service of many of the old purposes. But the Roman kind were wrought in the forge of absolute authority, authority resting on postulates, against which, if they be conceded, argument is unavailing. The chains of the reformed sects came from the workshop of free inquiry, and the metal, therefore,

XIV.

J. Knox.

contained within itself a wholesome element of weakness and decay. That liberty of thought and speculation which gave them being was sure to destroy them whenever they had served their turn. Take as a very obvious instance those propositions of the Confession of Westminster, in which the right of enforcing purity of doctrine is claimed for the civil magistrate,[1] and that mysterious power known as the power of the keys, is ascribed to the ministers of the Church.[2] Something like the first of these will be found in the Confession of Knox;[3] the second seems to belong to a later age,[4] when

[1] The civil magistrate . . . hath authority, and it is his duty to take order that security and peace be preserved in the Church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed.—*Confession of Faith*, 1647, chap. xxiii. section iii. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1836, pp. 141–2.

[2] The Lord Jesus, as king and head of His Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of church officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. To these officers, the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent both by the word and conscience, and to open it unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require. —*Confession of Faith*, chap. xxx. sect. i. and ii., p. 166.

[3] To kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates we affirm that chiefly and most principally the reformation and purgation of the religion appertains; so that not only they are appointed for real policy, but also for the maintenance of the true religion and for suppressing of idolatry and superstition whatsomever.—*Confession of Faith*, 1561. Knox's *History*, book iii. vol. ii. p. 118.

[4] The Rev. Dr. Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, in a letter which appeared in the *Scotsman* of the 6th November, points out that I am "mistaken in supposing that our first

Protestantism had waxed fat and kicked against the essential conditions of its existence. The two taken together imply a theory altogether fatal to that liberty of thought and conscience which is the noblest fruit of the Reformation. Yet of those who are most disposed to condemn these propositions, few, I believe, would attribute to them much practical mischief. Of those persons who accept this Confession as their rule of faith, I question if there be one who now holds that the civil magistrate

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Reformers were behind their successors in asserting for themselves the power of the keys; for though the doctrine be not laid down in the Scotch Confession (of Knox), it is asserted with solemn emphasis, and applied with unflinching severity, in the other public documents in which Knox and his coadjutors explained their ecclesiastical principles, especially in the ninth chapter of the First Book of Discipline and in the Form of Excommunication contained in Knox's *Book of Common Order*." After quoting a passage from the Invocation of the Name of Jesus Christ to excommunicate the impenitent, which certainly fully justifies his position, "that the power of the keys was asserted and insisted on by our first Reformers with a distinctness and earnestness not exceeded by the Catholic clergy themselves, and certainly not equalled either by the Westminster Divines or by any Presbyterian minister since their day," the learned Professor says that, as regards persecution, "the only difference between the doctors of the two churches was 'who should burn and who should be burned.' They were cordially agreed that one party was worthy of death." I have left my mistake standing in the text, for the sake of giving, if possible, some further currency to the words in which my learned friend has corrected it.

In a letter printed in the *Times* of November 9th, and replying to one in which S. G. O.—himself a highly esteemed clergyman—had said that the Anglican clergy were not priests in the Romish sense, the Bishop of Salisbury maintains that these gentlemen, at their ordination, "have committed to them the same powers which the priests of the rest of the Catholic Church, both in the east and west, have ever claimed as their inheritance." It is fortunate that the Reformation, which has altered theories so little, has on the whole affected practice so much.

XIV.

J. KNOX.

ought to possess any such power over doctrine, or who would in plain language assert his belief that one man, or any guild of men, can open or close to any other human soul the gates of heaven.

Laing's edition of his *History*.

Knox's *History*, of which we have at last a thoroughly satisfactory edition,[1] appears to have been begun in 1559, but the greater part of its four books was chiefly written in 1566, during some brief season of comparative leisure which then occurred in his life of preaching and political correspondence and conference. It appears to have been dictated to a secretary, with little attempt at arrangement, beyond that which chronology suggested. The first book is introductory to the rest, and contains a general account of the movement against ecclesiastical abuses, which resulted in the new form of religion. Although not personally engaged in the earlier events which he records, Knox had reached man's estate before many of them had happened, and could, therefore, speak of them from the best sources of information. The other three books deal with the great political and religious affairs in which he was a chief actor. The rough, careless, vigorous style of the book is most characteristic of the man. James Melville has

[1] *History*, by John Knox; edited by David Laing, 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1848, an edition which, in various and minute learning and patient care, leaves nothing to be desired.

left us so good a portrait of him in his declining years, on his way to church, muffled in his "furring of marticks," "going hulie and faar," leaning on his staff and his servant's arm, and finally lifted into the pulpit, which, however, ere the sermon was done, he was "like to ding into blads and flie out of." It is easy to imagine many passages of the *History* having been dictated with similar energy and passion.

Questions of the Reformation.

To those whose eyes are open to the abstruse nature of the questions raised at the Reformation, the speculations which are offered to us in place of evidence on these questions, the irreconcilable conflict of opinion about them which has prevailed amongst learned, honest and wise men before and since, the total absence from the mind of the historian of anything like doubt or misgiving on any point whatever is absolutely marvellous. Of course the presence of doubt or misgiving is and must be fatal to the pretensions and the success of the political or religious agitator, and it is only the most shameless of the quacks in either line who would, even when retired from business, venture on a confession like that which Wilkes made when he said that he had never been a Wilkite. There was that in Knox, however, which precludes the faintest suspicions of an unworthy motive. In his early life, of which we know so little, his mind may

XIV.

J. KNOX.

His sincerity.

have passed through vicissitudes of which we know nothing. Indeed, in one of the first clear glimpses of him which we obtain in his *History*, we find him bursting "into most abundant tears," and retiring to his chamber, when called to exercise the functions of a Protestant preacher by his fellow-labourer John Rough, and for many days together, while debating within himself whether he should accept the call, going about with "countenance and behaviour" which "did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart."[1] But after he had put his hand to the plough his grasp was never relaxed; nor was his eye dimmed by any shadow of doubt. In no passage of his *History* or of his subsequent career does it ever appear to have occurred to him that the opinions which he had adopted might be reasonably rejected by other men. The revolution of 1543, or whatever date may be assigned to the new era, had for him blotted out all that had elapsed between that date and the days of the Apostles. That that old religion of which, until the age of about forty, he had been a minister, should retain any hold on the spiritual hopes, or fears, or the affections, on anything save the baser feelings of other men, was to him inexplicable and intolerable. In the ferment of religious opinion which then prevailed in most

[1] *History*, i. p. 188.

countries of Europe, it was, perhaps, natural that Knox should believe that the Roman Church was tottering to its fall; and very improbable that he should foresee that, for an indefinite period, of which the term seems still far away in the future, that or some kindred form of faith should be the channel through which the vast majority of Christians should draw their portion of the hopes and the consolations of Christianity.

His impatience of others.

He was justified, perhaps, in anticipating for his opinions a currency which they have never yet obtained. But his arrogant impatience of any reverence for objects which he had learned to despise, is less easy to excuse, or, in a mind so powerful as his, to explain. In the course of his *History* he can hardly come within hail of a bishop or a monk without going out of his way to give him a kick or a cuff. If he has occasion to speak of one of the churches of Perth he calls it the kirk of the "Black Thieves, alias friars." Sinclair, Bishop of Brechin, being mentioned casually along with other persons, the historian adds to his title the words, "blind of one eye in the body and both in the soul." Mere lay opponents are so constantly held up to scorn, as "without God," "without honesty," "wholly given up to sin," and the like, that the reader comes at last to infer from these expressions nothing more than that the persons to whom they are applied

XIV.

J. KNOX.

belonged to the other party. Murderers, adulterers, —who, in Knox's opinion, deserved punishment by death — mass-mongers, and pestilent papists are classed together, as if their evil deeds were all of one kind, and of an equal degree of turpitude. The adherents of the congregation, on the other hand, the ministers, whom he has occasion not unfrequently to censure, the nobles and gentry, whose minds were at least as much set on abbey lands as on doctrinal distinctions, and whose avarice and worldly-mindedness he roundly rebukes, and those humbler followers ever ready to sack kirk and cloister, whom he calls the "rascal multitude," figure in their collective capacity in his pages, under the title of "the people of God." This title, belonging as it does to the peculiar phraseology of polemics, implies perhaps not so much praise of those to whom it is given, as further reprobation of the hapless children of darkness from whom it is withheld. But it certainly looks somewhat strange, coming from the pen of him whose honest boast it was that, in his personal dealings with men, "he flattered no flesh upon the face of the earth."

His *History* hastily written.

Knox's *History* bears all the marks of having been composed with great haste, and without any careful revision by its author. In some respects this is not to be regretted. If we have less accuracy of detail than we might have obtained had the

Reflects passions of the day.

author bestowed more time on his work, we have perhaps a more lifelike picture of the times. The fierce passions of a day in which questions of religious doctrine, like all others, naturally sought their solution in blows and bloodshed, are reflected on almost every page. The historian who had seen his beloved master, Wishart, judicially murdered, had no sympathy to spare for David Rizzio; nor did the revolting circumstances of the Italian's death awaken any horror or indignation in his mind. Although he did not bring his *History* down to that celebrated event, he casually alludes to it, for the purpose, as it seems, of recording, at the earliest opportunity, his opinion that "that pultron and vile knave Davie was justly punished."[1] Look at this sketch for the siege of Leith, whence the beleaguered French had repulsed their English and Scotch assailants. To the manners and sentiments of a more peaceful age it is difficult to say which is the more repulsive figure, the French princess rejoicing over the corpses of her English foes and her rebellious subjects, or Knox himself exulting over her miserable end. "The French, proud of the victory, strypeit naked all the slain and laid their dead carcases before the hot sun along their wall, where they suffered them to lie ma days nor

Rizzio's death.

Siege of Leith.

[1] *History*, i. 235.

XIV.

J. KNOX.

one: unto the which when the Queen Regent looked, for mirth she hopped and said, 'Yonder are the fairest tapestrie that ever I saw; I would that the haill fields that is betwixt this place and yon was strewed with the same stuff.' This fact was seen of all, and her words were heard of some and misliked of many. Against the which John Knox spake openly in the pulpit, and boldly affirmed that 'God should avenge that contumelie done to His image, not only in the furious and godless soldiers, but even in sic as rejoiced thereat.' And the very experience declared that he was not deceived; for within a few days thereafter (yea, some say that day) began her belly and loathsome legs to swell, and so continued, till that God did execute His judgments upon her, as after we shall hear."[1]

George Wishart's Life.

From such a passage as this it is pleasant to turn to other parts of the book, where Knox, instead of lashing his enemies, commemorates the virtues of his friends. Never was the story of a good man's useful life and heroic death more affectionately told than that of the "blessed martyr of God," Master George Wishart. Introduced to him in his pulpit at Dundee, we follow him in his wanderings over Scotland, "from the dyke on a mure edge on the south side of Mauchline," whence he addressed

[1] *History*, book iii. vol. ii. p. 68.

the Protestants of Ayrshire, to the abbey church of Haddington, where, in his last sermon, he predicted the evil days about to come on the land, and finally to the gallows and the fire upon which was "bent all the ordnance" of the castle of St. Andrews.[1] So touching a picture could have been drawn by none but a skilful hand guided by a loving heart.

Wishart's power of prophecy.

It is worthy of note that Knox distinctly attributes to Wishart the power of foretelling future events. "He was," he says, "clearly illuminated with the spirit of prophecy, that he saw not only things pertaining to himself, but also such things as some towns and the whole realm afterwards felt;"[2] and amongst the instances adduced is a passage of Wishart's last sermon, delivered in Haddington, in which he warned the inhabitants of the miseries they were to endure when their town, two years afterwards, was fortified by the English, and besieged by the French. Some of his own predictions also received striking fulfilment, such as that remarkable one which he made when rowing in the French galleys off the mouth of the Tay, and, looking at the towers of St. Andrews, said to the comrade who asked him if he knew them, "I see the steeple of that place where God first in public

[1] *History*, i. 1687–91.

[2] *History*, i. 128.

XIV.

J. KNOX.

opened my mouth to His glory, and I am fully persuaded that how weak that ever I now appear, I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place."[1] Whilst he records these predictions with evident satisfaction, he does not advance for himself the claim to inspiration which he boldly asserts for his friend; but it was put forward with sufficient distinctness by his followers. Indeed, at that time such pretensions were freely asserted and allowed by all sects for their favourites; and the story believed in Rome that Pius V., sitting in the Vatican on the 7th of October 1571, heard the guns of the Christian fleet at Lepanto, might be paralleled by many similar stories believed at Geneva or Rochelle. No better measure can be taken of certain changes of religious opinion than by a comparison of the simple manner in which such stories are told by the affectionate believing biographer of the sixteenth century, by Knox of Wishart, or Catena of Pius, and the dexterous precaution with which they are handled by the judicious divine of the nineteenth, like Dr. M'Crie. The one walks straight forward to his point, greatly rejoicing and nothing doubting; the other approaches it in the fashion of King Agag, delicately and apologetically, "not disposed," on the

[1] *History*, i. p. 228.

one hand, "to acknowledge as preternatural whatever was formerly regarded in this light," yet on the other "admitting the danger of running into scepticism," and after all not quite believing, but only inclining to the belief that the Reformers "were occasionally favoured with extraordinary premonitions."[1]

Knox's portraits of his contemporaries true.

Knox's portraits of his contemporaries are usually so life-like that we feel persuaded they are true to nature. Mary of Guise and her unhappy daughter, the regent Murray, the secretary Lethington, the two statesmen of the time, Bothwell, crafty and plausible, the duke's grace of Chatelherault, timid, doubting, and eager for power which he knew not how to wield when he had got it, his idiotic son Arran, Ruthven, Lindsay, and the rest, are all placed before us, not by elaborate description and analysis, as Clarendon would have done it, but by a concise account of their conduct, and note of their more notable sayings.

Minute in personal details.

Where the author was personally concerned the *History* deals in somewhat minute record of conversations, in which, writing in the third person, he figures as "John Knox," or "the said John." Indeed, there are passages from which we might infer that he did not desire to be known as the writer of his own book. For example, when noticing his own

[1] M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1814, ii. pp. 264-7.

XIV.

J. Knox.

sermon against the introduction of the mass into the queen's private chapel at Holyrood, in which he asserted that "one mass was more fearful to him than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm," and the effect of these words on the courtiers, he adds, "but we heard this same John Knox, in the audience of the same men, recite the same words again in the midst of troubles, and ask God's mercy that he was not more vehement and upright in the suppressing of that idol in the beginning."[1]

His conversations with Queen Mary.

Knox's reports of his conversations with Queen Mary are amongst the most valuable records of that fair mischief bequeathed to us by her contemporaries. In vain do we apply to the Reformer for any notice of the colour of her hair or of her eyes, her figure or her complexion, and indeed we may well excuse him for not helping us to settle questions which have been left in doubt by Brantôme, who thought more of a pretty face than all the points at issue between Rome and Geneva. But he brings before us in ample detail the character of the woman, self-confident and sanguine, subtle, ingenious and dignified, too passionate to conceal the vexation of the moment, yet strong of will and tenacious of purpose. Few reported conversations bear so clearly the impress of

[1] *History*, ii. p. 276.

fidelity. There is no attempt to soften or explain away any of the harsh or disagreeable things which he said to the girl of nineteen, nor does he impute to her any expression of astonishment or anger which his words do not amply justify. In their first interview, for example, he tells her that he has indeed written a book against female sovereignty, but that if the realm finds no inconvenience in being ruled by a queen, he for one is as well content to live under her grace, as Paul was to live under Nero; he calls her Church the Roman harlot; and in reply to her question whether subjects may resist their princes, he asks her whether the children of a mad father may not arise, and take his sword from him, and finally bind his hands till his frenzy be overpast. At the last thrust he says she stood amazed for more than a quarter of an hour, but at the end of that time she replied, "Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me, and shall do what they list and not what I command," which, as events turned out, showed a most perfect appreciation of her position in her kingdom. Knox's conscience, as well as his reputation, no doubt required him to maintain in the Queen's closet, any opinion which he had uttered in the pulpit of St. Giles. But his whole bearing and attitude towards Mary illustrate the fact that the wisdom of one age is apt to become foolishness to another, and that

First interview.

XIV.

J. KNOX.

even the wisest of the Reformers scarcely understood the true drift of their own labours. It never appears to have occurred to Knox that it was quite as unjust to deprive the Queen of her mass as it would have been to deprive the Lords of the Congregation of his sermons. But although the fierce temper of the time had set aside the first of Christian precepts, it might surely have occurred to him, as a man well versed in the ways of men and women, that a high-spirited princess, born of the house which was the mainstay of the Catholic party in France, and surrounded by her Catholic French followers, and her Scots subjects, whom she knew to be more than half Catholic, could not well be expected to relinquish her creed at the mere sound of his polemical trumpet, or to do anything else than exhibit, as he says she did, "an indurate heart against God and His truth."

His sense of the ludicrous.

In spite of the grave import of his book, and his own sense of the sacredness of the work he was doing and recording, Knox was not averse to seize and point out to his readers the ludicrous side of many of its events or incidents. Although, probably, no writer of eminence ever thought or cared less about mere style, he had an instinctive feeling of the value of light and shade in composition. "If we interlace merriness," he says, "with earnest matters, pardon us, good reader;" and the good

XIV.

J. KNOX.

reader will probably be disposed to pardon many of these merry passages more easily than some of the wearisome and irrelevant sermons and state papers which encumber the book. The battle of the Crosses, at the door of the Cathedral of Glasgow, when the cross-bearers of the Cardinal Primate Beaton and Archbishop Dunbar quarrelled about precedence,[1] and "assayed which of the crosses war finest metal, which staff war strongest, and which bearer could best defend his master's pre-eminence," when "rochets war rent, tippets war torn, and crosses war knapped," is told with great humour, and would have rejoiced the heart of Sir David Lindsay had he lived to read it. When he records the passing of that noble Act of the Scotch Parliament in 1543, "by which it was made free to all men and women to read the Scriptures in their own tongue," while he duly magnifies that great victory of freedom, he is by no means ashamed to admit that there were those amongst the more noisy of the victors whose conduct gave an ignoble and somewhat comic side to the transaction. His words bear a curious resemblance to those political reflections on the triumph of party, with which another pleasant divine prefaced his collected works. "The Tories," said Sydney Smith, writing in and of 1839,

Battle of the Crosses, at Glasgow.

Act of Parliament of 1543.

Analogy to Sydney Smith.

[1] *History*, i. pp. 145–7.

XIV.

J. KNOX.

His sneers at hypocrisy.

His promise to preach at St. Andrews, in spite of the Archbishop's threat.

"are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots, with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our Prime Minister), which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism."[1] "Then might have been seen," said Knox, writing of 1543, "the Bible lying almost on every gentleman's table. The New Testament was borne about in many men's hands. We grant that some, alas, profaned that blessed word; for some that perchance had never read many sentences in it had it maist common in their hand; they would chope their familiars on the cheek with it and say, 'This has lien hid under my bed feet these ten years;' others would glory, 'Oh how oft have I been in danger for this book; how secretly have I stolen from my wife at midnight to read upon it.' And this was done of many to make court thereby; for all men esteemed the Governor (Arran) to have been the most fervent Protestant that was in Europe."[2] Even in relating one of the memorable events of his own career, his bold performance of his promise to preach in the Cathedral of St. Andrews in spite of the Archbishop's threat to have him there and then, he cannot resist the opportunity of sharing with his reader the smile which the primate's message,

[1] Sydney Smith's *Works*, 3 vols. 8vo, London, 1839, i. p. vi.
[2] *History*, vol. i. p. 100–1.

unpleasant as it was, probably caused to pass across his own countenance. "An honest gentleman, Robert Colville of Cleish," he says, was sent by the prelate to say, "That in case John Knox presented himself at the preaching-place, in his town and principal church, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen of culverings, whereof the most part should light upon his nose." A jest lurks even in the marginal note, which draws attention to the passage in these words, "The bishop, his good mind toward John Knox." Sometimes, in his jesting, the deep purpose and fixed spirit of the Reformer is as clearly seen as in his most solemn and eloquent passages. From the accidental sinking, or, as he calls it, "the sitting down of the ship called Cardinal, the fairest ship in France, betwixt St. Colme's Inch and Cramond, without any occasion except negligence, for the day was fair and the weather calm;" he draws the characteristic inference, "but God would show that the country of Scotland can bear no cardinals." Some of his jocular metaphors and satirical epithets are, according to modern taste, somewhat coarse, as for example his remark that when Mary of Guise was made Regent in 1533, "the crown set upon her head was as unseemly a sight if men had eyes, as a saddle on the back of an unruly cow;" and his description of her daughter's friends and adherents "as the Queen's clawbacks." He was

His jests.

XIV.

J. Knox.

His plain language.

profoundly careless of appearances; and the dignity of history, had the phrase or the idea existed in his time, would have fared very ill at his hands and pen. From the prophets and other ancient masters he had learned, he said, "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig, a fig; a spade, a spade."[1] Could he have foreseen the historical style, the style of thought as well as the mode of expressing it, cultivated by his countrymen Hume and Robertson, he would no doubt have classed it amongst the evils to come in the latter days. Meanwhile, though we have learned to call many things good and evil on which Knox would have passed an opposite judgment, let us never forget how much of the actual good we enjoy we may fairly trace to the vigorous stand made by him and men like him against the evil of their day and generation. On its own merits, his *History* will ever remain one of the cherished monuments of our language, and apart from still higher interest which attaches to it as the political journal of one of our greatest worthies.

Value of his *History*.

Paolo Paruta.

The next historian of his own times whom I desire to introduce to your notice, is one of the ablest and most agreeable of Venetian writers, Paolo Paruta, who likewise attained some eminence amongst the

[1] *History*, i. p. 220.

Univ. of California

JAC. AUG de THOU.

XIV.

P. PARUTA.

statesmen of the Republic. In their tone of thought and expression, in their ways of regarding and describing public events and political transactions, it would be difficult to name two writers more unlike each other, or in character more diametrically opposed than Paruta and Knox. The only points of resemblance between them are that each wrote the contemporary history of his own country, and loved that country with patriotic ardour.

Born 1540.

Born in 1540, Paruta early entered the diplomatic service, and was attached to the embassy at Vienna.

His offices.

He filled various offices of the magistracy at home, but his most important political post was that of ambassador to Rome, in which he was supposed to have had considerable influence in inducing Clement VIII. to receive Henry IV. of France into the bosom of the Church. He died in 1598, and is now chiefly remembered as one of the official historiographers of Venice.

His Venetian *History*.

The first part of his *History*[1] extends from 1508 to 1552, and, not being of his own times, is beyond our present inquiry. The second part treats of the war of Cyprus and the foreign affairs of the Republic from 1569 to the spring of 1573. The events of this period took place under his own observation;

[1] *Historia Vinetiana di* Paolo Paruta . . . *divisa in due parti.* 4to, Venetia, 1605, and again in 4to, 1645. There is an English translation by Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth; folio, London, 1658.

XIV.

P. Paruta.

his office gave him access to public documents; and his quality as a Venetian noble and as a diplomatist gave him familiar acquaintance with many of the chief personages concerned in these events.

Sultan Selim II.

Sultan Selim II., on succeeding to his father Solyman the Magnificent, had ratified anew the treaty of peace with Venice which had been in force for about thirty years, to the great advantage of both the Turk and the Republic. Within a year or two, however, Selim cast a jealous eye on the island of Cyprus, and made preparations for war, which, though duly reported by the Venetian envoy, the Turkish ministers contrived to persuade the Doge and Signiory were directed against Spain. When one Turkish fleet made a descent on the shores of Dalmatia, and another landed a great army in Cyprus, the Republic was found to be very ill provided both by sea and by land. Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, fell after a feeble defence. The fleet of Venice, joined by a Spanish and Papal squadron, cruised towards the Levant, but the combined armament did not venture to relieve the beleaguered island. In the winter of 1570–1, Pius V. succeeded in forming against the Turk a Holy League of the Christian powers, consisting of himself, Venice, and the King of Spain. A great fleet assembled at Messina, and in August sailed towards the East, under the command of Don John

Covets Cyprus.

Nicosia taken.

Venetian fleet helpless.

The League formed.

of Austria. It was too late, however, to deliver Cyprus from the invader. The news of the fall of Famagosta, the last Christian stronghold, after a heroic resistance, and the massacre of its defenders, met the fleet of the Holy League at Corfu. A few days afterwards the Cross took a signal vengeance on the Crescent at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. It was the first great reverse which the Ottoman conquerors had received since they had left their Bithynian hills. Out of a noble fleet, only a handful of Algerine vessels returned to the Bosphorus; the rest were either destroyed or towed in triumph to Venice or Messina. But the ancient jealousy between the King of Spain and the Republic prevented the Christian League from reaping the fruits of its victory. Instead of pushing its conquests towards the Ægean, or striking a blow for Cyprus, the Christian fleet steered for Corfu, and separated for the winter. By the terms of the treaty, it was to reassemble in April in the following year, 1572. It was the end of May before the place of meeting was fixed at Corfu; it was the end of July before the Venetian and Papal commanders were allowed to put to sea in search of the Turk; they were recalled to Corfu in August; and September had begun ere the whole combined armament under Don John of Austria commenced the naval campaign of the year. That

Fall of Famagosta.

Battle of Lepanto

not followed up.

Separation of the Christian fleet.

Late reassembling.

XIV.

P. Paruta.

Inglorious result.

campaign consisted of an abortive cruise along the coast of the Morea, diversified by several ineffectual attempts to bring the Turkish fleet to action, and an unsuccessful attack on the stronghold of Navarino. This inglorious result of so much costly preparation, gave rise to further misunderstanding between the King and the Republic. Pius V., the soul of the League, had meanwhile died, and his successor, Gregory XIII., although he adopted his policy, wanted his vigour of purpose and his skill, or, at least, his good fortune, in reconciling the opposing interests of his allies. During the winter of 1572–3 Venice opened secret negotiations with Constantinople, which were seconded by all the influence of the French king at the Porte: a peace was concluded by which the Sultan was to keep Cyprus, and get back the fortress of Sopoto, which the Venetians had taken from him in Dalmatia, and receive an annual payment of 100,000 ducats for three years; and the King of Spain and the Pope were informed, in the spring of 1573, that the Republic had retired from the Holy League, of which Don John of Austria was immediately directed to haul down the flag.

Death of Pope Pius V.

Weakness of Gregory XIII.

Peace concluded.

Venice retires from the League.

Paruta's narrative and style.

Such is a brief outline of the transactions which are narrated in Paruta's *War of Cyprus*. They are told with great clearness and grace; the intricate negotiations which preceded the formation of the

XIV.

P. Paruta.

League, are so skilfully described as to present an epitome of the international relations of the great Continental powers; the characters of the chief personages who pulled the strings in cabinets or launched the thunderbolts of war are fairly portrayed; and the stirring incidents of the long siege of Famagosta, and of the brilliant victory at Lepanto, are narrated with a vivacity justifying the epitaph in the church of St. Pantaleone, which calls Paruta "the prince of Venetian historians."

Its tone and temper worthy of a statesman.

It is less, however, to the literary merit of Paruta's history, that I would direct your attention, than to the tone and temper in which it is written. These are eminently worthy of a statesman, who had undertaken the duty of recording the deeds of his countrymen, and the still more responsible task of explaining and defending the policy of his country, in a crisis in which she was much exposed to criticism and misinterpretation.

Position of Venice peculiar.

The position of Venice in the comity of European, especially of Catholic and Mediterranean, powers, was difficult and peculiar. She occupied the border-land of Christianity and Islamism; by race and creed she belonged to the first, by her territories and her commercial interests she was brought into intimate relations with the second. She had for neighbours, on the west, in the Milanese, the Catholic King, and on the east, in

XIV.

P. PARUTA.

Epirus, the Sultan. At the fall of Constantinople she had lost no time in making friends with the Ottoman, and in securing from him the continuance of the privileges she had enjoyed under the Greek Emperors. It was therefore frequently made a charge against her that she was neither Turk nor Christian, but something between both. In ecclesiastical affairs, and as regarded free thought and speculation, she was the one liberal Catholic power. She adhered steadily to the religion of Rome, yet resisted with equal steadiness the slightest encroachment of the Pope. Indeed, it may be a question whether she did not do more to advance intellectual freedom, and disconcert spiritual despotism, by withstanding Papal pretension and disregarding Papal censures within the pale of the Church, than if she had installed a schismatic patriarch in the lagoons, to turn upon the Vatican all the artillery of the Apocalypse. For these various reasons, Venice was an object of jealousy and distrust to her immediate neighbours. Moreover, the power of those neighbours was on the increase, while her own was on the wane. The wealth of the far East no longer flowed into her treasury; the wealth of the new Western World belonged to the chief of the House of Austria. Venetian diplomacy was therefore sorely put to it to maintain the reputation of the Republic, and to

Venice neither Turk nor Christian.

Her tendency to intellectual freedom.

Jealousy and distrust of Venice.

Her power on the wane.

make it believed, at Paris and Madrid, that her influence was paramount at the Porte, and at Constantinople, that she directed the Eastern policy of the Christian powers.

Withdrawal of Venice a breach of the League.

The withdrawal of Venice from the Holy League was an act very open to criticism, and very fully and severely criticised. The terms of the confederacy forbade any one of the confederates to make peace without the consent of the rest, and the Republic had distinctly violated that stipulation. But, the stipulation which required the fleet of the Holy League to be ready for sea in April, had, in neither year, been observed by the King of Spain; and, in the second year, the treaty had been broken in its spirit as well as letter, by delay which reduced the time in which naval operations were possible, from six months to two. In an earlier League, in 1538, in which Charles V., his brother Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Pope Paul III., and Venice, had combined against Solyman the Magnificent, Barbarossa had been allowed to escape from Prevesa with the Turkish fleet, under circumstances which threw considerable doubts on the good faith of the Emperor and his admiral. The suspicions thus raised broke up that League; each member of it made separate terms with the Turk; and those imposed upon Venice cost her several valuable possessions. In spite of the zeal and energy of

Treaty had been broken by King of Spain.

Earlier League.

Doubts as to Emperor's good faith.

XIV.

P. PARUTA.

Pius V. the new League appeared to be following the course of the old. The Republic saw that there was no hope of recovering Cyprus, and no intention on the part of the King of Spain to reap the fruits of Lepanto. She considered it wiser policy, therefore, to take advantage of the King's infractions of the treaty, and make her peace with the common enemy, rather than incur the risk of being anticipated in that step, and once more left at the mercy of the Turk.

Displeasure of Gregory XIII. and Philip II.

Gregory XIII. refused for some time to see the Venetian envoys who came to announce the peace; and although Philip II. maintained the frigid composure which he cherished as part of his royal state, the relations between Venice and Madrid were for some years cooler than ever. Spanish statesmen and historians could scarcely find in their copious language sufficient words of vituperation for the Venetian policy, and Spanish writers still upbraid the extinct Republic with the breaking up of the Holy League.

Venetian views of Spain and the Pope.

The Venetians of 1572, and the generation which followed, were in a similar frame of mind towards Spain and the Pope. The statesmen of Venice asserted that both these sovereigns desired to prolong the war for their own ends, that of the King being to exhaust the resources, and that of the Pontiff to fill his coffers, into which war exactions brought a

Reports of Venier and Foscarini.

hundred crowns for every crown abstracted by war expenditure. The reports of Sebastian Venier and Giacomo Foscarini, the Venetian admirals in the combined fleets in 1571 and 1572, teem with complaints against the Spaniards and the generalissimo, Don John of Austria. A few days before Lepanto, a Spanish captain of infantry, serving on board one of the Venetian galleys, quarrelled with the commander, and defended himself to the last extremity against the party whom Venier sent to arrest him. For this violence and insubordination Venier hung him from the yard-arm of his flag-ship, and he expresses in his report the greatest surprise and indignation because Don John was displeased with this stretch of authority. He reminds the Signiory that he asked for his recall immediately after the victory, "feeling that he was unapt to put up with Spanish insolence, and might therefore be the cause of breaking up the League," and he appears to have cherished, and been proud of the feeling. Foscarini was appointed to the command as being more conciliatory than the fiery old Venier, but his report is hardly less bitter against Don John and the Spaniards. On one occasion he accuses Don John of having spoken handsomely in council of the Venetian Soranzo, for the sole purpose of mortifying one of the Papal flag officers; and he calls the speech *un tiro Spagnuolo*, "a Spanish

Venier's conduct at Lepanto.

Indignation of Don John of Austria.

Venier's recall.

Foscarini's appointment.

XIV.

P. PARUTA.

shot," in the same spirit in which Benvenuto Cellini complains of a parsimonious Spanish prelate as having treated him most shamefully and "Spanishly."

Paruta's impartial spirit.

These important papers, which are still unpublished,[1] were doubtless in the hands of the historiographer Venetian. But not a trace of the feeling which pervades them, and which Paruta himself, as a Venetian, must have shared, is to be found in the language of his *History*. There is not a harsh or a bitter word said of any of the Christian powers; even the *Signor Turco* is treated with the courtesy due to a prince; but the sympathies of the reader are skilfully enlisted on the side of St. Mark, and his judgment inclined to the approval of the policy of the Republic. The *War of Cyprus* is a book written by a patrician for patricians; with something of reserve and a certain becoming stateliness of style, it is neither tedious nor dull; and the author has contrived to reconcile the decorum of diplomatic writing with the vigour and picturesque variety of history.

Style of his work.

Jacques Auguste de Thou.

Of authors who lived in the sixteenth century and wrote the history of their own times, Jacques Auguste de Thou, better known as Thuanus, is in

[1] They were kindly obtained for me from the Archives at Venice by my friend Mr. Rawdon Brown.

XIV.

DE THOU.

His History of European affairs.

many important respects the greatest. His history of European affairs from 1546 to 1607 is not only a remarkable monument of the genius and industry of a man who, during the greater part of his life, was busily engaged in professional toil, or in the performance of judicial functions, but it is probably the best work of its kind within the compass of modern literature.[1] Such works as we have just been considering, good as they are, appear inconsiderable when compared with the vast plan designed and actually executed by De Thou. "I purpose," he says, in the first lines of his first book, "to transmit to posterity all that is most memorable in what has happened in all parts of the world, beginning my narrative a little before the death of Francis I., and bringing it down to the times in which I write." Within this field lay great part of the religious and political struggles of the Reformation in most parts of Europe; the advance and the check of Turkish power in the Mediterranean; the Council of Trent, and the consequent decline of the Roman Church into one of many Christian sects; the extension of European settle-

Its vast plan.

Its scope.

[1] The first eighteen books were published by the author at Paris, 1604, 1 vol. folio, and books xix.–lxxx. in 1607 and 1609, 3 vols. folio. The best edition is the fine one of London, 1733, 7 vols. folio, edited by Thomas Carte, and from this was made the translation by T. B. Le Mascrier, Le Beau, and Desfontaines, and of which the best edition is that of La Haye, 1740, 16 vols., 4to.

XIV.

DE THOU.

Its great epoch.

ments in both Americas; the rise of the House of Bourbon; the culmination of the star of the House of Austria. The special epoch of great sovereigns, this period embraced Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., Philip II., Catherine de Medicis, Elizabeth, Henry IV., Pius V., and Sixtus V. In these events, and in the career of these personages, many eminent writers have found subjects for elaborate works, but as yet no single book can be said to have superseded De Thou's vast panorama of these memorable times.

His preference of Latin.

His unfortunate preference of Latin to French has, of course, greatly abbreviated the continuance of his popularity. Even to those who can read Latin for pleasure, his scrupulous adherence to classical geographical nomenclature, and to what he conceived to be classical equivalents for modern official and other titles, renders his original Latin irksome, and sometimes almost unintelligible. The French translation, made in the last century, has not the charm of contemporary writing, but it is the vehicle by which he is now probably known to most of his readers.

Affairs of France and the Netherlands.

The affairs of France and the States bordering on France, naturally occupy the larger portion of De Thou's wide canvas. But many of his sketches drawn from other lands are also executed with care, as for instance the story of the rebellion of the

XIV.

DE THOU.

Moriscos in Spain, and of the false Demetri in Muscovy. From politics and war he often turns aside to note the progress of literature and the fortunes of scholars; and amidst the clash of arms in the Netherlands he does not forget to notice the activity of the presses of Plantin at Antwerp. To the reader who may desire to form an opinion of his picturesque and animated narrative, I would recommend his account of the Saxon campaign of Charles V. in 1546, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which he was himself an eye-witness, and our own Gunpowder Plot.

The Moriscos.

Plantin Press.

Saxon campaign.

St. Bartholomew.

The qualities in which De Thou excels most of his contemporaries and many later historians, are moderation and impartiality. A sincere Catholic, he was free from religious rancour. A philosopher of the eighteenth century could hardly have held the balance more evenly in judging between the factions, which, possessed respectively by the demons of orthodoxy and reform, made a battlefield and a wilderness of France. It is no small merit to have preserved a calm judicial temper in an age when fanaticism invaded all orders and conditions of men, when Jacques Kerver the printer, whose books are models of the typographic art, hounded on the Catholic mob of Paris to its Huguenot prey, and when John Calvin first sought to entangle in the Roman toils, and finally put to death, his fellow-

His moderation and impartiality.

Contrary to the tendency of the age.

XIV.

DE THOU.

soldier against the tyranny of Rome. Men regarded the events of the day with the distorted vision and the heated imaginations with which the Parisians hailed the historical hawthorn of their cemetery of the Innocents, which put forth its August blossom on the morrow of St. Bartholomew. The Catholics took it as an omen that Heaven smiled on their atrocities. The Huguenots saw in it a sign that their suffering Church, oppressed but not destroyed, should bud and bloom in the day of its desolation. Honour to the man who could speak to both factions the words of truth and soberness, and denounce cruelty and wrong by whichever party it was perpetrated.

Omens of St. Bartholomew.

Variously interpreted.

De Thou reaped the reward that usually waits upon impartiality. Rome put his *History* in her *Index Purgatorius;* the Catholics denounced him as a Huguenot; the Huguenots detected in his verdicts the prejudices of a Catholic. If there be in his writings anything which his admirers might wish to blot, it is some of his letters expressing disappointment at treatment which was inevitable, and which he must himself have foreseen. For, if the attacks upon him were fierce and general, the ablest of the literary combatants were found upon his side. Even in his own day he enjoyed the approval of almost every contemporary, whose good word has any weight with posterity; and Bossuet,

Results of his impartiality.

Offence to both parties.

XIV.

DE THOU.

in marking the weak places in the defences of Protestantism, relies on the facts, and praises the fidelity of the man, whom less just or less well-read Catholic writers described as a Protestant in disguise. No portion of his country's history which De Thou has told, has been or can be tolerably re-written without obligation to his labours. Nor does any writer more truly deserve the praise of having walked by his own historical rule, that "a historian should not only say nothing that is false, but be bold to declare the whole truth."

His historical rule.

XV.

THE FALL OF TWO EMPIRES.[1]

1814 AND 1870.

1870.

XV.

IN addressing you at ordinary times, I should have chosen some subject to which I had given special attention, and of which I might, therefore, have claimed a more intimate knowledge than belongs to the majority of those to whom I have the honour to speak. But now, when our thoughts, not required by our own daily work and cares, are turned to the Continent, I venture, though without any pretension to special knowledge, to ask you to look at a great passage of past history, in connection with a crisis that has just occurred under our own eyes. I would speak of the fall of the two Empires in France. Of neither can I hope to tell you anything new, but I may refresh your memories with regard to certain things that deserve to be remembered.

Choice of subject.

Events on Continent.

Fall of the two French Empires.

[1] An address to the Stirling School of Arts.

XV.

French revolutionary governments.

A certain collector, known to me, keeps in his cabinet of coins a drawer which he calls his history of the French Revolutions. You find there twelve five-franc pieces and a few vacant spaces. The first of these coins, dated 1788, exhibits the mild features of Louis XVI., by the grace of God King of France and Navarre; the last, dated 1853, a pair of well-known and well-waxed moustachios, now at Cassel. Each of the pieces represents a change or transfer of power. Nine of the twelve represent revolutions—always violent, generally bloody. Of these revolutionary governments the two Empires lasted the longest, and are on other accounts also perhaps most deserving of study.

First Empire.

Ere I attempt to sketch the fall of the First Empire, let me ask you to glance at its rise and culmination. Brilliant service rendered to the Revolutionary Government in 1793, when the British and Spaniards were driven from Toulon, commended a certain little lieutenant of artillery to the notice

Lieutenant Bonaparte.

of the Conventionalist Barras. For this service Lieutenant Bonaparte was at first but scantily rewarded. But Barras and his friends bethought them of him in 1795; and on the day of the Sections, he taught these admirable Republicans how to sweep the rest of the votaries of liberty and

Battle of the Sections.

equality from the streets of Paris. The battle of the Sections established the Directory. The Direc-

XV.

tory sent Bonaparte to command first in Italy, and afterwards in Egypt. His achievements there placed him at the head of living captains. Returning suddenly from Egypt without leave, and under circumstances for which he deserved death, the precious Directory, being once more in trouble, instead of shooting him, again employed him to point their cannon against his countrymen. The 18th of Brumaire, 1799, was the crisis of his fate, and certainly he was never nearer receiving the embrace of mother guillotine. But fortune was with him, and he effected a *coup-d'état* which was not only successful but nearly bloodless. Such vestiges as remained of a free government were swept away, and the Directory with them. Bonaparte became first Consul, and military dictator of France. The imperial title was not assumed till 1804; but for all practical purposes it is sufficiently accurate to say that in November, 1799, was born the Empire, which was slain in April 1814.

Commands in Italy and Egypt.

His return.

Coup-d'état.

First Consul.

Emperor, 1804.

From 1799 to 1810, Napoleon rode triumphant over Europe. The only checks which his arms suffered were the surrender of the army of Egypt, and the destruction of his fleet at Trafalgar. He had given laws at Berlin and Madrid, and twice at Vienna; Europe was full of his creations, the *Almanac de Gotha* of sounding titles which he had devised and conferred; a Kingdom of Italy, a King-

His triumphs and checks.

XV.

His power in Europe.

dom of Holland, a Kingdom of Westphalia, a Kingdom of Naples, a Confederation of the Rhine. Many of the crowns of Europe were worn by satraps chosen from his own family. Some of the royal houses were dethroned and in exile; the Kings of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies had fled to their islands and the shelter of the British flag; the King of Portugal had found a home beyond the Atlantic. To the old dynasties that remained, he had dictated terms of peace more or less severe. Some were crippled by his blows; others were yet more humiliated by his favours. He had constructed a new map of Europe, and the heir of the Hapsburgs had put off the crown of Charlemagne to hide himself under the absurd title of Emperor of Austria.

His rule in France.

In France, Napoleon ruled with despotic sway over dominions undreamt of by the Grand Monarque. From the ruins of the monarchy, the aristocracy and the Church; from the depths of revolutionary anarchy he had called into being a new France, stronger and more splendid than the old. He boasted that he had restored Christianity; and he found a priesthood to admit the boast, and to teach a catechism in which the children of republicans learned that the Emperor was the representative of God. Liberty there was none, but the law was revised and amended, and, where political considerations did not intervene, administered with

XV.

His theory of domestic government.

tolerable fairness. Of the theory of his domestic government it would be a waste of time to speak, for, in practice, it was just what the Emperor pleased at any given time to make it. Under a gagged press and military rule, literature and art fell to their lowest ebb; but the finances of the State were retrieved, and Paris was adorned with the spoils of the nations. "*La France-Turquie*," the Turkish-France or French-Turkey, which some of the stern Calvinists of the sixteenth century charged the Valois princes with striving to create, seemed at last to be realised. But if France had become Turkey, she at least found that in her Sultan a greater than Solyman was there. It was a Turkey mighty and flourishing, taking tribute from the chief nations of Europe, counting Amsterdam and Rome amongst her secondary cities, orderly and submissive at home, and, above all things, formidable abroad.

Dark spots.

Looking out from the height of his power over all the kingdoms of the earth, Napoleon saw but two dark spots to trouble his repose. One was this island of ours; the other was Portugal, where Wellington was organising the army which was one day to drive him from the Peninsula. A very slight return to the ways of moderation and peace would, so far as we can see, have saved Napoleon from any danger from these quarters; or, without becoming either moderate or pacific, had he taken care to be

Britain and Portugal.

XV.

off with the old war before being on with the new, he might have driven the English leopards, which he was always threatening with death by drowning, at least back to their ships.

Culmination of his star, 1811.

If a date is to be assigned to the culmination of Napoleon's famous star, I suppose we ought to fix it on the 21st of April, 1811. In the fierce campaign which closed at Wagram, Austria was compelled to pay the conqueror 45,000 square miles of territory, and an Archduchess. The territory was given up with great reluctance; the young lady, Napoleon used to say in his brutal fits, was forced upon his acceptance. That marriage, so discreditable, and, as it turned out, so useless to all concerned, brought him, on that 21st of April, the unhappy child whom the Bonapartes, imitating the dynastic pedantry of the Bourbons, call Napoleon II. On that day, Napoleon was absolute master of France, besides Holland, Belgium, Germany west of the Rhine, Piedmont, and Italy east of the Adriatic. He was also, by a separate tenure, sovereign of the greater part of Italy. He was protector —which meant dictator—of the Confederation of the Rhine; his influence was paramount in Switzerland and Denmark; North Germany was overawed by his garrisons in the Prussian fortresses; he was on good terms with Austria and Russia; and he seemed to have a reasonable prospect of subduing

Defeat of Austria.

His marriage.

His power.

Spain and Portugal. The birth of his son, by Maria Louisa, was supposed, in the purblind popular view, to be the keystone of the arch of his greatness.

Downfall of First Empire, and its cause.

The immediate cause of the downfall of this mighty empire was the mad crusade against British commerce, which Napoleon called his Continental system. That system forbade to France and the allies and dependents of France, not merely the importation, but even the possession of English goods. The prohibition was found to be so intolerable, even in France itself, that large bribes were habitually taken by custom-house officials, for winking at its violation, and that Napoleon ended by taking them himself, and selling licenses to break his own laws. What Napoleon did, his allies considered they also might do. Napoleon thought and ordered otherwise. Differences, coolnesses, quarrels arose on all hands. He himself, when in exile, said his invasion of the Peninsula arose from one of these disputes ; and a similar cause led his brother Louis to put off his Dutch crown.

Government by circumstances.

A favourite of the Emperor once said, with agreeable candour, "Our government is regulated, not by fixed principles, but by emerging circumstances."

Dictates to Russia.

In an evil hour he undertook to teach the Czar of Russia that Russian trade must be ruled by a fixed principle—no traffic with England; and that no respect was to be paid to circumstances emerging

XV.

1812.

in the shape of useless accumulations of pitch, hemp and tallow, and rivers choked with unsaleable timber. The Emperor Alexander was an enthusiastic young man, who fancied himself a military genius, and passionately admired Napoleon. But he would not consent to beggar his country for the sake of a French idea, which the French Emperor was content to leave in the ideal state at home. So the eternal friendship, sworn at Tilsit, cooled into suspicion, which became in due course jealousy, altercation, recrimination, insult and war. In the summer of 1812, nearly a million of Frenchmen and their allies crossed the Niemen, and fought many a bloody battle; in September, a burning capital flared across the Russian plains; on the 18th of December, a fugitive, wrapped in furs, stepped out of a hack chaise at a postern of the Tuileries, announcing himself as master there; and, in the course of that winter, 40,000 other fugitives, not so well wrapped up, limped and crawled into the fortresses of Brandenburg. Such was the fate of the grand army.

The Czar resents.

War.

Invasion of Russia.

Burning of Moscow.

French retreat.

On his way to Russia, in May, 1812, at Dresden, Napoleon had held the most splendid of all his courts. He took precedence of his father-in-law of Austria, and looked from his opera-box over what was called his "pit of kings." No such reception met him there in 1813, when he went with his new

Route to Russia.

"Pit of kings."

levies to join the broken remains of his army. His faith in kings, even in kings of his own making, if he ever had any such faith, must have received a rude shock. Sweden and Prussia had already joined Russia; the defection of other reluctant allies was said to depend on the result of the first battle; and Austria counselled peace, in tones of authority and warning to which Napoleon's ears had never been used. The Russian army, on entering Germany, was joined by the armies of Prussia and Sweden. Napoleon gave them battle at Lutzen and Bautzen, and these successful actions restored in great measure the confidence of his troops. The enemy retired from both fields in good order; yet the victories were sufficiently signal to lead to an armistice, on the 4th of June, during which Austria undertook to mediate for peace.

Defection of Sweden, Prussia, &c.

who side with Russia.

Lutzen and Bautzen.

Armistice.

Austria, in times not very distant conspicuous for her crooked policy, appears in this great crisis, as represented by Count Metternich, to have acted with wisdom and sincerity. She persuaded both Russia and Prussia to accept of very moderate satisfaction for very gigantic wrongs. The bases of peace offered to Napoleon were these: the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, given by him to Saxony, to return to its former owners —Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Prussia to be reconstituted, and relieved of the French garrisons; the Hanse towns to be restored to independence; Illyria

Attitude of Austria.

Terms offered to Bonaparte.

XV.

1813.

and Trieste to revert to Austria; the Confederation of the Rhine to be dissolved. Napoleon was told that if he would accept these bases, minor points might be discussed at a conference, to meet at Prague, and the terms of a general peace remitted to a European Congress. Should he reject them, Austria, at the close of the armistice, would join the allies against him. Napoleon was thus offered peace, if he would give up some distant and worthless conquests, and some facilities for interfering with his neighbours. France was to be left him, great as he had made her, and Italy. Maret, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, Fouché, Caulaincourt, Narbonne, all his ablest servants, with or without character, urged him to accept terms so liberal. He was deaf to their entreaties. His sole object was to prolong the armistice, in order to obtain more time for warlike preparation, and to spin out the negotiations at Prague. At one and the same time he addressed a note to the Congress, in which he contrived to insult all the three powers; and he attempted to enter on a separate and secret negotiation with Austria. His last word was that he would give up Illyria, keeping Trieste. Thus did this great culprit, driven out of Russia only a few months before, with the loss of half a million of men, propose to make his peace with Europe by the surrender of a trumpery province on the Adriatic; and on the

Alternatives.

Declines peace.

Insults the three powers by his proposals.

proposal being rejected, deliberately accept the alternative of war.

The treaty of alliance between Russia, Prussia and Austria, was signed on the 10th of August. It followed hard on the news of the decisive battle of Vittoria, which drove Joseph out of Spain. The treaty was itself followed by anti-French movements in Holland and Belgium and all over Germany. On the 17th of August, the armistice ended, and the allies had 500,000 men in arms against Napoleon. The chief command was given to Prince Schwarzenberg, who had led the Austrian contingent in the French invasion of Russia. The allies also had reserves, estimated at 300,000 men. To oppose them Napoleon seems to have had about 280,000, with reserves of 90,000, chiefly in German fortresses. His army was mainly composed of very young conscripts, and largely leavened with unwilling Saxon and Bavarian auxiliaries. On the side of the allies were numbers, patriotism, wrongs which stirred both princes and people to their inmost souls, fair military skill schooled in misfortune, and the endurance of northern races. On the side of the French were twenty years of victory, great military skill schooled in success, the advantage of moving in obedience to one will, and, above all, the genius of Napoleon. The French army occupied Dresden, and lay around it in a ring. The allies formed a large outer

Alliance of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Armistice ends.

Forces of the allies.

Napoleon's forces.

Comparison.

Siege of Dresden.

XV.

1813.

circle. Blucher and his Prussians made the first inward movement, and were immediately attacked by Napoleon. According to preconcerted tactics, the Prussians retired before him. Schwarzenberg then threatened Dresden in force, which recalled Napoleon to its defence. The two days' conflict before Dresden issued in a great French victory, with many prisoners and guns taken, and Moreau amongst the many slain. But at Culm, Gross Beeren, and Wahlstadt, the allies took a bloody revenge. All these battles took place between the 17th August and the 1st of September. On the 7th of September, Bernadotte, with his Swedes, defeated the French at Dennewitz.

French victory.

Subsequent reverses.

Napoleon retreats.

The operations carried on during the rest of that month were not decisive, but so favourable to the allies that Napoleon was compelled to prepare for his retreat to the Rhine. The only road open to him lay through Leipzic and across the swampy meadows of the Pleisse and the Elster. Napoleon reached Leipzic with his army on the 16th of October, and never showed himself a greater captain than in the three days of desperate battle which ensued. On each day of fighting there were, in fact, two distinct battles, one on the north of the town, and the other on the south. The French had about 136,000 men to 230,000 of the allies. During the progress of the battles the allies were reinforced by Bernadotte with

Reaches Leipzic.

100,000 men, the French weakened by the defection of 10,000 Saxons. On the evening of the 18th, the dreadful tale of loss was 40,000 on the side of the French, 60,000 on that of the allies. Next day the French effected their retreat, but what a retreat! Battle all round Leipzic; fighting in the suburbs, a terrible flight along the line of bridges and causeways crossing the marshy meadows and many-channelled streams; the head of the bridge nearest Leipzic blown up too soon by the blunder of a terrified corporal; thousands of fugitives, led by two marshals, struggling as they could, under a terrific fire, across the Pleisse and Elster; 20,000 more Frenchmen slain, drowned or taken! At Erfurt, the Emperor found himself at the head of 70,000 men carrying arms, and 30,000 or 40,000 demoralised fugitives who had cast them away. Piteous was the cry of distress with which the reckless gambler at the red table of war appealed to his satellites at Paris. "Money, and men! but grown men; I cannot defend France with children!" Onward went the retreat through the Thuringian forest, Blucher and Schwarzenberg hanging on the French rear and flanks, and cutting off and wearing out the chosen veterans who turned to keep them at bay. As his weary columns emerged from the Thuringian defiles, Napoleon learned that Bavaria had deserted his banner, and that a Bavarian-Austrian army was

Battle of Leipzic.

French retreat.

Erfurt.

Appeal for "money and men."

Desertion of Bavarians.

XV.

1813.

barring his way to the Rhine. His effective force was now but 50,000 men; his fresh antagonists, 60,000. But the Bavarian Wrede was no match for the great captain, who hurled him from his path in the bloody battle of Hanau. "Our cannon," said Marshal Gerard, who was there, "once more began to roll towards Mainz, but it was through mire of human flesh." Early in November, the relics of the French army, about 40,000 men, found refuge in the great fortress at the confluence of the Main and the Rhine.

Defeat of Bavarian-Austrian army.

French reach the Rhine.

The allies immediately occupied the right bank of the German national stream. All the Napoleonic creations on that side fell at once. A handful of Cossacks overturned the throne of Westphalia, and cleansed Cassel of Jerome and his orgies. Nothing remained to France, in Germany, but her garrisons, and many of these fell during the winter, starved out or smitten with pestilence; and thousands of Frenchmen were sent prisoners to Russia. The state of the fortresses on the French frontier was deplorable. Even Mainz, though full of warlike material, was poorly garrisoned. The forces which ought to have held Strasburg, Phalsburg, and Metz, were hundreds of miles away, at the Texel, at Hamburg, at Magdeburg, at Dantzig. Everything had been planned for conquest, nothing provided for defence. Bad news came from all quarters. Hol-

Fall of Westphalia and Cassel.

French discomfiture.

French miscalculation.

1813.

land had revolted; Denmark had reluctantly joined the allies; in Italy, the Austrians were pressing the gallant and loyal Eugene hard, and they had seduced Murat from his allegiance; Wellington was in the Pyrenees; Graham in Flanders. In France itself, all was exhaustion and dismay; royalist committees sat in the great towns, the white cockade was seen here and there; everybody was sick of war and glory. The call for fresh levies met with no response; bands of conscripts were roaming the country seeking to escape from their task-masters; such as could be caught were mere children. At the Tuileries the poor Empress Regent wept and wrung her hands, and the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, the minister to whose care she had been confided, had fallen into a fit of devotion, very amazing to those who had known the *bon-vivant* regicide of old.

Bad news of Holland, Denmark, Italy, Spain, Flanders.

France exhausted.

Such was the state of France when Napoleon returned to Paris, in November 1813. Had it been known to the allies, they would have followed him thither, instead of halting on the Rhine. But they did not know it; their councils were divided, and they were restrained by the shadow of a great power and the terror of a great name. In August, to reach the Rhine was their utmost hope; they had been roughly handled on the road, and had learned that a French army was formidable even in flight. Each of the great powers, and each of the little ones, had

Napoleon's return to Paris.

XV.

1813.

its own special and secret objects and wishes; none but the Prussians at this time were eager to dethrone Napoleon; and most of them felt that were they to dethrone him, instead of restoring the Bourbons, they might be unchaining the revolution.

Renewed proposals for peace.

The three powers, therefore, sent him proposals of peace agreed to at Frankfort. The terms were not so good as had been offered at Prague, but they were honourable, and ought at once to have been accepted. France was to give up all her conquests not contiguous to her pre-revolutionary limits; but the natural frontiers—the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Rhine—were to be retained. Holland was to be independent, and the Spanish Bourbons restored. France was to take part, as a great power, in a general peace, and to Napoleon was left the choice of the place of meeting for the congress. Once more he was urged by his ministers to close with the offer. But by a calamitous pride, or over-refinement of policy, he would give no immediate answer, beyond indicating that he wished Mannheim to be the seat of the congress. Eighteen precious days were thus allowed to pass before the terms were accepted. By that time the allies had got a better insight into the internal condition of France; they had heard of the surrender of French garrisons in Germany; and they resolved to march on Paris.

Answer delayed.

Allies resolve to march on Paris.

On the 21st of December, Schwarzenberg crossed

1813.

March.

the Rhine at Basel, with 220,000 men; some days later, Blucher, below Mainz, with 60,000. Vast reinforcements were ordered from Germany and Poland. Wellington was expected to bring 100,000 men from Spain. By March or April, the allies hoped to have 600,000 men in France.

Measures for resistance.

To meet this tremendous force, present and prospective, Napoleon had little more than 60,000 men. Skill, swiftness and daring must do the work of numbers. He joined his army at Chalons on the Marne, on the 25th January, 1814. The enemy advanced slowly and cautiously, in two converging masses. At Brienne the first collision took place with Blucher. The onslaught of Napoleon was so sudden, that the old hussar was caught at dinner in the castle, and only escaped by leading his horse down a stair. But the French made little of the surprise, and, within a day or two, they were beaten by Blucher at La Rothiere, with a loss of 4,000 prisoners and 70 guns. This disaster was, however, speedily revenged by Napoleon. By a dexterous flank movement, made by difficult cross-roads, he again took Blucher at disadvantage, and struck four tremendous blows, at Champaubert, Montmirail, Chateau Thierry, and Vauchamp. Ten thousand of the enemy were slain, and 20,000 sent prisoners to Paris, within three weeks of Napoleon's departure. Immediately after these successes, he turned swiftly

Napoleon joins army, 1814.

Collision at Brienne.

French victory.

Reverse by Blucher.

Victories at Champaubert, Montmirail, Chateau Thierry, Vauchamp.

XV.

1814.

Defeats Austrians and Russians.

Congress at Mannheim.

New offers of peace.

Armistice of Troyes.

Offers neglected.

Battles of Craonne and Laon.

Retires on Soissons.

to the south, and defeated the Austrians and Russians at Nangis and Montereau.

Meanwhile the diplomatic congress, for which Mannheim had been indicated, had met at Chatillon. Caulaincourt, now Napoleon's Foreign Minister, was there. France was now offered, not the famous natural boundaries which might have been had at Frankfort, but only her limits in 1790. Caulaincourt was indignant, sorely perplexed, and helpless. But Napoleon, in these last successes, had once more helped his plenipotentiary and himself. The allies now demanded an armistice at Troyes. Here was an opportunity for diplomatic action; and had the operations of Napoleon been as quick and masterly in council as they had been in the field, he might now have secured, not perhaps the natural frontiers, but something better than those of 1790. In vain the Emperor of Austria warned, in vain his own counsellors entreated. His indomitable pride allowed this opportunity to pass; and this was the last. Then came the bloody engagements of Craonne and Laon, which Napoleon reckoned victories, because they cost Blucher 15,000 men and himself but 10,000. But his army was unable any longer to sustain such successes; so, striking a backhanded blow at the Russians near Rheims, he retired upon Soissons. His plan now was to retreat upon the frontier, collect all the troops he could get from his garrisons,

and attack the rear of the allies. He thought this movement might also check the march on Paris, and, for some little time, believed that it had done so. But the allies were now too sure of their own strength to follow him. They pushed on, driving before them Marmont and Mortier, who, on the 30th of March, fought what is called the battle of Paris. It was at St. Dizier that Napoleon discovered his mistake. He immediately turned back, almost alone, sometimes travelling in a hack-chaise, sometimes riding post. At Juvisy, at midnight of the 30th, he heard of the capitulation of his capital. After much stormy cross-questioning of the officer who gave the news, and much poring over maps by a rushlight, he turned aside to Fontainebleau. Various plans were now revolved through that teeming brain. He would fall on the allies unawares, and fight a battle in Paris; he would move southwards and rally his army behind the Loire. But Marmont's force being, by secret treaty, moved within Schwarzenberg's lines, these shifts became impossible. Then came the abdication, the farewell to the Guard, the kissing of the eagles, scenes which the pencil and the graver, to say nothing of the pen, have made so familiar to mankind.

Advance of allies.

Napoleon turns.

News of fall of Paris.

His plans.

Abdication, &c.

The events which followed in the next few months do not belong to our subject, though they must be studied by those who would understand

XV.

1814.

Subsequent events.

Napoleon's behaviour.

Elba.

Empire of the Hundred Days.

the character of Napoleon. No man ever more truly exemplified his favourite maxim, that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. That step he took in quitting the historical palace-court of Fontainebleau. Witness his journey to Frejus; the cries and execrations with which he was assailed on the road; the prayers and tears with which he implored everybody's protection, hiding himself in a white Austrian cloak; and his cool impudence in soon afterwards boasting to Sir Neil Campbell, the British Commissioner who had attended him, and saw it all, of the enthusiastic reception which had greeted him, in proof of his popularity in France. He specially requested that he should be conveyed to Elba, not in a French but an English man-of-war. The *Undaunted* being placed at his disposal, he made himself very agreeable to the officers; and presented a purse of Napoleons to the crew. The boatswain made a suitable and sailor-like reply, "Thank your honour kindly; we wish your honour better luck another time." The other time came sooner than honest Jack probably expected; the better luck, happily for mankind, was withheld. Of the Empire of the Hundred Days I shall say nothing. During his dramatic march on Paris, and his brief hold of power, Napoleon displayed his old, unscrupulous audacity, almost his old energy and arrogance, the

1815.

same fertility of resource in speech and action, the same mastery over men and things, the same skill in making the most of slender means. The struggle of 1815 differed from those of 1813 and 1814, inasmuch as it was always hopeless. The nations were resolved that their blood should not have been spilt in vain. The gleam of success which shone on the French eagles at Ligny was extinguished at Waterloo.

Waterloo.

Second Empire.

From the Empire, which, like *Waverley*, is now a tale of sixty years since, we pass to the Empire whose fall is but a few weeks old. Louis Napoleon, nephew of his uncle, being born in 1808, is old enough to remember both the uncle and his Empire. His exploits as a Carbonaro, in Italy, in 1830, are somewhat obscure; but many here probably will remember his attempts to excite civil war in France, at Strasburg, in 1836, and at Boulogne, in 1840. The incidents of these attempts are well known; in the one, his ignominious capture in the barrack-yard; and in the other, the tame eagle, the shot fired by the flurried invader into the mouth of a soldier who was bawling "*Vive l'Empereur;*" his arrest and trial; and his imprisonment at Ham. I suppose most of us who remember the transaction considered him a disturber of the public peace who had deserved death, but who was probably spared on account of his foolishness, and little expected to see the day when these two expeditions should be

Louis Napoleon's early career.

1830.

1836.

1840.

Imprisonment at Ham.

XV.

1840.

praised by grave writers as the expedients by which a man of consummate wisdom kept the French people in mind of his name and pretensions.

Fame of name of Napoleon.

His name there was no fear of France forgetting. Art and literature had been hard at work glorifying Napoleon I., ever since 1815; partly because French painters, engravers, sculptors and writers held him in admiration, partly because they desired to paint, engrave, carve, and write something that should please the multitude and vex Louis and Charles, Kings of France by the grace of God, and Louis Philippe, King of the French by the favour of the Parisian populace. When the revolution of 1847 undid the work of that of 1830, it was plain that there was a strong Bonapartist feeling in France. Louis Napoleon, personally known to fame by the feats above mentioned, was elected by an immense majority, as President of the Republic, over General Cavaignac, who had saved Paris from pillage by a furious rabble in June, and, invested with dictatorial powers, had resigned these powers to the Assembly which had conferred them.

Revolution of 1847.

Louis Napoleon President.

Loyalty of National Assembly.

The National Assembly, with which the new President had to deal, though it had occasional conflicts with his ministers, was always loyal, and even generous, to himself. It not only sat silent while he was openly feasting and corrupting the army of the Republic, but it repeatedly gave him,

in increased grants of money, means of pursuing that and similar treasonable purposes. A few weeks before the *coup-d'état*, it rejected, by an overwhelming majority, a proposal that a military force should be placed at its orders, to meet the violent action which was generally rumoured to be preparing by the President of the Republic. Whatever its faults, that Assembly was, in the opinion of De Tocqueville, the purest and most independent parliament France had ever seen.

Coup-d'état, 2nd Dec. 1852.

On 2nd of December, 1852, Louis Napoleon struck the blow which made him military despot of France for nearly eighteen years. The excuses for striking it were that some wide conspiracy existed for bringing about social anarchy, and that the act of the President was approved by a vast majority of the nation. The first of these excuses was a mere assertion, which those who made it never attempted to prove, and all ground for which, time and ampler knowledge have utterly swept away. The second excuse—that the *coup-d'état* was, or at least seemed to be, approved by the majority of the nation—is valid as far as it goes. But it is hard to say how far it ought to go. The evidence of that approval existed only in the balloting urns, and these were wholly in the hands of the executive, whose interest it was to fill them with tickets inscribed *Yes;* and of such tickets it was absolutely certain they

Excuses for it.

Value of Plébiscite.

XV.

1852.

would be found full, whether the electors came to the poll or stayed at home. Assuming, however, that each ticket represented an approving elector, the question remains—How far were these electors, say the peasants of Berry and Provence, capable judges of the necessity which was supposed to justify the chief of the State in breaking his oath, and in imprisoning, expatriating, and slaughtering many thousands of innocent citizens? It would seem as if there were something in the French character which leads Frenchmen to say *Yes* to any question asked by authority armed with a balloting urn.

M. Thiers.

The highly dramatic arrest of the leaders of the Assembly, in the dead of the night, and the official account of it, were very amusing to the Parisians. It was impossible to resist a smile at the part played in that drama by the high priest of Napoleonism, who had done more to deify the first Emperor than any writer or speaker in France, M. Thiers, as he appeared in his nightcap and shirt, shrieking and chattering at the soldiers of the second Napoleon, sent to carry him to prison.

Second Plébiscite.

Napoleon Emperor.

The second vote, or plebiscitum, by which the President was made hereditary Emperor, proceeded on the assumption that the voters then living had a right to hand over France and its future generations to be governed as it seemed good to this and any future chief of the family of Bonaparte. In com-

1852.

Character of the *coup-d'état.*

parison with this theory, spawned by the French Revolution, the old divine-right theory appears plausible and attractive. Most of us, I believe, will ever regret that the *coup-d'état*, the long-plotted, furtive, cruel act of aggression on the rights of a parliament and a people, the act which deprived the people of their liberties, and which, for eighteen years, kept aloof from the French government all that was highest and noblest in the intellect of France, should—as it stood before Europe in its original repulsive nakedness, and ere it had received such sanction as dwells in a ballot-box, —have obtained the hearty approbation of the Government of Great Britain.

British approval.

Subsequent military despotism.

Comparison of the two Empires.

For eighteen years military despotism has existed in France. Nothing, of course, but the grossest flattery could compare the achievements of the second Empire with those of the first. The one had to create an orderly administration out of a revolutionary chaos, a disciplined army out of a rabble of dashing *sansculottes*. The other was the heir of thirty-six years of peace and prosperity, and of a highly-centralised government, with its hardly disturbed bureaucracy. The one was usually planning and successfully executing those acts of military violence, from which alone, in the popular French view, the highest glory flows, and for which Voltaire extolled Louis as Thiers extols Napoleon.

XV.

Influence of Napoleon III. on Europe.

Quarrel with Turkey.

Italian war, 1859.

Magenta.

Solferino.

Its objects.

The other was always talking of this glory, but its performances have been so poor that Napoleon III., in the proclamation to his army at the opening of the present war,[1] was obliged to eke out his list of triumphs with the name of Mexico. Still, though by no means comparable to the first Napoleon, the third greatly influenced the fortunes of Europe. He picked a quarrel with Turkey, about the holy places, which brought about a more serious quarrel between Turkey and Russia. Into this war our government, to use its own expression, "drifted," and of what little credit the war produced to the allies, France had the lion's share. The formidable attempt on the life of the Emperor, made by one of his old Carbonaro brotherhood, in 1858, produced, as some think, and certainly was followed by, the Italian war in 1859. He went into that enterprise, boasting that France made war for an idea, and promising that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. After two considerable victories over the Austrians, at Magenta and Solferino, he made an abrupt peace at Villafranca, leaving Venice still in German hands. It then turned out that the idea for which France fought was less ideal than the liberty for which Italy hoped. One part of the idea was the transfer to France of Savoy and Nice, which,

[1] [The Franco-German War.]

1859.

His perfidy as to Savoy and Nice.

after solemnly assuring Europe that they would never part with them, Cavour and his honest-man King transferred, in pursuance of a bargain made before the war. The rest of the idea was the settlement of Tuscany, as a separate state, upon Prince Napoleon; a federal Italy under the presidency of the Pope, and some other changes; but it was frustrated by the superior skill of Cavour.

Commercial treaty with England.

One of Napoleon's happiest strokes of policy at this time was his Commercial Treaty with England. It was not only beneficial to the trade of both countries, but it effectually prevented any steps being taken in the House of Commons to expose the true character of the Nice and Savoy bargain. The party there supposed to be most attached to liberty, and most hostile to despotism, was also of opinion that free trade covered a multitude of sins, and has, ever since, accorded its favour to the author of the *coup-d'état*.

Military and diplomatic failures.

Since the Italian war, the military and diplomatic operations of Louis Napoleon have generally resulted in failure, sometimes failure of a very ignominious character.

Mexico, 1860.

The war in Mexico was undertaken in 1860, as he said and possibly believed, for the purpose of rehabilitating the Latin race in the New World; but really, as its pretext rendered probable and the event showed, for the purpose of enriching certain personages nearly connected with the

XV.

1860.

Tuileries. One Jecker, a Swiss adventurer at Mexico, lent the government of President Miramon, then on its last legs, £150,000, and received bonds for £3,000,000. The next president, Juarez, repudiated this transaction, but offered to pay the original sum, and fair interest. Jecker went to Europe, made interest at Paris, got himself invested with French nationality and his monstrous demand adopted as the pretext for armed intervention by France in the affairs of Mexico. England and Spain, having grievances of their own, joined in this intervention, and in sending a joint expedition to Vera Cruz. The conferences which ensued with the Mexican authorities being protracted into the unhealthy season, the French, Spanish, and British representatives asked leave to place their forces, out of the reach of yellow fever, on the table-lands of Orizaba. These table-lands can only be reached through fortified defiles, the passage of which lays Mexico open to invasion. The Mexicans fairly enough said, "You may quarter your men on these table-lands, but you must engage to march them down to Vera Cruz again if the conferences prove abortive." A convention to this effect was signed by the ministers of the three powers. The conferences did prove abortive; and the Mexicans called upon the allies to fulfil their agreement. But the French minister and general said "No," and announced their intention to march on Mexico.

Intervention of France, England and Spain.

Conferences prove abortive.

French breach of terms.

1860.

The Spaniard and the Englishman refused to be concerned in this gross fraud; and I think we owe our minister, Sir Charles Wyke, a debt of gratitude for his firmness in maintaining the good faith of his country. An act more disgraceful to France was never perpetrated, even by the first Napoleon. The results of that act were the loss of thousands of lives; a large addition to the debt of France; the tragical death of the betrayed archduke; the insanity of his wife; and the peremptory summons from the United States for the French army to quit the continent. So ended Napoleon's scheme for the rehabilitation of the Latin race in America. About the same time he proposed a Congress in Europe, and an armistice between the North and the South in the American civil war. Both proposals were declined. In 1866, came the great duel between Prussia and Austria. Napoleon took occasion to announce, with all the gravity and authority of a chief military power, that, if either party obtained any accession of territory, he should claim some equivalent accession for France. When the war was over, and Prussia had annexed Hanover and Cassel, Napoleon revived that claim. "Not an inch of German soil," replied Count Bismarck. "But I mean to protect the interests of South Germany," said the heir of him who had formed and domineered over the Confederation of the Rhine. Bismarck immediately produced his

Spain and England adhere.

Results.

End of Mexican affair.

Prusso-Austrian War, 1866.

France's claims refused by Bismarck.

XV.

1866.

treaty with the South German States, showing that South Germany preferred other protectors than French. Napoleon's next move was to make a

Secret treaty with Holland.

secret treaty with the King of Holland, for the sale of Luxemburg. "Hold," say the other great powers, "Luxemburg must not be sold; the fortress is to be razed, the state neutralised." It is no wonder that a train of humiliations like these, happening to a prince whose task was to keep an enslaved nation in good humour, by conquest and by the exercise of paramount influence abroad, produced irritation and soreness in the minds both of prince and people.

Internal administration of Napoleon III.

Of the internal administration of Louis Napoleon it has long been the fashion to speak well. Paris is certainly a magnificent capital; its debt, colossal

Paris.

Debt.

beyond any known to municipal annals, is also a grand creation; its population, accustomed to be provided with labour at the public expense, a legacy and a problem highly interesting to France and to

Railways, &c.

political economy. Roads, railways, and buildings have overspread the land, owing no doubt in great measure to the tranquillity ensured by government by the sword. France was quiet; she was full of resources and genius, and she accumulated and

Commercial schemes.

attracted capital. Schemes and artifices, for drawing out the hoards of the thrifty, flourished with a luxuriance worthy of our own free and busy land. The *Crédit Mobilier* and the Marseilles Land Com-

XV.

Public scandals.

pany are amongst the monuments of Imperial prosperity. Large fortunes were amassed at Lyons and Rouen and other centres of industry; and fortunes vast and scandalous were made in the public offices and in the Tuileries, where, in the money-making sense, the rule had been that men toiled not, neither did they spin. How these fortunes were made, the outer public caught a glimpse of in a police report some years ago. A committee of gentlemen, promoters of a railway or other work which required a government concession, was one morning assembled in Paris. The subject of their talk was the time and means of obtaining this concession. While they were discussing these, the door opened, and a stranger of engaging aspect walked in. He announced himself as secretary to some great personage, and added, "I know the matter you have in view, and have ventured to drop in to tell you that I can get you what you want. The minister whom you must approach transacts all business through me. You are men of business, and I will therefore at once mention our terms"—and he named a good round sum "half down, and the other half when the concession is in your hands." The men of business were delighted, and a cheque for the first moiety was offered and accepted. Afterwards came reflection and inquiry, and the fellow, turning out to be a swindler, was denounced to the police. But the fact

XV.

remained that to half-a-dozen persons versed in affairs it seemed the most natural thing in the world that one of the Emperor's ministers should send to ask them for a bribe.

Government.

That the Emperor's government, though essentially a military despotism, was, on the whole, mildly administered, seems probable. It is also probable that he himself really hoped and desired to do that which he had talked of till it became a byword—to crown his State edifice with liberty. Some intelligent persons, perhaps, believed that he would succeed in doing that in which Oliver Cromwell had failed, mould a despotism into orderly freedom. In consideration of his supposed desire to do this, even hostile writers and speakers had ceased to call his system by its real name — despotism — and called it by the gentler name of personal government.

Liberal tendencies.

When, last year, he removed the more galling of the press restrictions, and otherwise seemed inclined to enter on the path of constitutional rule, the Liberal opposition in his phantom parliament met him in a friendly spirit, and M. Ollivier, one of its most considerable chiefs, became his Prime Minister. But

Plébiscite.

when he lapsed into his old plebiscitum-chicanery, and submitted a difficult and intricate question, embracing many acts and a long period of time, to universal suffrage, to be resolved by *Yes* or *No*, the better part of his Liberal recruits resigned. Only

XV.

M. Ollivier, nimble of tongue and light of heart, remained, to defend the power he had bearded, practise the tricks he had exposed, and confront the rage of a maddened nation.

Friendship of Emperor toEngland.

It has been said over and over again that the Emperor has always been a good friend to England, and there was a time when "firm and faithful ally" was a phrase stereotyped with his name. I would not deny that he valued the English alliance, and was deeply grateful for the immediate and hearty support which the *coup-d'état* received at the hands of Lord Russell's Government, and for the cordial personal sympathy of Lord Palmerston. Services of this essential kind I feel sure he would acknowledge no less handsomely than the social attentions shown to him when in exile, attentions which he always repaid with interest at the Tuileries.

State of account between him and England.

Russian War.

I will endeavour to place before you the state of the account between this nation and the ex-Emperor. We owe the Emperor the Russian war, into which we drifted in his wake, with all its loss in blood, with £80,000,000 added to our debt, and with whatever check it may have given to the designs and the power of Russia. Many of us, I believe, will be doubtful whether we ought to set down this item to profit or loss. We owe the Emperor such free trade as we enjoy with France, and much intercourse which has engendered, and will continue to pro-

Trade with France.

XV.

Indian mutiny.

Italian revolution.

Large British armaments.

Naval.

Fortifications.

Volunteers.

Secret treaty as to Belgium.

duce, friendly feeling. We had to thank him for an offer of passage for troops through France during the Indian mutiny, an offer which happened to be coupled with an extraordinary flood of abuse in the French press, of which the Emperor was at that time the absolute controller, in fact, the responsible editor. We owe him, in a great part, that Italian revolution which gives Italy a chance of becoming a great and prosperous country such as our philanthropy and commerce love. On the other side we owe him our immense share of those "bloated armaments," and that huge military expenditure which his example forced upon Europe. Our fleets and armies being notoriously the most costly in the world, our share has been proportionally greater than those of our neighbours. In the year of the *coup-d'état* our naval and military estimates amounted to £13,000,000. Since Louis Napoleon became our firm and faithful ally, they have seldom been much under £26,000,000. There have been, besides, the cost, very large, and possibly still unknown, of fortifications, and the cost, impossible to calculate, of our Volunteers. Last of all, there is the secret treaty, by which he proposed, with the assistance or connivance of Prussia, to seize upon Belgium, a neutral state which Great Britain had guaranteed, thereby entailing upon us a choice between war or dishonour. Such is, I believe, the state of the account. Each of us

XV.

The balance.

His words and his official expressions.

will appreciate the items and strike the balance according to some standard of his own. These are the deeds of the Emperor. His words were always very fair, except in February 1858, when the *Moniteur* overflowed with military addresses, in which a battalion of colonels begged to be allowed to march upon London. But for this insult an apology was offered, which would have been ample had it appeared in the *Moniteur*.

Second Empire one of the first Great Powers.

Whatever its character or tendency, the Second Empire was one of the first of the Great Powers. Frenchmen, indeed, would laugh and shrug their shoulders when the dynasty was talked of, or when the Prince Imperial was mentioned as heir to the throne. At the outbreak of the Italian war, a minister high in the confidence of Napoleon was talking on the chances of the struggle. "France has always beaten Austria, and will beat her again," it was remarked. "Very true," says the minister, "the contest as between the two countries is all in favour of France; as between the two Emperors, all in favour of Francis Joseph. He may be beaten and will go back to Vienna; if our Emperor is beaten, he will never come back here, for he fights with a rope round his neck." The Emperor himself was not without a sense of his own insecurity. Some time after his establishment on the throne, one of the chiefs of the British Museum saw him at the

French chances in the Italian war.

Comparisons—Austria and France; Napoleon and Francis Joseph.

Napoleon's sense of insecurity.

XV.

Tuileries, and told him that the Duc d'Aumale had been lately occupying, for purposes of study, the room at the Museum which the Emperor had used during his exile. "Ah," said the Emperor, "I shall very likely one day replace him, as he replaced me." But in this feeling of insecurity one might imagine that there was an element of safety, because the means of defence would be well looked to, the arms carefully furbished, and the powder dry. Such, however, was not the case. We now know how weakness, amounting to collapse, seemed to pervade all branches of the imperial service. French diplomacy had not of late years been able to boast of many triumphs; indeed, it had suffered several signal defeats. But these defeats had not prepared us for such a fall as the Duke de Grammont and Benedetti suffered in their encounter with Count Bismarck. Never was a quarrel picked by clumsier fingers, or in a blaze of broader day. "We object to the Prince of Hohenzollern being a candidate for the throne of Spain," says France. "He is withdrawn," says Prussia. "But your king must promise that he shall never be put forward again," insists France. "We have withdrawn him, and have no intention of putting him forward," replies Prussia. "Nevertheless, I go to war," says France. That was shortly what occurred. The subsequent disclosure of the secret treaty may or may not have been fair; it was very like what

Did not lead to preparation.

Prevailing weakness.

Quarrel with Prussia as to the Hohenzollerns and the crown of Spain.

Secret treaty.

XV.

Lord Clarendon did in publishing the private talk of the late Emperor of Russia about the "sick man;" it was certainly done to discredit Napoleon in the eyes of Europe. "No such treaty," cries Benedetti. "Here it is," cries Bismarck, "in your own handwriting." "But I wrote it," screams Benedetti, "at your own dictation, and in your own room." "Please observe the stamp on the paper," rejoins Bismarck, "you will see it is the stamp of your own embassy."

French duplicity.

State of France before war.

At the beginning of August, Napoleon was Emperor of France, at the head of an army, which his favourite, M. Rouher, the adroit orator who had in former times enacted with great success the part of his talking minister, had told France had been in preparation for four years, and was now perfect. It was armed with the chassepôt, best of rifles, with the mitrailleuse, most terrible of cannon, unknown in other armies. The Emperor was to command in chief, and all Europe was listening to hear him lead off the first note of the dreadful revelry. In the *Confessions* of Rousseau, there is a story how that singular man, being then ignorant of the art of musical composition, gave out that he had written an important piece of music, and invited his friends at Lausanne to perform it. The piece was written out in its several partitions, on the usual ruled paper, and had all the appearance of music. But when the musicians came to try it, they found that

Army.

Emperor's command.

XV.

they produced nothing but a medley of discord, and that they and not their instruments were played upon. As Rousseau arranged his musical signs and assembled his performers, so Napoleon seems to have surrounded himself with the terrible machinery of war. If it had been said in August, that he had entered on the campaign with no plan at all, it would have sounded hostile and hyperbolical. But if the pamphlet called *The Campaign of* 1870 is justly ascribed to the Emperor, it is now known on his own authority that the remark would have been very nearly true. He had prepared a plan by which 150,000 men were to be thrown across the Rhine, in order to cut off North Germany from the Germans of the South; but it was immediately found, from the vicious organisation of the army, to be impracticable. Of any other plan except the plan of retreat upon Chalons there is no trace in the pamphlet. Moreover, that vicious organisation which rendered rapid action impossible, had, it seems, been long deplored by the Emperor. He knew—so he says—that Germany could outnumber him, and that the Prussian system was far more handy and available than his own, and yet he adds—"It was thought that the enemy would not be ready before us." Why this was thought, and by whom, is not recorded; but the next sentence of the pamphlet gives a good reason why such thoughts should

The Campaign of 1870.

Emperor's plans found impracticable.

XV.

not have been indulged in. "The enemy's movements," says the Emperor, "were not known, nor was it known in what quarter his forces were being massed." He confesses ignorance of much that it was essential and not very difficult to know, full knowledge of many things of which total ignorance alone could justify his declaration of war. Knowing the war machinery of France to be cumbrous, slow and uncertain in its working, he adopted a plan requiring above all things swiftness and precision. Claiming to have foreseen, he makes himself responsible for almost all the reverses which have befallen France; and in the long catalogue of her disasters there is hardly one of which the cause does not figure in her Emperor's memorable confessions, except perhaps the carelessness complained of by General Uhrich of Strasburg, "the carelessness which left Strasburg without garrison, without sufficient artillery, without any body of engineers."[1]

His ignorance of enemy's movements.

Of the Emperor's personal doings, we gather little from the pamphlet. We learn indeed that he gave up his retreat to Chalons out of deference to the opinion of M. Ollivier; that he forbade MacMahon's plan of a retreat upon Paris out of deference to the Empress; and that at some time not specified, he

Napoleon's personal doings.

[1] Letter from General Uhrich defending the surrender of Strasburg, dated Basle, 14th October, and printed in *Pall Mall Gazette*, 26th October.

XV.

ceased to command the army or direct the State. In fact, for his share of the campaign we must still be beholden to the official telegrams, and news writers' letters. There, and by no means in the pamphlet, do we find the opening scene—the cruel and useless shelling of Saarbruck, that poor little Louis might receive his famous "baptism of fire." Napoleon is said to be a very fond father, and his fatherly affection might perhaps have led him to put off killing other men's sons till the exigencies of war required it, had not his paramount duty to his dear Parisians required a melodramatic telegram. By a singular blunder, or an equally singular accuracy, the telegram, speaking of balls falling at the feet of the Imperial party, produced the impression that the baptism was administered out of range, news also very pleasant to some of the Parisians.

The Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire."

Then came the news of the burst of the Germans across the Rhine—South Germans, mostly, anxious for French protection—the storming of Weissenburg, the defeats at Wörth and Forbach, and Spicheren, the Emperor's telegram, "a battle is lost, but all may yet be put right," the retreat upon Metz, and the attempt of the Uhlans to capture the Emperor in the night at Longeville. After this we have occasional glimpses of him, sometimes on the road with his long convoy of carriages, protected by strong forces of cavalry; sometimes on the rail, with troops

Germans cross the Rhine.

Weissenburg.

Wörth.

French retreat on Metz.

XV.

and supplies shunted to let the Imperial train go by; once almost alone with his son in a third-class carriage at Verdun. Thence he went to Chalons to be howled at by his troops, if the newspapers were truly informed; afterwards at Rheims, to meet his ministers from Paris. Some time after the 21st August, he resigned the command of the army to Bazaine; and afterwards moved hither and thither without much apparent object—"dragging on," as a French officer expressed it, "in the rear of the army," moaning, "Betrayed, betrayed!" On the 31st of August, he was at Sedan, and issued a proclamation announcing his resignation of the command "to the marshals designated by public opinion," congratulating the troops that they had hitherto prevented the enemy from penetrating up to the capital, and recommending "dastards to martial law and public contempt." Telegrams were about this time rife to the effect that he intended leading charges of cavalry at the first opportunity. Perhaps the intention was never formed; perhaps in the battles before Sedan no opportunity was afforded. Certain it is that on the 2nd of September the white flag was hoisted in Sedan, and the Emperor surrendered himself and an army of 80,000 men. General Wimpffen, who had assumed the command when Marshal MacMahon was wounded, says that he offered to open a passage for the Emperor through

Emperor at Chalons.

Rheims.

Resigns command to Bazaine.

Sedan.

Surrender of Sedan by Napoleon.

XV.

the enemy; but that the Emperor declined, and, unknown to him, hoisted the white flag, "which did harm to the execution of the last offensive movements." Napoleon himself alleges that he could not get out of the town on horseback, owing to the confusion and the block, and that cutting through the enemy was impossible; but he tacitly admits having surrendered without the knowledge of the general in command. Immediately on the news reaching Paris, the Government and the statues of the Emperor were overthrown, and the poor Empress Regent made her escape, alone it is said, in a hack cab. On the 3rd of September, "having been unable to die at the head of my troops, and having laid my sword at the feet of your Majesty," the ex-Emperor was trotting off towards Belgium in his smart green carriage with green and gold liveries, followed by more carriages and more green and gold, amazing the war-worn German soldiers by the spick-and-span neatness of their equipments. So exit the "Saviour of Society" and exit the Second Empire.

Effect of news at Paris.

Escape of Empress.

Exit Napoleon III.

It is hardly possible to conceive a greater contrast than is presented by the fall of these two Napoleons. The one fought for nearly two years at desperate odds—beaten here and there in the persons of his marshals, but generally successful where he himself led; snatching victory out of the very jaws of defeat;

Contrast between two Napoleons.

The uncle.

making his influence felt in front and rear, at Paris, and in the councils of the allies; conquering now and again fresh chances of peace, and still flinging them away in the sheer arrogance of hope and self-reliance; vigilant and cautious, rapid and daring in his strokes, full of manhood, resource, and genius to the last. Of the most of the varied work which filled the days and nights of the uncle, the nephew seems almost incapable; his one great gift seems a sort of dogged endurance, which leaves him at the mercy of all those circumstances and events of life, which are not of a nature to be dealt with, merely by standing or sitting them out. Formerly he used to be credited with a talent for silence, rare amongst Frenchmen, but even that he seems to have lost, if he dictated these confessions of incompetence and imbecility, of culpable ignorance and yet more guilty knowledge, of regret for nothing in the past but his coquettings with free institutions.

The nephew.

On all the war, from the declaration of it to the surrender of Sedan, he does not seem to have exercised any influence whatever, except by deciding that he would go to war, and by hoisting that white flag. Could he, who had made the first Napoleon the study of his life, who wrote of Cæsar, Christ, and Napoleon as if they were all beings of the same order, could he have thought, when he hoisted that flag, of what his uncle said and did when he heard

XV.

of Dupont's capitulation at Baylen, with 20,000 men. When the news reached him, he seemed stunned as by a blow. "Is your Majesty ill?" said his minister Maret, on being suddenly summoned. "No!" "Has Austria declared war?" "Would to God it were only that." He then told the story of the capitulation. "A shameful capitulation," he said, "is a stain on the French name—a wound that never heals. They say there was no other way of saving the soldiers; well, it would have been better had they all perished." Dupont was tried and cashiered; his surrender took place in 1808; he was still in prison in 1814.

His remark as to officers' baggage.

His own.

One remark of the ex-Emperor is especially worthy of notice, if *The Campaign of* 1870 be really his. Amongst other causes of his defeat, the opposition in his phantom parliament, the press, the impenetrable veil of cavalry behind which the Germans marched, the want of order and discipline in the French army, he mentions "the quantity of baggage carried by the officers." Coming from an Emperor, whose war outfit cost 600,000 francs, whose numerous splendid carriages and fourgons, and the trains and troops required to convey and guard them, were the admiration of all the correspondents who had the good fortune to behold them, this remark is the most signal of recent instances of what may be called pot-and-kettle criticism. When General

XV.

Mack was sent from Vienna, in 1799, to drill the Neapolitan army, Nelson, who was at Naples, made this remark—"General Mack a great tactician; he can't move under five carriages; I have formed my opinion of *him*, I pray God I may be mistaken." He was not mistaken, and General Mack lives in history in virtue of his infamous capitulation at Ulm.

Nelson's remark on General Mack.

In this wonderful war of 1870, Napoleon stands forth in the same light as in the early and minor adventures in which he sought his imperial fortunes. As in little things, so in great; as in the barrack-yard of Strasburg, as on the shore at Boulogne, so in the midst of the awful catastrophe at Sedan, he stands before the world confronting fate, passive, helpless, but enduring, believing in his uncle, and himself, and his star. Absolute unfitness for the task which he had set himself to do, is equally evident in each of the three cases. At Strasburg and Boulogne, his mischievous attempts to spill human blood failed with so complete and abject a failure, that his position there was merely comic. In the midst of the carnage and the desolation of this war, it is, alas! only too tragic. Would that it were tragic for him only, and that there were not also tragedy, full of blood and tears, in hundreds of thousands of innocent homes between Poland and the Atlantic.

Napoleon's implicit faith.

His incompetence.

XVI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.[1]

TO offer for your consideration some of the reasons why the memory of Sir Walter Scott should be honoured in an assembly composed mainly of his countrymen, and wholly of his admirers, may seem a very simple task. To state in any adequate manner his services to his country and mankind, would be a task of a very different kind. It would involve nothing less than a review of the literature which he found, the literature which he left, and the literature which a later age has created, and an examination into the part which literature holds in the vital system of a people. I need hardly say that the first and simpler method of treating the subject is the one which I propose to myself, and that, in

XVI.

Reasons for honouring memory of Scott.

Extent of his services to his country.

[1] [Speech delivered in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Walter Scott," at the festival in celebration of his birth (15th August 1771), held in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, on 9th August 1871.]

XVI.

Amount of his work:

as translator;

as original writer;

as poet;

as prose writer.

Miscellaneous writings.

Professional and mercantile occupation.

approaching even that, I am sensible how much I stand in need of your indulgence. I would first remind you of the amount of work accomplished by Scott, and the comparatively brief period in which it was performed. In 1796, his twenty-fifth year, he began to try with literature as a translator of German ballads. But his own original writings, beginning with the *House of Aspen*, and ending with the *Surgeon's Daughter*, all saw the light between 1799 and 1831.

His career as a popular poet may be said to have opened with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, and ended with *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817. His career as our first writer of prose fiction commenced with *Waverley*, in 1814, and closed with his life. By the side of this ample and sparkling stream of original writing flowed another of scarcely inferior volume, consisting of miscellaneous works, editorial, critical, biographical, or historical, of which it is enough to mention the editions of Dryden and Swift, the *Life of Napoleon*, and the *Tales of a Grandfather*. As an officer of the Court of Session and Sheriff of Selkirk, professional work occupied a considerable portion of his time, and so also did the mercantile concerns of which he was unfortunately a partner. For a good many years, the years of seeming financial prosperity, say from 1817 or 1818 to 1825, he was one of the most prominent

XVI.

figures in social life in Scotland, and one of the favourite lions of London. In these busy thirty-two years enough was done to fill the lives of ten not inconsiderable mortals. One of the Homeric heroes seemed to have reappeared upon the earth, clothed in superhuman strength and the wig and gown of a Scotch advocate.

Scott as a poet.

As a poet, Scott, like other great masters of the lyre, may be said to have fulfilled the aspirations, and given full and triumphant truth to the thought, with which many kindred minds have been in labour, but which they had lacked strength to bring forth. In days when letters here in Scotland were still young, there was a strong disposition to gather up, and afterwards a no less strong wish to reproduce, the relics of earliest song. The ballads which collectors like George Bannatyne and Richard Maitland loved, later poets like Allan Ramsay and Elizabeth Halket eagerly imbibed, and so considerable was the power and the industry of these imitators that it has lately been argued with considerable plausibility that the best of our so-called old Scottish ballads belong to the age of Sir Roger de Coverley. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Percy's *Reliques* are later indications of the tendency of thought and taste, which, in another branch of art, was likewise marked by the plaster pinnacles of Strawberry Hill. Scott himself, cradled in the ballad-land, became the

Ballad collectors and writers.

Prevailing tastes.

XVI.

Border Minstrelsy.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Scott's supremacy in metrical romance.

most zealous as well as the ablest of ballad editors, in collecting materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, thinking, as it was said, "of little but the queerness and the fun he was making for himself" for the work of his life. He was also, in no small degree, making at the same time the public taste to which that work was to be submitted. In fulness of time the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was born to fascinate a world athwart which the genius of Burns had lately flashed, but in which Hayley was probably the most popular poet, and the laurels of Dryden certainly wreathed the brow of Pye. Few critics will question the supremacy of Scott, at least in our language, in the field of metrical romance. Opinion may vary as to the rank to be assigned to that class of composition. Other poets have soared higher into the empyrean of thought, or have dived deeper into the mystery of life. But none has ever told his tale with greater breadth of light and shade, or hurried his reader along with a more genial vivacity; none has ever lit up the banquet-hall or the battle-field with more of Homeric fire, or adorned his action with a more exquisite transcript of the scenery of nature. It is in virtue of these qualities that a great poet holds as his own for ever the ground, historical and topographical, which his wand has once touched; and conquests of this kind are, in one sense, a measure of his power. In this

XVI.

Historical romances.

sphere, Scott is certainly the greatest of peaceful and beneficent conquerors in the world of letters. Bannockburn and Flodden are his; Melrose and Dunvegan, and many a fair domain and ancient pile between. The house of Buccleuch is not less indebted to his genius than to the valour of another Sir Walter, the favour of King James, or the good housewifery of the *Lady of the Lake*. Of this city, his own romantic town, he is, in our legal language, the unquestioned feudal superior. It is curious now to turn to his friend Moore's playful allusions to these poetical conquests at the time *Rokeby* was announced, in 1814. Writing in the character of Messrs. Lackington to one of their authors, he says that Scott—

Moore's references to him.

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
And, beginning with *Rokeby*, the job's sure to pay;
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can beat him,
Is to start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs, no revises, long coaches,
May do a few villas before Scott approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursed shabby,
He'll reach without foundering at least Woburn Abbey."

It is needless to remind you that ere the fresh poet alighted at Woburn Gate, Scott had pursued his raid far into England, and with new arms had annexed Ashby and Kenilworth, Whitefriars and Whitehall.

His lyrics.

Had Scott written nothing but his lyrics, he would still hold a distinguished place in letters. "Rosa-

XVI.

belle," "Lochinvar," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Norah's Vow," and the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," will be sung and loved as long as tenderness and melody, pith and vigour, archness, gaiety and delicate humour shall please the ear, inspire the fancy, and touch the heart. These and other songs of Scott have made the tour of the world with the songs of Burns, and haunt the memory of most men who love poetry and speak English. They are the very songs to be sung in a strange land by exiles not much given to weeping and hanging their harps on willows, and who yet, at Vancouver or Hong Kong, very steadily think of Scotland, knowing, or perhaps not knowing, how greatly the Scotland to which their hearts turn is the intellectual creation of Scott. It is the poet's best reward, we are told by Longfellow, to find his song in the heart of a friend. Scott, like Longfellow himself, is a poet who enjoys "love, honour, and obedience, troops of friends." One of the latest of his stranger friends whom I have met with turned up in North-Eastern Siberia. If you will look into the pleasant Tent-life in that country, of Mr. George Kennan, an American surveyor, you will find him discovering analogies between the scenery around him and the Western Highlands of Scott's poetry, and recording how he and his party made the woodlands of Kamtschatka re-echo to the wild and unaccustomed war-notes of "Bonnie Dundee."

Their world-wide fame.

XVI.

As a writer of prose fiction.

I would now ask you to look at Scott as a writer of prose fiction, who, from the stores of his learning, and the spring of his imagination, fed for sixteen years the fancy of the civilised world, ministering no less to the social and moral well-being than the innocent gaiety of nations. The Waverley Novels provided a new pleasure for the reading world, even for the little fastidious world of jaded elderly critics. To him who has never seen the sea or the mountains, the first sight of either becomes an epoch in his life. Many of us, I believe, cherish as a choice reminiscence our first glimpse of the fair imaginary realm which was created by Scott. My own first peep of it I well remember, obtained by means of a review which I got hold of when at an age at which the nature and uses of quarterly criticism were for me as yet very dim. The delight with which I devoured the extracts in small print was only equalled by the disgust with which I floundered among the comments in a larger type, lamentable fits of insanity as I thought then, befalling in some mysterious manner my matchless story-teller. It was not till several years after that the book itself fell into my hands, and the well-remembered names of Isaac of York, Rebecca and Rowena, told me that I had found an old friend in *Ivanhoe*. I venture to mention this trivial personal incident in hopes that it may recall to many of you whom I have the honour to address,

Waverley Novels.

The author's first acquaintance with them.

XVI.

Effect of *Waverley*.

various green spots, diverse and yet similar, of auld lang syne connected with Scott and his writings. The effect which the first Waverley novel may produce on a fresh and imaginative mind, now when Scott has taught his craft to so many cunning hands, can give but a very faint idea of the success of *Waverley*. "The small anonymous sort of a novel," as Scott called it in sending it to Mr. Morris, by the mail of the 9th July, 1814, very speedily took the world by storm. Five years later, on the publication of the eighth of the series, a reviewer so discriminating and so little given to reckless praise, announced that no such prodigy had been known since Shakespeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood. This opinion was recorded upon the appearance of *Kenilworth*, *Nigel*, *Durward*, and various other favourites, scarce less successful than their predecessors. Detailed criticism would be out of place here, where we are met to agree that as Stratford did for Shakespeare, so Edinburgh must do for Scott. The long procession of ideal figures, headed by Waverley and the Baron of Bradwardine, and closed by Richard Middlemas and the French Begum, frowns, stern and solemn, or gay and sportive, correctly or grotesque, of every age and sex, of many desires, periods, and modes of mind, which proceeded from the brain of Scott, have furnished a goodly quota of their number

Kenilworth, *Nigel*, *Durward*.

His characters.

XVI.

Their reality.

to the world's gallery, where the people of the poet's dream stand side by side with the personages of history, and where it often occurs to us, who are the transitory visitors to the show, to exclaim with the Spanish monk before the canvas of Titian—

> "These are the real men,
> And we the painted shadows on the wall."

Who of us, indeed, do not feel Don Quixote and his squire, Hamlet and Falstaff, to be our fellow-creatures quite as truly as Philip III. or the Minister Lerma, or Devereux Cecil or Queen Bess herself? Scott has filled more places in the historical Valhalla than any other writer, Shakespeare alone excepted. To the history of this little corner of Northern Europe, this single Scotchman, bending his big brow over his desk, has given a wide and splendid celebrity, far beyond the reach, at least far beyond the attainment, of the strong hands and stout hearts and busy brains of the whole perfervid race of other days, at home and abroad.

His history.

The Covenanters.

His reading of our national story is probably the version which will long be accepted by the world. In one point, indeed, it was fiercely challenged. The sufferings and services of the Covenanters had made them popular idols, and some good men were startled at being shown that their idols had a comic side, and on being reminded that, in respect and sympathy for freedom of thought, the black Prelatist and the true-

XVI.

blue Presbyterian were in the relative condition of the pot and the kettle in the fable. But I question if any of the controversialists who entered the field against Scott ever recognised more fully than he did that the spirit which leads men to lay down lives for what they hold to be truth is the very breath of national life; if any Whig writer has ever painted a more touching picture of the bitter men of Bothwell-haugh than the novelist who delighted to wear the white cockade of the cavalier. In fact, the good corn of the history of the Kirk seems to owe quite as much to the winnowing it received from Scott as to the painful garnerings of honest Wodrow, in whose husbandry flail and fanner were unknown. If the world beyond the Tweed is likely for long to read Scottish history with the eyes of Scott, it is still more certain to adopt his estimate of the character of our people. Coleridge used to say, "Whenever I have occasion to speak of a Scotch rascal, I always lay the emphasis on Scotch." This principle Scott applied in a somewhat larger spirit. His Scotch characters, Highland and Lowland, tinted with all the delicate shades of local and social colour, gentle and simple, good and bad, are all emphatically Scotch. It is not for a Scotchman to say whether our great painter has or has not been

His Scotch characters emphatically Scotch.

"To all our virtues very kind,
To all our faults a little blind;"

XVI.

but we certainly ought to be well content with the national portraiture, and do each what in us lies to perpetuate its nobler features. The work that Burns yearned after from the depths of his passionate heart, Scott has actually accomplished. From the story of our feuds and factions, from the dust and blood of the past, his genius and his patriotism have culled all that was pure and lovely and of good report, and have woven it into an immortal chaplet for the brow of Caledonia. He has fanned the fire of Scottish nationality without detriment, nay, with positive advantage to that higher and nobler nationality which rallies around the flag whereon the white cross fits so compactly into the red. Wherever the British flag flies it will find no better or truer defenders there than those Scotchmen who best know and love their Scott.

His work has intensified Scotch nationality as well as British.

Amidst moral and intellectual benefits, I must not forget the important contributions of Scott to the material prosperity of his native land. The dead poet whom we celebrate is as distinctly an employer of labour as any of those captains of industry whose looms whirl by the Tweed, or whose furnaces flame along the Clyde. Here, there, everywhere, pilgrims are flocking to the shrines which he has built for himself and his country; and trades and occupations of all kinds flourish by the brain which lies in Dryburgh, as they formerly flourished by the brain of

His effect on material prosperity of Scotland.

XVI.

St. Thomas. Mrs. Dods of the Cleikum, Niel Blane of the Howff, and others, his pleasant publicans, are only a few of those whom Scott has established in a roaring business. When land is to be sold in any district of the Scott countries, his scenes and his characters therewith connected, and even his passing allusions, are carefully chronicled among other attractions in the advertisement, and duly inventoried among the title-deeds of the estate. It would be hard to say how many years' purchase Scott has added to the value of Branksome, or of the Eildon pastures. But there is no doubt that the touch of his pen does in many places form an important element of that unearned increment of value—that, I believe, is the scientific term—which Mr. Stuart Mill and friends propose shortly to transfer from the lords of the soil to the Lords of the Treasury. Some of Scott's truest admirers have been disposed to regret that there is no single piece of his that gives any adequate idea of his greatness. The pangs of parturition were, indeed, unknown to that most prolific of brains. The mighty machinery of his mind worked with the least possible friction. *Waverley* is generally esteemed the most carefully-finished of his tales, yet we know, on his own authority, the two last volumes were written between the 4th of June and the 1st of July. The noble lord who, in a party attack on the most illustrious of his country-

His ease of composition.

XVI.

men, told the House of Commons that one of the Clerks of Session wrote more books than any other person had leisure to read, would probably have accomplished an unusual feat if he had read in one day the forty pages octavo which Scott sometimes wrote in the same period of time. We find that the two sermons which Scott wrote for a clerical friend were promised over-night and placed in his hand next morning. The absence of apparent effort in the exercise of even his highest powers struck all strangers who had an opportunity of observing his talents. Two acute and by no means superstitious observers solved the mystery by ascribing to him something of supernatural power. "There was," says Hazlitt, "a degree of capacity in that large huge double forehead which superseded all effort, and made everything come intuitively and almost mechanically." Captain Basil Hall was at first much exercised by the phenomena, but as he himself kept a very copious journal, and discovered that in one of his visits to Abbotsford he had written in one day about as much as Scott considered a fair day's task, he considered that his wonder was misapplied. "No such great matter after all," concluded the gallant captain; "it is mere industry and a little invention, and that we all know costs Scott nothing." In fact, among his intimate friends the marvellous facility and fecundity of the man

His two sermons.

Observations of Hazlitt and Captain Basil Hall.

XVI.

ceased to excite any surprise. Even the faithful and affectionate Laidlaw, his amanuensis in times of sickness, used to forget himself and everything else in the interest of the tale he was writing down. If the dictation flagged, he would say, "Come, sir, get on—get on;" and would receive the characteristic reply, "Hout! Willie, you forget I have to invent the story!" It is natural at first sight to regret all this headlong haste, and to wish that four or five of the novels had been compressed into a perfect work of art, into a "gem of purest ray serene," altogether worthy of the mind whence it came. No doubt the rule of Goldsmith's *connoisseur* is generally a sound one, that the picture would have been better had the painter taken more pains; and if we can conceive such a thing as a pedagogue seated with a row of possible Walter Scotts before him, it would be highly proper that he should impress the maxim on their young minds. But as the genius of Scott was in so many points exceptional, it is possible that it may have worked under special laws of its own, and that something of the charm of his works may belong to their rapid and spontaneous flow, like the rush of a river or melody from the throats of birds—

His haste in writing.

His genius exceptional.

"That carol their secret pleasures to the spring."

The influence of Scott upon literature, both at

XVI.

His influence on literature.

His verse.

home and abroad, was immense. Whatever he did, whatever attire he chose to assume, at once became the fashion. The apparent ease of his verse, the fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure, procured him a large poetical following, in which there were, no doubt, many figures strange to see, like the alderman, in whose person Holywood saw

> "Royal Albyn's tartans as a belt
> Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt."

His disciples.

Byron.

Macaulay.

Aytoun.

Father of historical romance.

But his school can likewise boast of several disciples of rare genius. His presence may be felt in some of the earlier tales of Byron; from his shrine comes some of the fire that burns in "Ury" and the "Armada," and the *Roman Lays* of Macaulay, and in the *Cavalier Ballads* of our own still lamented Aytoun. Of the historical romance in prose he may be called the father; and never had literary sire a more goodly offering to the second generation—

> "By many names men call them,
> In many lands they dwell."

In France, Hugo de Vigny, the elder Dumas; in Spain, Fernan Caballero; in Italy, Manzoni and D'Azeglio; in Germany, Zschokke and Alexis; in America, Cooper; at home, Grattan, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray, are only a few of the writers well known to fame, who have essayed to bend the bow

XVI.

of Scott. Of living English writers I will not speak. Many names will at once occur to you all, and I am sure that the most famous of the band would be the foremost in rendering homage to their great master. If the words that Scott wrote to Mr. Cadell, in 1830, were somewhat over-charged then, they are more near the truth in 1871. "The fact is," he wrote, "I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself." In truth, Scott's art, using the word in the larger sense, was like that of Falstaff, who was witty himself and the cause of wit in other men. Even in the fields less peculiarly his own than fiction, his influence was very great. His writings stimulated historical research in a hundred directions; and he was the founder of the Bannatyne Club, parent model of many similar societies prolific of goodly quartos. In his romances the delighted reader had found himself brought face to face with personages whom he had before seen only as in a glass darkly. Historians began to take a leaf out of the great novelist's book, to use a style more dramatic and pictorial, to develop individual character, and bestow unwonted pains on accessories of time and place. Is it too much to say that we probably owe to the example of Scott some of the most graceful digressions of Hallam; something of the splendid scene-painting of Macaulay; something of the electric

Stimulation to historical research.

His style copied by historians.

Hallam.

Macaulay.

XVI.

Carlyle.

light flashed over many famous men and into many dark places from the pen of Carlyle? Is it unreasonable to suppose that his great genius has exercised an influence, not the less real because untraced, unseen, unsuspected, like the influence of the Gulf Stream diffusing itself through our western sounds and sea-coasts in softer verdure and richer foliage?

His own character and life.

Of all the legacies which Scott has bequeathed to mankind, I believe none is more precious than his own character and life. Happy in many things, unhappy in a few, he was singularly happy in a biographer.

Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

Among our chosen book companions, among the friends that can never alter nor forsake, Lockhart's *Life of Scott* deserves to hold a place of chief honour and ready access. I doubt whether the world has ever been told so much about any one man by any single biographer —whether the life of a great man has ever fallen into the hands of a writer with equal opportunity of knowing the whole truth, and equal faculty for telling; and whether the whole *Biographie Universelle* can furnish a single other name that would show so fair if the whole life which belonged to it were unrolled like that of Scott, year by year, almost day by day, before the gaze of his fellow men.

Contemporary appreciation.

The admiration with which Scott was regarded during the larger portion of his life was great, but the love and affection which he inspired during his whole

XVI.

Appreciation abroad.

His friends.

life was still greater. Warmly and widely loved before he was famous, he in later days attracted the regard of various remarkable persons to whom his fame was an unknown quantity. In Paris, in 1815, among all the celebrities of Europe, he seemed especially to fascinate Buscher and Platoff the Cossack, the latter of whom, cantering down the Rue de la Paix, would jump off his horse to kiss him. It is highly improbable that either the Prussian field-marshal or the Hetman of the Cossacks of the Don knew much about either *Marmion* or *Waverley*, or that they were influenced by anything deeper than the frank kindly aspect of the stalwart ex-volunteer, with "that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality, courage and tenderness," which Haydn assures us "neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched." How variegated with all the hues of character is the best of his friends! Jeffrey, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Southey, Haydn, George IV., are only a sample of those who, differing from one another on many things, agreed to love and honour Scott. The reverence in which he was held, from their first acquaintance, by Lockhart, is of itself no small proof of his titles to be revered and honoured. With the intellectual life of his time, Scott's relations were as genial as those which bound him to its social life. His career had no incident to the *Quarrels of*

XVI.

Authors. His high, frequently too high, appreciation of the writings of his contemporaries was one of the most noticeable of his many pleasant traits of character. Washington Irving, after passing a few days at Abbotsford in 1817, was convinced that his host was the author of the Waverley Novels, because they were the only important works of the day he had never quoted. How characteristic is Scott's reminiscence of Burns, and his pride in having, as a boy, helped the poet to the authorship of some lines by Langhorne, and having received a grateful look from him in return. From this, which was probably his first meeting with any distinguished man of letters, to that which was probably one of the last, at Naples, when, being under the delusion that his debts were all paid, he offered pecuniary aid to Mr. William Gall, the record of his relations with his brethren of the pen is a record of brotherly kindness, encouragement, furtherance, earnest sympathy in success or in disappointment, of gifts of money when he had it, of hours of time when time was to him in a special manner money.

His high appreciation of others.

His reminiscence of Burns.

His kindness.

Much has been written and said about Scott's desire to found a family upon the estate which his industry had acquired. It has been urged that being the Ariosto of the North, the Cervantes of his native land, it was pitiable that he should have

His desire for posterity.

XVI.

cared to be Scott of Abbotsford—a kind of distinction frequently achieved and enjoyed by his Andrew Fairservices and Nicol Jarvies. This view of the case seems to leave out of sight the important fact that the Scott was as strong within him as the Ariosto or Cervantes, and that if he had been devoid of one of the strongest tendencies of the race from which he was sprung, he would not have been the Walter Scott we have met here to celebrate. In the higher part of his character, he was a poet; in the everyday concerns of life he was a shrewd, practical man of the world. Hence, having acquired wealth by an unusual path, he invested that wealth very much as any one of his friends might have done who had acquired it by the practice of law or the weaving of wool. In his case, land had a peculiar attraction, for he had loved the country from his cradle, and, by its possession, he was enabled to realise, or to try to realise, the half-feudal, half-patriarchal life of his day-dreams. The existence of a certain number of families, with more or less of permanence in the possession of the soil, and enjoying more or less of social importance, was, according to his political theories, essential to the welfare of an ancient kingdom. There was nothing inconsistent or unworthy that a man, holding this theory, should desire that, among those families, his descendants should be found. The popular and

His shrewd, practical side.

His feudal ideas.

prevailing theory is, of course, of an opposite kind. But, for some cause or other, which it is not for me to explain, when the holders of this theory buy land, it seems to lose its grasp of their vigorous and enterprising minds. They, too, build and plant on a scale altogether feudal; and their walls and windows blaze with heraldry, just as if romantic poetry and old-fashioned Toryism had been their profession and their creed.

Scott's politics.

Even of Scott's politics, so characteristic of the man, I will venture to say a word. They were the opinions naturally growing up with the man who had been unable to feel any enthusiasm for French liberalism in 1789, and had rejoiced in the fall of the French Napoleon, in 1815, before a European coalition mainly formed and set in motion by the Tory ministry of England. Such as they were, the views of the young advocate, defending a house-breaker at Jedburgh, were those of the favourite at Carlton House, which is more than could be said for some of the few folks he met there. On the whole, I believe few of us will be disposed to regret that he did not go over to the winning side in 1831 —a year of rapid change and sudden conversion. He had chosen his party, and adhered to it strictly; but there was nothing in his tenets nor in his attitude that was ignoble, or narrow, or incongruous. His once famous "Malagrowther's Letters" show that he

XVI.

was no slave to party allegiance, and that, in the midst of his own anxieties and disasters, the call of public duty found him no niggard of his time and toil. His writings show that while his own opinions were firmly held, he was ever mindful of how much may always be said on the other side. Tories may well be proud that the most illustrious author of his day was a Tory. Not a few Radicals I believe there are who will think more kindly of Toryism for his sake, just as I am sure that any repugnance to the Radical faith must have been much softened by any one who had enjoyed the benignant converse of another great man lately taken from us—George Grote.[1]

His weakness.

Those who are most disposed to discover evidence of weakness in this or that portion of Scott's conduct, will admit that such weaknesses only brought into nobler prominence the indomitable fortitude with which he confronted the misfortunes of his later years. One weakness he unquestionably had—that of reluctance to look disagreeable facts in the face. But for this, his financial disasters would probably never have overtaken him. He could, however, as few men could, set his face as a flint against the inevitable, in declining years and health, and take up arms against a sea of troubles with all the energy of

Reluctance to face disagreeable facts.

His energy against difficulties.

[1] Grote died June 18, 1871.

XVI.

His financial struggles.

youth. There is nothing more tragic in the story of literature than his memorable struggle—from the entry in his diary of 24th January 1826—"I will dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds, or what may sell for such, to make good my engagements"—to the closing scene, when six years of such incessant digging had done their work on the noble intellect, and when the rocks of Panlippe and the companion lake beyond could elicit no other words from the weary pilgrim but—

> "It's up the craggy mountain,
> And down the mossy glen,
> We canna gang a milking
> For Charlie and his men."

His sacrifices.

For myself I can never take down, for instruction or amusement, a volume of Scott's writings, published in or after 1826, without thinking of the circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the well of Bethlehem, which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life. May the day never come in Scotland when we shall forget that noble and beautiful life, with its triumphs and its joys, and its sorrows and its lessons!

Events of the century.

The century which closes with the hundredth anniversary of his birth has been a century full of great capacities, great achievements, and colossal and unparalleled events. Within the lifetime of Scott,

XVI. died Clive and Hastings, the founders of our Indian empire; Chatham expired in the senate, and Nelson on the quarter-deck; Fox, Burke, the younger Pitt, Canning, and many more, died in the fulness of parliamentary fame; Wellington lived and conquered; and a host of writers, philosophers, and inventors inscribed their names in the book of fame. Of all these statesmen, soldiers, and their kings, two only have been thought worthy of our national recognition, both poets, both Scotsmen—Burns and Scott.

XVII.

RECTORIAL ADDRESS: EDINBURGH.[1]

CHANCELLOR, VICE-CHANCELLOR, MEMBERS OF THE SENATUS, AND STUDENTS,—My first duty to-day is to thank the students of the University for the honour they have conferred upon me in placing me in the chair of Rector. To have his name permanently connected, by the ties of an important office, with the metropolitan University, is an honour of which any Scotchman may justly be proud. To be the successor of Carlyle, Gladstone, and Moncreiff, is in itself no small distinction; and that distinction is in no slight degree enhanced by the circumstances of the recent election, and by the character and position of the learned gentleman to whom I have been preferred. At the Bar and in Parliament, Sir

Thanks.

Predecessors in office.

Opponent.

[1] Address to the Students of the University of Edinburgh. Delivered on the 5th February, 1872, at his installation as Rector.

XVII.

Roundell Palmer has achieved a foremost place amongst the jurists and statesmen of his country; and, by his preference of political principle to the highest prize of his profession, he has established a special claim to the regard and the confidence of his countrymen, and has naturally enlisted in his favour the enthusiasm and the suffrages of generous youth. In electing me instead of my distinguished opponent, I am well aware that the students have incurred the risk of depriving the University of possible service of a kind which I have no hope of being able to render. If occasion should arise to demand such service, I fear the University must submit to no inconsiderable loss. On the other hand, the accidents of living on this side the Tweed, and of having more time at my own disposal, enable me to perform the ordinary duties of this office with a punctuality which could not reasonably be expected from a forensic and Parliamentary leader, who may any day sit on the woolsack. Of such qualifications for office as I happen to possess, I can assure those who placed me in the Rector's chair that it is my desire and intention to give the University the full benefit, and, in so doing, I hope in some degree to justify their confidence.

Performance of duties.

It is impossible, at least for those who have attained or who have passed middle life, to regard an audience such as I have now before me without interest and emotion. That precious heritage, time

Interest in audience.

XVII.

Value of time.

and opportunity, of which we have had our share, which so many of us have so egregiously squandered, which so few of us can honestly say we have made the most of, is now before you to waste or to improve. In your studies, here and elsewhere, you have learned by experience something of its value; and in the eminent persons who conduct the business and sustain the high reputation of the University, you have ever before your eyes models whose earnest and successful toil may stimulate you to follow their example. Many of you, no doubt, will walk in the ways of the older generation, and share our errors and our regrets. Even here, the cynic may say, "The thing which hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." That is true, no doubt, of the passing generation: we have probably seen its best; and we may esteem ourselves fortunate if we have also seen its worst. But no man can pretend to judge what your best may be. The future, with all its hopes and its possibilities, lies before you. For some of you may be in store the great prize of human endeavour—to achieve something which may enable you to leave the world somewhat better than you find it. Upon you, collectively, will depend the life and the ways, the moral and intellectual tendencies, of various circles of society in many scattered localities, and, in no mean degree, the complexion

The past.

The future.

Collective influence on society.

XVII.

of our national fortunes. This thought must, I am sure, be ever in the minds of those whose duty it is daily to meet and address you in your various classes. It must therefore impress itself still more deeply upon the mind of one who comes here a stranger to most of you, and who enjoys through your kindness a single opportunity of offering some words of friendly greeting and counsel.

Exhortation to diligence

I would first urge on you all the necessity, above all things, of diligence in the studies of which this University is one of the chosen seats. You come here first to perfect yourselves in an art which you partially acquired elsewhere, the most important of

and use of faculties.

all arts, the art of learning. For the successful practice of this art, of which life is the field, the faculties of perception, memory and judgment, each require to be exercised and strengthened and brought into the highest state of efficiency; and to that end, each of the branches of a liberal education has its special use. The second object of your studies is the acquisition of knowledge in itself useful, the furnishing of your minds with provision and ammunition for the voyage and the warfare of life—with oil for the intellectual lamp, which must be ready at hand

Order of education disputed.

if it is to be used to advantage. The order in which these two objects of education ought to be ranked—whether the ploughing of the mind be a more important part of university work than the sowing—

XVII.

has long been a question in dispute, and one which may well remain in suspense. The advocate of one can hardly exaggerate its importance, short of the error of disparaging the other. Johnson somewhere says, "Let it be always remembered that life is short, that knowledge is endless, and that many doubts deserve not to be resolved." This I venture to think is one of them. If there were any branch of your studies here that bore any analogy to the crank of prison discipline or the shot drill of military service, where severe toil is compensated with nothing but the chance of strengthened muscle, there might be some ground for pressing for a solution of our doubt. But here no subject is submitted to you the mastering of which is not in itself a real and considerable gain.

Ancient languages.

It has lately been the fashion to depreciate the study of the ancient languages, and the crusade has had the more influence on the public mind that it has been led or recruited by some of the most brilliant of our classical scholars. On the other hand, classical literature has not wanted warm and eloquent defenders. I hope it may never lack diligent and successful students. It will hardly be pretended that a mastery over the Greek tongue—the most perfect and flexible instrument of thought—and its younger sister Latin, or even a fair acquaintance with these tongues, and all the varied knowledge of men and things and speculation which such mas-

XVII.

Their value in grasping English.

tery or acquaintance imply, is not a most enviable and valuable possession. Even those who say our mother tongue ought to be the language to which our days and nights should be chiefly devoted, will find it hard to point out a surer way to a practical grasp of the resources of English, than by confronting it with the pages of Thucydides and Tacitus, and searching its treasury for words of various hue to match their many-coloured diction. An accurate verbal knowledge of these great languages is not to be obtained without the expenditure of much patient labour, and without the mind of the student becoming imbued with the spirit of antique thought. But it is not mere verbal knowledge which your teachers here endeavour to convey to you. Their own writings have conclusively shown that their desire is to make you, for the time, citizens of Athens and of Rome—to make you to partake of the life of the old world, and to steep your minds in its art and philosophy. A man who is wholly ignorant of that world is but partially acquainted with the world of his own life, with the distant springs of its thought —the fountains of that unwritten law by which our beliefs, our hopes, and our daily conduct are fashioned and directed. He who is ignorant of the philosophy of him who taught the Athenians that self-knowledge was the most important of all knowledge, and that it was better to suffer evil

Labour required.

Disadvantages of ignorance of ancient life.

XVII.

than to do evil—is but imperfectly informed of the scope and higher significance of that later Teacher who taught the Galileans—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them."

Two objections to classical teaching—its inefficiency; time occupied.

The objections to classical teaching seem to be chiefly two—that it is more frequently than any other given in a specially inefficient manner, and that it occupies precious time that might have been better employed. The first objection was certainly true in my day. Classical Oxford sent forth men who pleaded, as an excuse for wonderful ignorance of common things, the Greek and Latin bondage in which they had been held, and who yet had little Latin and less Greek. Their position might have been very painful had not mathematical Cambridge furnished her due quota of men equally free from all kinds of book knowledge, including mathematics. Now, I hope that this state of things is hardly possible. Every young man knows, and every teacher of youth knows, that at the portals of every profession, and of all the chief roads of life, there stands an examiner with a paper of questions in hand, who must be satisfied ere admission is obtained. No system or place of education was ever so bad that a good deal could not be learned under or in it by those who desired to learn; none will probably ever be so perfect that no idler can be sent empty away. The penalty paid by idleness is

Once real;

now removed.

Guarantees of efficiency.

XVII.

no surer now than it has always been; but instead of being paid through life in small instalments, so considerable a portion is now exacted at the threshold of life in one sum, that it is to be hoped its deterrent influence may be greater than of old.

Classical learning worth time.

The objection founded on the waste of time hardly admits of a general answer. Time should be certainly employed to the best advantage; and what the best advantage is must, in each case, much depend on the student's plan of life. A liberal education implies a competent knowledge of various branches of study, and no single branch should be pursued to the exclusion of any one of the rest. Of classical learning I would merely say, that in order to obtain a sure hold of it, I would be willing, if need were, to postpone to a later period other accomplishments which, such hold obtained, would be the more easily within my reach. But I am far from desiring to disturb the ancient equality of the Muses by placing one of the sisterhood on an eminence. I would rather say that the student who is conscious of a strong preference for one of them should find, in that preference, a reason for paying some court to the others. Expand and cultivate, by all means in your power, your sympathies with every kind of intellectual endeavour. Studies which in their first aspect are not joyous but grievous, are probably those from which most satisfaction and profit may be gained, if they be

Studies hard at first most fruitful.

XVII.

But conquest brings strength.

manfully grappled with and overcome. Life is certain to present, even to the most favoured, some tasks which are tough, distasteful and repulsive; and he who, in his scholastic training, has learned to cope with such tasks and conquer them, will be best prepared to breast the hill of difficulty when the path of duty lies over its summit. The sages of the old world discovered, long ago, that the whole circle of knowledge was embraced by a single chain, and the more firmly we can grasp, and the further we can follow this noble zone, the better for the vigour of our mental faculties and our human sympathies.

Investigation of truth.

I would earnestly impress upon you the advantage of cultivating a taste for the investigation of truth, as the safest, the purest, and most lasting of all pleasures. Many of those who have been most eminent in the practical work of life have testified to the benefits they derived from the prosecution of some study, apart from their special work, and the effect of such study in preserving the elasticity of their minds. Many here present could furnish similar testimony. The only difficulty is to choose the field, out of fields so many and so vast. Science, art, philosophy, history, literature, each points the way to an endless library of its own. In history alone, how considerable is the area of which every student must make up his mind to remain in comparative ignorance. It is now about 250 years since

Side studies.

Extent of knowledge.

XVII.

Bodleian Library.

Historical writers.

Native historians recent.

Hume.

Robert Burton, one of the most famous of our English *helluones librorum*, sounded the praises of Sir Thomas Bodley, and that great Oxford library, which our own King James wished to have for his prison, if fate ever made him a prisoner, where he might pass his life chained amongst books—"*his catenis illigari, cum hisce captivis concatenatis ætatem agere.*"[1] Burton speaks with peculiar pride of the writers of his time who dealt in history and topography, calling them mostly by their Latinised names—Braunus, Hogenbergius, Maginus, Merula, Boterus—amongst whom the name of Camden alone represents the historical genius of his own country, and is also one of the few who still have some existence beyond the walls of the library. With the exception of Camden, Shakespeare, and a few chroniclers, the historical writers of this island have been born since Burton was laid beneath the pavement of the Cathedral of Christ Church. So late as 1754, David Hume could write that our language had produced no remarkable historical monument.[2] Ninety years later, in 1842 and 1843, how different was the aspect of English historical literature, when

[1] At his visit in 1605. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 2, sec. 2, mem. 4, 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1827, i. p. 423.

[2] Of Camden's *History of Queen Elizabeth*, he remarks, that "it is amongst the best historical productions which have yet been composed by any Englishman. It is well known that the English have not much excelled in that kind of literature."—*History of James I.*, Appendix.

XVII.

Advance during century.

Modern British historians.

Dr. Arnold delivered those fine lectures on modern history which are, or ought to be, familiar to every historical student. Hume himself stood at the head of a noble phalanx of historians, of whom he was not the greatest. To the generation which has since elapsed belong a legionary list of names—Arnold himself, Milman, Grote, Macaulay, Merivale, Carlyle, Froude, Burton, Freeman, and many more. The new materials for history of nearly all the countries of Europe, in the shape of original papers of all kinds, published by governments, learned societies, or private enterprise, have even more than kept pace with the number of new historians.

Dr. Arnold's advice.

Let me offer to you, or recall to your memories, one of the counsels which Dr. Arnold gave to his students at Oxford:—"I cannot too earnestly advise every one who is resident in the University to seize this golden time for his own reading, whilst he has the riches of our libraries at his command, and before the pressure of actual life has come upon him, when the acquisition of knowledge is mostly out of the question, and we must be content to live upon what we have already gained."[1] Here it will be possible for you to follow to some fair extent his rules for historical reading. One of these is to select some particular period for investigation, and

Select a special period.

[1] Arnold's *Lectures on Modern History*, delivered at Oxford in 1841. 8vo, London, 1860, Lecture i. p. 69.

XVII.

to make that investigation as thorough as time and means permit. Do not be content with modern histories, which, written in and for a later age, must be more or less coloured by its feelings, but go also to the writers who saw the events they describe. If, for example, you would study the Reformation struggle in Germany, the classic pages of Robertson will give you a fair, dispassionate summary of facts; but for the true colour and passion of the time, you must likewise read Protestant writers like Sleidan or Ascham, who can scarcely mention with patience the faith in which they were born and bred, and Catholic writers like Luis de Avila, who thought that the will of the House of Austria should be the law of the world. The by-ways of history, journals, memoirs and travels will often afford more vivid glimpses of the life of the past than its royal roads, which traverse great cities and famous battle-fields. Nowhere now, so far as I know, will you find the manners, the philosophy, even the aspect of men and things as they were in France during the reigns of the later kings of the house of Valois so well photographed as in the *Essays* of Montaigne. Of the outward life of Italy during the same period a charming sketch has been preserved for us in the rough notes of the less-known *Journey*[1] of the

Read the contemporary writers.

By-ways of history.

Montaigne's *Essays*.

His *Journey*.

[1] *Journal du Voyage de Michel de Montaigne en Italie en* 1580–1581. 4to, Rome and Paris, 1774.

XVII.

same fascinating writer. Florence and Rome are there as he saw them, with their pageants and festivals, their chariot races and other antique games, their long religious processions; we can take the baths with him at Lucca, hear of the latest ravages of the Turk on the neighbouring coast, listen to the adventures of repentant renegades, the tales of the quacks and *improvvisatori*, and the songs of the peasantry "with," as he says, "lutes in their hands and Ariosto in their mouths."

De Thou.

In the whole noble history of De Thou—the greatest and the fairest history of his own time ever composed by any writer—I remember no passage which sends so clear a ray into the heart of that time as a small incident carelessly recorded in his own personal memoirs.[1] Trifling in itself, this incident, taken with its surrounding circumstances, brings before us the troubled outer world of that stormy period, with a glimpse of the little quiet worlds of toil and thought of which the most tempestuous ages are likewise largely composed. De Thou was passing through one of the seats of the civil war, in 1589. He had lately heard of the destruction of his household goods in the sack of La Fere, and was riding, in a very anxious frame of mind, into the town of Chateau Thierry about sunset. As he made his way

[1] Memoirs prefixed to the *Histoire Universelle*, &c., J. A. De Thou. 16 vols. 4to, London, 1734, i. p. 178.

XVII.

through the streets, filled with armed men, a monk put his hand on his rein and stopped him. It turned out to be one Pierre Picherel, a great scholar and an old friend. De Thou eagerly asked the news, but the good man could tell him none; nothing but this, that in spite of the tumults he had been at work that day for fourteen hours on his *Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul*, which he had finished that very evening; and that he hoped the war would soon be over and allow him to publish it, for he was seventy-nine. That evening stroll of the commentator, taking the air, amongst the pikemen and musqueteers in the street of Chateau Thierry, at the close of his life's labour, as a characteristic picture of the literary life of the sixteenth century, may match that other picture so well known to us all, of the literary life of the eighteenth, of Gibbon in his *berceau* walk by the moonlight shore of Lake Leman.

Value of the judicial faculty.

A small historical field, carefully traversed and examined by all the lights that can be brought to bear on it, will do more to inform the mind of the student than a rapid survey of a wider area. It will tend to form habits of accuracy, and strengthen the capacity for seeking for evidence, and weighing it when found. The value of cultivating the judicial faculties can hardly be over-estimated. If these be largely and seriously exercised on the men and events of the past, they will be less likely to fail us

XVII.

Grote.

Dean Stanley's sermon on Grote.

when brought to bear on those of our own time. I was present last June at the first meeting of the Senate of the University of London, after the death of Mr. Grote, who had for many years usually presided over that body as Vice-Chancellor. In the brief and touching tributes to the memory of a great and good man then spoken, by old friends and contemporaries, out of the fulness of their hearts, I well remember the prominence that was given to his love of justice—to the ever-present desire to give every man his due—which marked the writings of the historian no less than the conduct of the man. In the remarkable funeral sermon, preached a few days afterwards in Westminster Abbey, the eloquent Dean was able to say of him, what many in a vast audience could confirm from their own knowledge, that "to be just was the motive and controlling check of his whole intellectual life;" and he recalled to Mr. Grote's friends his habit "of slow, deliberate enunciation, with which, even on trivial matters, he would drop out, syllable by syllable, his slow unimpassioned judgments, as though he feared a single phrase should escape him that was not absolutely true."[1] This trait of a great man lately taken from amongst us, honoured and loved by many friends differing

[1] *The Religious Aspect of History*, a Sermon preached at Westminster, June 25, 1871, by A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 8vo, London, 1871, p. 6.

XVII.

widely in other things from each other, I commend to your notice. With a very earnest desire to say something that may dwell in your memories, I have no better advice to offer than that you should cultivate a similar spirit.

Sober-mindedness.

This, I suppose, was an important element in the condition of mind St. Paul had in view when he told the first bishop of Crete to exhort the young men there to be "sober-minded." Sober-mindedness implies candour, patience, discrimination; it is to analyse and compare, and to be slow to set up our own experience as a general standard. An Englishman, new to the Highlands, passing through a northern deer-forest, remarked to his native companion that he was surprised to see no trees there. "Trees," said the Highlander, with undisguised contempt, "wha ever heard tell o' trees in a forest?" Each was partly in the right; the word forest having different meanings beside the Severn and the Spey. But men with no wider difference between them than this, have frequently come to blows, actual or metaphorical, on various important subjects for want of a little sober-mindedness. It is one of the few drawbacks to be set against the advantages of our free party government, that this virtue is somewhat rare, and perhaps not very popular. Our political habits and modes of thought are not very favourable to its growth. Political chiefs, possibly from the necessity of the case,

XVII.

are much addicted to blowing their own trumpets—each lost in admiration of his own exploits—

> "Like Katterfelto with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

If, now and then, a prominent politician takes a more calm and dispassionate view of affairs, it is not from those actively engaged in politics that his words meet with most approval. I hope the education furnished by our Universities will be found each year to promote more and more that cool judgment which, making itself felt in various centres of thought, is as the real ballast of the State vessel. There certainly never was a time when the character and tendencies of our youth were of greater importance to the nation. We have amongst us a body of politicians, considerable both in numbers and ability, whose motto seems to be, "Whatever is, is *worst*." Their course of procedure is to point to this or that institution, and demand of mankind in general why it ought not to be abolished. The monarchy has been lately pointed at in this interrogative way; but the illness of the Prince of Wales and the national feeling which it evoked has proved that he who, a generation ago, was hailed by a great imaginative writer as the "Child of the Islands," is still regarded as their eldest hope. Still it is probable that we shall hear more of these questions, and that the solution of them

Cool judgment.

Abolitionist politicians.

XVII.

Study national history and foreign history.

may be in the hands of your generation. In this view, I would say, study the history of your country and its greatness, and examine the institutions it is proposed to destroy; study the history of other lands, and examine the nature and working of the institutions in favour of which it is proposed to supersede our own. After such preparation, public questions will be approached with less passion as well as more knowledge of the magnitude of the interests involved.

Party.

As to party, I would say, be slow to form any ties of that kind. Think once, twice, even thrice, before adopting any party Shibboleth; and remember that saying it backwards has a very unpleasant sound, though many eminent men have tried hard to make the performance euphonious.

Change of opinion.

Changes of opinion are inevitable as circumstances change; but the reasons that men give for passing from party to party generally show that the process is not satisfactory even to themselves. A very frequent reason, I believe, is, that in youth they have been too eager for the fray, have hastily assumed armour which they had not proved, and have expressed the opinions of others before they had formed their own.

Mr. Freeman's change of party.

"When I was a child," said the able historian of the *Norman Conquest*, Mr. Freeman, at Bradford, a few days ago—"when I was a child I was a Tory, but when I became a man I put away

XVII.

Southey's.

Toryism and all other childish things."[1] Another great writer, Southey, when twitted with the Radicalism of his young days, used to say, "I am no more ashamed of having been a Radical than of having been a boy." In fact, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is a proverb that may be borne in mind with advantage in the choice of a party as well as of a wife. Better "long choosing and beginning late" than beginning early and choosing wrong.

Religious questions.

It is not only in questions political that you will find occasion to cultivate sober-mindedness. Religion and the relations of man to the unseen world, are studied with greater diligence, probably engage the serious attention of a larger number of minds, than at any previous period. I believe they are discussed now with somewhat more moderation than they were in times within my recollection, and that there is amongst the better combatants of the two camps of authority and free inquiry a sincere desire to understand each other's arguments and views. There is, however, still much room for more sober-mindedness. This is not the time or place to enter upon any of these disputed questions. But to those of you who, professionally or by preference, may be called to deal with them, I would submit some

[1] Speech at a Ballot-Meeting at Bradford, January 22, 1872, reported in *Scotsman*, 23rd January.

XVII.

Sugges-tions.

Problems.

Past.

Present.

Free in-quiry.

Its attrac-tions.

Its hopes.

Conflicting principles.

suggestions. The problems now debated by many thoughtful minds appear to us of the highest interest and importance. Yet, they are perhaps not higher or deeper than various other problems which agitated States and Churches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which have been swept unsolved into the limbo of vanity or indifference. Is it not possible that some of our favourite topics may in turn be unable to get a hearing from our descendants? For the mass of mankind, the right of what is called free inquiry can never be anything more than the right of holding their judgments altogether in suspense, or of transferring their allegiance from one authority to another. To a select few, equipped with all the appliances of learning and leisure, it may become something more; and to many, especially of the young, its attractions are irresistible. For them there is always the hope of reaching some mountain-top in the cloudland, some *terra firma* in the chaos, which has been inaccessible to previous explorers. It is easy to see that the antagonistic principles of faith and doubt have each in turn played a great part in the advancement of mankind in virtue and happiness; but when they come into collision in particular cases, the adjustment of their respective claims is an operation so difficult and delicate, and involves so many collateral considerations, that wise men will pro-

XVII.

Rash speculations.

Teaching with knowledge.

bably not be the first to speak. Rash and crude speculations on these subjects are always to be reprehended, whether they take the form of attack on received opinions or of defence of these. It is clearly dishonest for a man to profess to teach things which he does not know, or only imperfectly knows; and I hope the day will come when such teaching, on whatever subject, will be no less discredited than it is discreditable. A sensitive conscience such as he ought to possess who presumes to exercise the function of directing the consciences of others, would be more uneasy under the false imputation of knowledge than of ignorance. The Socrates of Plato, in his *Apology*, is made to complain that superhuman wisdom has been ascribed to him; and that his character has thereby been taken away. He considered it necessary to protest against the imputed merit, and would have esteemed the assumption of it by himself a crime. Let me commend to your notice the rule of Descartes—the first of the code which he composed for the guidance of his own mind—"Never to receive anything for truth which I do not clearly know to be true; that is, carefully to avoid haste and prejudice, and to include in my judgment nothing which does not present itself so clearly and distinctly to my mind as to take away all occasion of doubt." If any considerable number of men could be induced to walk by this rule, how blessed

Rule of Descartes.

XVII.

a calm would descend upon many places now filled with noise and confusion! How many of our intellectual battlefields would be left with "their lances unlifted, their trumpets unblown," ready for the ploughshare of profitable industry; how much speech which can be hardly called even silver, would be hushed in a happy and golden silence!

University education of women.

I cannot close this address without adverting to a subject which has attracted much attention, especially in this place—the University education of women. Few of us, I believe, will be disposed to deny that the thanks of society are due to the learned persons who have sought to extend to women the higher cultivation which has, till lately, been monopolised by men. For a good many years of his life every man has been under the exclusive care of women, dependent, in all things, no less on their good sense and enlightenment than on their affection and kindness, and probably exposed to more danger by their ignorance than by any other fault which has been detected in woman by the keen sagacity of man. I can see no surer way of improving the intelligence of boys and girls than by improving the intelligence of their mothers and other women who are to watch over their most pliant and impressible years. I am therefore for teaching women everything that they desire to learn; for opening to them the doors of the highest

Women's influence on men.

Favourable to their education.

XVII.

Women entitled to education.

oral instruction as wide as the doors of book learning. It seems to me that they are entitled to this instruction by the great things they have done without it, by the distinctions which, even in countries where universities are shut against them, they have obtained in almost every field of intellectual enterprise. If we can suppose that such exclusion from the higher places of education had weighed from time immemorial upon some given order of men, say men with red hair, it is open to question whether the Rufi of the world would have held their own, so well as women have done, in the battle of life.

Medical education of women.

Some opinions favourable.

With regard to medical education, upon which our minds have been chiefly exercised, there is probably more difference of opinion than upon the general question. Some of you are perhaps ready to agree with me in what I have now said, and yet would say, "Teach women anything and everything else, but don't let them meddle with things medical and surgical." Now, on this question I have a fair right to say that the members of this University Court are, or were a few weeks ago, amongst the best-informed persons in the world. We had the advantage of hearing, on the appeal of the female students against a recent decision of the Senatus, six speeches from six eminent professors, three on a side, quite exhaustive on the subject, but so briefly reported in the newspapers that those who were

Appeal from female students.

XVII.

Arguments against.

Answer.

not present have but a very imperfect idea of the eloquence, learning and humour with which the subject was handled. The chief arguments against the medical instruction of women were these two—that it has not hitherto been the custom to give it; and that for a very large number, perhaps a majority, of women, the medical profession would be an unsuitable calling. In the second of these arguments, I believe, there is so much of truth as will account for the custom which the first alleges. The argument arising from custom may, I think, be met by another custom of no less venerable antiquity. From the earliest times woman has been the presiding genius of the sick-room, often the sole medical attendant, always the physician's first lieutenant. I have never heard of the time or place in which, at those seasons, "when anguish wrings the brow," it was the custom to conduct to the door the being whom the poet apostrophises as the "ministering angel," and bolt it against her until the knife or the drug had had their will of the patient. So long as it is probable that women will continue to minister to their sick children and husbands, and to be charged with the responsibility of fulfilling the doctor's directions, I must hear some argument more convincing than I have yet heard why they are to be debarred from learning the scientific grounds of the art of which they are so

often the empirical practitioners, or the docile and intelligent instruments. But, in truth, the experience of other countries has settled the question. The medical profession is, I am informed, successfully exercised by many women, both in America and on the Continent of Europe. I was lately told of a countryman of our own undertaking a journey for the purpose of placing himself under the care of a female doctor in Italy. If I chose to mention his name it would be well known to you all as one with which practical good sense is associated no less than genius; and I am happy to be able to add that his cure justified his confidence.

While I hold these opinions, I may venture to state my impression that we are not likely, at least for a long time, to be inundated with female doctors. The number of persons who think that women ought to be admitted to the medical profession is obviously very large; the number of women seeking admission to the profession is apparently very small. It is a very significant fact that few Scotchwomen have sought it in this University.[1] There are obvious reasons why only a select few should enter so arduous a career. The force of custom will, probably for

Few female medical students.

[1] I said "*no* Scotchwoman." Miss Jex-Blake, in a letter to the *Scotsman*, 6th February, in correction of this statement, informs me that there are two Scotchwomen amongst the female medical students at Edinburgh.

XVII.

long, still further winnow these few. Female opinion—so far as I have enjoyed any means of testing it—seems hardly in favour of compelling the sons of Æsculapius to share their authority with Hygeia and her sisterhood. Of course any single testimony on such a point is worth little; and I offer mine chiefly because it conflicts with the conclusion to which I have myself come.

Women should get a degree.

Having come to this conclusion, I cannot but also desire that the female students now enrolled in this University should obtain what they ask—namely, a complete medical education crowned by a degree. It is, however, more easy to express this desire than to discover the steps by which it may be accomplished. The case of the ladies who addressed the University Court is certainly one of considerable hardship, arising out of a misunderstanding; and I am sure I speak the sentiments of all my colleagues when I say, that if we saw any feasible way of relieving them from this hardship we should gladly pursue it. "You knew," say these ladies, "that we were seeking medical instruction for the purpose of qualifying ourselves for the medical profession; you enrolled us amongst your *cives* in the usual form and subject to certain conditions; that we were eligible for degrees was not only never questioned, but by certain of your dealings with us it has been tacitly acknowledged; and we expect

Means difficult.

Their claims and arguments.

XVII.

you to fulfil the compact we conceive you to have made." I cannot but admit that the ladies have a strong case. I know there are high authorities who hold that matriculation as a *civis* or student conveys no right but the right to certain instruction. However this may be, it is certain that matriculation is the first and a necessary step to a degree; and the ladies may well have supposed that the granting of that implied the concession of the right to take all the other steps in due order. On the other hand, the female students were admitted, subject to a regulation that they were to be taught in separate classes—a regulation the fitness of which appears to be generally acknowledged. I am also credibly informed, and I believe it is not denied, that they knew beforehand that certain Professors of the Medical Faculty would not give this separate instruction. It was perhaps natural that the ladies should think that admission as students implied admission to degrees. But I cannot believe that this opinion was largely held by men versed in university affairs. The right of conferring degrees on women has, so far as I know, never been exercised or even claimed by any university in these kingdoms; and a right never exercised or claimed may, I presume, be held, for ancient institutions like our universities, to be non-existent. Is it easy to suppose that an important right like this could be

Strong case.

Matriculation and its conditions.

Custom against.

XVII.

created by the matriculation of a few female students in a single university? I confess that, for me, it is easier to suppose that the female students and their advisers have over-estimated the powers of the University or the University Court.

Demands of female students.

It is, in fact, on different and conflicting opinions about these powers that the controversy chiefly arises. The female students asked the Court to do one of three things: to authorise the appointment of special lecturers to give, in the University, qualifying lectures, in place of the professors who decline to hold separate classes for them; to ordain that the professors, so declining, shall do that which they have desired them to do; or to extend, in the case of female students, the privilege granted by the ordinance of the University Commissioners to lecturers not being professors in a university—a privilege now restricted to four of the prescribed subjects of study. The first two of these things, the University Court, using the best lights available for their guidance, hold to be beyond their powers. The third course is technically open to us. We might propose certain changes in the ordinance which regulates medical graduation, and, with the written consent of the Chancellor, submit such a proposal to the judgment of Her Majesty in Council. But to make this proposal would imply an assumption on the part of the University Court that the

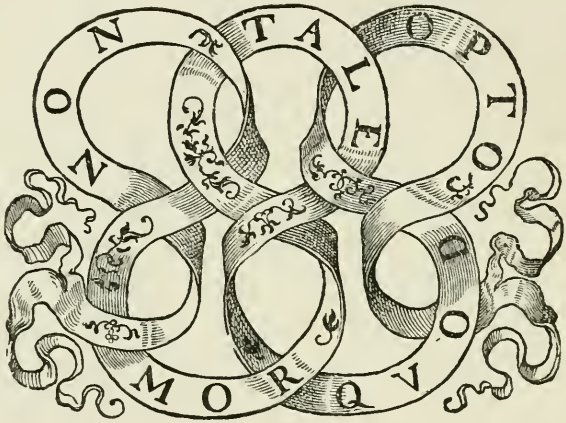
Difficulties.

XVII.

University has the right of granting degrees to women. This very important assumption the Court does not consider it proper to make. As one—I believe the only one—of its members who had the honour of serving on the University Commission, I could not assume the existence of a right which I certainly never heard of during the life of the Commission. It is not for me to say what view the Privy Council might take of the matter. But I venture to think that the question is a very large one, involving many other questions that cannot be settled without the action of Parliament. Meanwhile, as the University Court finds itself unable to meet the wishes of the female students, it has stated the fact in language which I trust is not open to any further misconception. Since entering the hall I have heard a report, which leads me to hope that a course may be suggested by which ladies may obtain some of the objects which they have in view; and I can only say that the University Court will consider any such suggestions with a strong desire that the hope may be realised.

Prize.

I have now to announce my intention of offering a prize annually, during my tenure of office, of ten guineas for the best essay on a historical subject.


NON TALE OPTIMO QVOMORE

XVIII.

CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS: GLASGOW.[1]

XVIII.

Distinguished predecessors.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATUS AND OF THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL, — The office in which your suffrages have placed me is one which has hitherto been held by some of the most distinguished of our countrymen. I am the successor of a noble Duke,[2] who, for a long series of years, enjoyed the regard of his fellow-citizens, as well as the confidence of his Sovereign. Although I had the advantage of being elected without a contest, there was mentioned in connection with the office the name of a noble Lord,[3] whose services to the State and the University have been so signal, that to have been placed even in unsuccessful competition with him would have of itself been no mean

Duke of Montrose.

[1] Address to the Senatus and General Council of the University of Glasgow. Delivered at his installation as Chancellor of the University, on the 27th April 1876.

[2] James, fourth Duke of Montrose.

[3] Lord Moncreiff.

XVIII.

Constituency.

honour. I have been elected by a constituency so large, so various, and so intelligent, that to have been the object of its choice might well have gratified the ambition of the most eminent of our public men. It is an honour which I feel to be far beyond my deserts, and for which I must endeavour in the future to evince my gratitude by a faithful discharge of such duties as the office entails, and by promoting, so far as lies in my power, the interests of a University which holds so high a place amongst the household words of Scotland.

Office formerly filled by bishops.

There is one circumstance connected with my election to which I may advert—a circumstance which will give my name the honour of marking an epoch in the *Fasti* of this institution. For more than two centuries after its foundation by James II., under the Bull of Nicholas V., Bishop Turnbull, and his successors in the see of Glasgow, considered the Chancellorship of the University an appanage of their Episcopal state, and assumed it with their mitres, without taking any special oath of office.

Marquess of Hamilton first layman, and first elected by the Senatus.

In 1642, indeed, the first layman was elected, in the person of James, Marquess of Hamilton, and the first election was made by the Senatus; but the old practice was resorted to, and remained in force till the downfall of Episcopacy. In 1672, John, Earl of Hyndford, was appointed by the Senatus, and in their hands the appointment rested until the pre-

XVIII.

Election now by General Council.

sent century, when the Act of 1859 transferred it to the General Council, itself a creation of that Act. I have therefore the honour of being the first Chancellor elected by that larger body, which I trust is destined long to exercise, in matters of still higher importance, beneficial influence on the fortunes of the University.

Changes in University and the world.

It is now thirty-nine years since my noble predecessor assumed the office to which you have elected me. These thirty-nine years have brought with them many changes for this University and the world. We were then entering on a period which looked so calm and uneventful, that men began to prophesy an era of perpetual peace, a prophecy which was immediately followed by wars eclipsing those which we had been accustomed to call great wars. France has undergone two revolutions; Italy has become a political fact as well as a geographical formula; America has had its great civil war; Germany has become a nation; the Pope has ceased to be a temporal prince. Glasgow has enjoyed, in full measure, the peace and prosperity which enthusiasts prophesied for the whole world. In the thirty-nine years of which I speak, it has nearly doubled its area and population, and has much more than doubled its industry and its wealth. It has stretched its arms to the river, and its branches to the sea, gathering into its ever-widening embrace nearly

France.

Italy.

America.

Germany.

Glasgow.

XVIII.

Modern progress.

eight-tenths of the whole trade of Scotland. Railways have connected it with all parts of the United Kingdom, telegraphs, with all parts of the earth. A daily press of conspicuous ability chronicles its history, and watches over its immense interests. The University has grown with the growth of the fishing village within the bounds of the royal burgh of Rutherglen, which was its cradle. The years which have elapsed since 1837 have been, perhaps, the most changeful and eventful of all its long life.

University losses.

I believe the Senatus does not to-day contain a single survivor of the Senatus who chose my predecessor. The University, therefore, has had to mourn from time to time the loss of very eminent men, but their places have been well supplied. Of such organic changes as these years have wrought, all have been in the direction of increased strength and well-being, higher dignity, and wider usefulness.

Senatus: its past and present constitution.

The Senatus of 1837 consisted of a Principal and nineteen Professors; the Senatus of 1876 consists of twenty-eight persons, the added Chairs implying new branches of study, and some of them very close and important connection with the practical business of this great community.

Religious tests abolished.

Those religious tests which so long either narrowed the choice of teachers, or imposed upon some of those teachers the temptation of taking them in some non-natural sense—tests against which only one of the University Com-

XVIII.

missioners of 1831 raised his voice—have been swept away by the action of healthy public opinion and the Act of 1853. In 1837, your students were 1,033, in 1876, they are nearly 1,585. The Universities Act of 1858 reorganised the affairs of the University, remodelled its government, and, recalling from their various walks of busy life the graduates and former students, formed them into a General Council, to bear an intelligent and appreciable share in the life of the great national institutions where their youthful minds had been trained, and which offered the like training to their children. Upon the General Councils of our four Universities, thus constituted, the Representation of the People Act of 1868 conferred the Parliamentary franchise, erecting them into two constituent bodies, always, I hope, to be distinguished, as now, by the character and abilities of their representatives, and by the generous confidence reposed in them by their electors. The local habitation of this University has been changed from the venerable buildings of the Commonwealth, in one of the busiest and least attractive quarters of the city, buildings which it had far outgrown, to this new and splendid home, on the airy heights of a western hill, with space and quiet and sunshine, which, it is to be hoped, will, for some generations, remain uninvaded and unobscured.

Growth and government of University.

Parliamentary franchise conferred.

Change of position.

XVIII.

The old College and its recent fate.

The Alcalá.

Its rise and splendour.

Now desolate and deserted, while Glasgow flourishes.

I well remember my first visit to the old College of Glasgow after it had passed into the hands of the railway company, and the contrast which its aspect and its fate presented to those of the only other deserted University seat I had seen, the University of Alcalá de Henares, in Castile. That once famous seat of learning was planted, by Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros, on a tributary of the Tagus, about sixty years after Bishop Turnbull had placed his modest institution on a tributary of the Clyde. The wealth of the see of Toledo enabled the Spanish Cardinal, in a very few years, to eclipse the efforts of a series of northern prelates. Within five years after the foundation of Alcalá, the Complutensian Polyglot, a typographical monument rarely equalled and never surpassed, had issued from its press. College after college, in the sumptuous architecture of the Revival, rose around the original college of the Cardinal; and, long ere the close of the sixteenth century, Alcalá rivalled Bologna and Salamanca and Oxford in its splendid appliances for study. The Glasgow of the reign of Mary was a very humble seminary compared with the Alcalá of the reign of Philip. But, in the deserted colleges of the Alcalá of Isabella the Second, I saw nothing but decay and desolation, I heard nothing but the bleat of sheep, or the voice of the drill-sergeant superintending the goose-step; whereas the College which

XVIII.

you left in the reign of Victoria was still fulfilling the intentions of its founders by opening its venerable portals to new throngs and modern activities. Alcalá, with its vast and impressive ruins, is one of the most melancholy spots in Europe; speaking, as it does, of the decline and fall of a nation that was once great. The lands of your Pædagogy, in their new aspect, tell only of energy and hope, and of the progress of that culture which was begun in 1450, and which has made Glasgow and Scotland flourish.

Present buildings incomplete.

While we may rejoice in all the changes which the last thirty-nine years have brought to this University, we must regret that the construction and embellishment of your new home is still incomplete. We must hope that the causes which have led to the suspension of these fine buildings may be only temporary. Amongst the advantages over Glasgow which Alcalá once enjoyed was that its first college was the work of one Master Gumiel, an architect who was called El Honrado, The Honoured, because he was never known, in any building, to have exceeded the estimates. If this legend be true, I suspect he was never exposed to the sudden rise in prices which disturbed the calculations of Sir Gilbert Scott.

Thought by some too ambitious.

I know that it has been said that those who were responsible for the adoption of your plans were somewhat too ambitious, that they should

XVIII.

But provided for future.

Worthy of stately architecture.

A University should be artistic.

have cut their coat in better accordance with their cloth, and generally conformed more closely to the advice of many excellent saws. But it must be remembered that they were building not merely for the present, but they had to provide, by the experience of the past, for the enlarging needs of the future. They relied to no inconsiderable extent on the liberality of the future, and I hope and believe that the event will justify their reliance. If stately and sumptuous architecture be ever appropriate to an important public building, where could it be more properly displayed than in a University set on a hill overlooking one of the richest cities in the world? Much may be said for economy and plainness in hospitals and barracks and prisons, because these buildings, however essential to great communities, have their origin in the infirmities and faults and vices of man. But a University, founded as it is for the development of his higher capacities and noblest aspirations, deserves and demands all that art can do for it. When we consider the influence of outward circumstances on the heart and character of youth, it will be admitted that it is wise to invest our seats of learning with all that we can command of comeliness and grace. This thought has been in the mind of almost all those who have striven, by providing for the diffusion of knowledge, to leave the world somewhat better than they found

XVIII.

it. Out of it arose the groves and porticoes of the Athenian Academe, the cloisters and plane-trees and fountains of many an Oriental shrine, the splendours of many an abbey, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the sumptuous buildings and fair domains of our English Schools and Universities. English literature is full of evidence that those who sought to embody this thought in brick and stone and shady gardens, have not wasted their substance in a vain show, but have added a charm to the intellectual life of the nation. Some of the noblest lines in *Il Penseroso* seem inspired by recollections of Cambridge and its matchless chapel of the Tudor kings; and the first ode of another great poet was certainly evoked by the "distant spires and antique towers of Eton." I cannot doubt that those who have endeavoured in a ruder climate, and under conditions less favourable, to invest and surround this University with the beauties of art and nature, will, now and in after times, be approved by their countrymen, and that which they have begun will be finished in a manner worthy of its ancient fame and of the great community of Glasgow. One doubt, however, I will venture to express: whether, supposing the buildings complete, and completed by the effort of a single generation, we should have excelled the effort and exceeded the liberality of our forefathers. Let us conceive the University standing finished in all its

Athenian.

European.

English.

Cambridge.

Eton.

Ancient liberality

XVIII.

fair proportions, with its sky-piercing tower, its stately hall and all its adjuncts, as designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and let us then compare the cost, stated in any six figures you please, with the wealth of modern Glasgow, stated within the strictest limits of probability. Would the two sums bear a proportion to each other greater or less than the 40,000 merks, the cost of the old College, bore to the resources of that newly created royal burgh lying on the slope below its Cathedral, with its townsmen dealing in the salmon of the Clyde and the cloth of a few looms; before the soap manufacture was thought of, before tobacco lords or cotton lords were born, with the coal-fields of Clydesdale scarcely scratched, and the ironstone lying undisturbed in the moorlands of Shotts and Gartsherrie?

compared with present.

It must be remembered that the resources, slender as they are, of this University, are crippled, not only by the debt remaining on the buildings, but also by part of the property of which it is the possessor. In the rare and curious library, the pictures, the coins, and other collections of Dr. William Hunter, forming the Hunterian Museum, the University possesses no mean store of what may be called the trophies and luxuries of learning. The authorities of the University have ever shown an earnest desire to make these possessions useful and accessible to the public. But to lodge and exhibit them in a manner worthy

Hunterian collection.

XVIII.

of these new buildings will require no inconsiderable thought and outlay. This outlay will far exceed the slender endowment attached to the Museum. From want of funds, and from the necessity of safe custody, the coins have hitherto been, perforce, kept under conditions which render them practically useless. The idea of parting with this remarkable collection, which cost Dr. Hunter upwards of £20,000, has therefore occasionally occurred to the University authorities, and it was not discouraged by the last Universities Commission. In the absence of other resource, I do not see that the authorities have much option in the matter. They may say, "We must choose between a heritage we are loath to alienate and duties which we are bound to perform." I cannot believe that this city will permit them to be reduced to this alternative, or that Glasgow would hear, without a feeling of shame, of the spoiling of the Hunterian Museum. When other towns are rearing museums and filling them with the monuments of literature and art which are the grace and glory of wealthy communities, it is quite incredible that Glasgow should prove itself an aggregate of Gallios caring for none of these things, and unconcernedly letting them go.

Proposal to sell it.

Glasgow cannot permit it.

I have ventured to address the General Council at some length on these topics, because I feel that it is of the utmost importance to the University

XVIII.

that its financial condition should be improved, and that its slender endowments should be wholly available for carrying on the current work of the society. We may regret that the institution is not more amply provided with this world's goods, and that the thirteen acres of land at the Broomielaw, which were feued a century ago at about six guineas an acre, are not still at the disposal of the College factor. On the other hand, there are advantages arising from the fact that the University is not a wealthy corporation, independent of the outer world and the affection of its former students. Under the influence of this kind of prosperity, other learned corporations have sunk into torpor and decay. Here your Professors have every motive which usually influences human action to maintain the fame of the institution which had been taught by Burnet and Simson and Adam Smith, and which protected the press of Foulis and the discoveries and inventions of Watt. In some respects, it is a good thing that the University should depend for its place in the world, on the success of its teaching, and on the gratitude of those whom it has taught. It is an equal benefit to those whom the University has equipped for the pursuits of life, that they should feel the obligations which still bind them to the University. To strengthen and continue this feeling was one of the main objects

Advantages of poverty.

XVIII.

for which General Councils were established. It is a feeling which can hardly fail to prolong, in many minds, the effects of early culture, and to secure to our seats of learning the advantage of intimate relations with active life. I think I may say, from my own observation, that, so far, the experiment has been successful; and that the mere attendance at the half-yearly meetings of these Councils by no means indicates the increased interest with which old collegians now regard the work and the fortunes of our Universities. The attendance on the General Council of Glasgow has, I believe, been exceptionally good; and I may therefore hope that my remarks may have fallen on ears exceptionally ready to receive them. I hope I may be pardoned for adding that, in my opinion, it is upon home resources we must rely for funds to meet the exigencies of our case. Some claims for Government aid the University may prefer with fair hope of success, unless the Treasury, with our Lord Rector at its head, is prepared to withhold from Glasgow assistance which is not withheld from sister institutions in Scotland. But the Treasury is exposed to so many various claims, that it sometimes seems to avoid the difficulty of distinguishing between the good and the bad, by saying No to all; and the late Budget hardly leaves room to hope for unusual generosity. At

New governing body successful.

Hopes of Government aid slender.

XVIII.

the present moment, it is more than probable that any claim, by any of our Universities, would be referred for consideration of the forthcoming Commission.

Secondary education.

From the affairs of this University, I will now ask you to turn to a subject which is a subject of importance to all of our Universities,—the state and prospects of the secondary education in Scotland. In its zeal for the universal diffusion of primary education, the Education Act of 1872 appears in some degree to have lost sight of the interests of a higher and more generous culture. That Act said to the country, "The time has now arrived when gross ignorance must be extirpated from the land." But in rooting out a noxious weed, legislation has incurred the risk of also treading down some valuable and somewhat tender plants. The A B C is sown broad-cast, and the Latin grammar begins to vanish. Amongst our poor it will every year become more difficult for the stupidest child of the most careless parent to remain wholly ignorant of the one, and for the cleverest child of the most anxious parent to obtain a competent knowledge of the other. A dreary monotony of education will be the rule over the whole of Scotland, with the exception perhaps of those northern counties where the beneficent action of the Dick and Milne bequests, like that of the Gulf Stream on our western

Effects of Education Act of 1872.

Monotony.

XVIII.

shores, may maintain for a while in their schools a more genial atmosphere and a richer vegetation. But even in these counties the depressing influence of the Act is already felt. I will not waste your time in proving what every recent writer on the subject admits and deplores; but those who may demand proofs will find them admirably marshalled in Professor Ramsay's article, in the April number of *Fraser's Magazine*.[1] I will also assume that we are all agreed in desiring, not only to make something of the very worst of our children, but also to make the most of our best; and that we are no less concerned to maintain the quality of higher education than to promote the diffusion of the elements of knowledge.

Depressing.

Of the various remedies which have been proposed to stay the deterioration and extinction of the higher education in our public schools, one of the simplest and most efficacious is to restore their former and natural connection with our national Universities. In times still recent nearly every parochial schoolmaster had enjoyed the benefit of a College educa-

Remedies.

[1] See also the able article on *Secondary Education in Scotland* in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1876; Prof. Sellar's *Art Faculties in the Scottish Universities*, Edinburgh, 1873; A. C. Sellar's *Higher Education in Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1875; Macdonald's *Higher Aims of Education*, Edinburgh, 1875; Rev. J. Stark's *Suggestions as to the Amendment of Education in Scotland*, 1875; Murison *On the Province of Secondary Education*, Aberdeen, 1876; Prof. S. S. Laurie's *Inaugural Address on entering on the Chair of Education*, Edinburgh, 1876.

XVIII.

University education of teachers discouraged, but desirable.

tion. Now every inducement which Codes can offer is held out to the members of the teaching profession to content themselves with the narrower training of a Normal School. If a University degree, coupled with a sufficient knowledge of the art of teaching, were made the qualification for a certificate, the schoolmasters of Scotland would soon again stand on the vantage-ground occupied by their predecessors.

Higher class schools required.

It has also been suggested that public schools of a higher class should be established in fitting centres of population, so that higher culture at a moderate cost might be within the reach of all those who were capable of receiving it with advantage.

Bursaries.

Bursaries should be instituted, to be competed for by the best scholars of either sex, in certain groups of public schools, and to enable the successful competitors to pursue more advanced studies, either in these schools or in schools of a higher grade.

Revision of Code.

The existing Code should be so revised as to allow schoolmasters to derive some pecuniary benefit from the success of their leading pupils. A plan has been proposed, in a quarter deserving of much respect, that the standards of the Code should be revised and extended, so that higher instruction might be obtained at all, or at least at many, of the public schools. Many other schemes have been proposed, which time forbids me even to notice. Amongst

XVIII.

University entrance examinations.

them, however, few are of more importance than the proposal to institute entrance examinations in our Universities, and so raise the standard of instruction in the schools which furnish them with students. Introduced gradually, and with due regard to the present condition of the schools concerned, there can be little doubt that those examinations would benefit both the schools and the Universities.[1]

The question how Scotland is to recover educational advantages which she once possessed and prized, and now appears in danger of losing, is a grave and anxious one. But its solution ought to be greatly aided by the fact that there is a wide district of country (namely, those counties where the Milne and Dick bequests prevail), of which the recent educational position may serve as a model for the guidance of future action.

Cost of improvement must be provided voluntarily.

Another question arises: How is the cost of improving a system already very costly to be defrayed? Again I must answer, that these funds must be provided, if at all, by voluntary effort. I do not see how they can be looked for either from the public purse, or from the ratepayer, who has already borne very considerable and unexpected burdens with laudable equanimity. Possibly a time may come when the ratepayer may be disposed to exercise the

[1] See Professor Ramsay's *Statement on Entrance Examinations*, Glasgow, 1876; and Hutchison's *Secondary Education*, Glasgow, 1875.

XVIII.

Endowed Schools Commission.

Existing endowments.

Glasgow endowments.

powers given him by the Education Act to tax himself for higher education, but that time is not yet. The most hopeful source of educational improvements as yet discoverable is that pointed out by the late Endowed Schools Commission,—the vast mass of educational endowment provided by our forefathers, and of which so large a portion is either misemployed, or employed for purposes embraced by recent legislation, or not employed at all. The educational endowments of Scotland, exclusive of University endowments, amount to £175,000 a year, and, of this, less than £4,000 goes to public secondary schools. Upwards of £170,000 may therefore be assumed to be annually spent mainly in the reduction of rates in a few favoured localities. In this city there are bequests for educational objects amounting in all to some £100,000, which have, as yet, never been applied to any object whatever. With these large funds, thus employed or lying idle, it seems the duty of the Government to deal. Until they are dealt with, I should say that our members of Parliament would not be doing their duty if they were to consent to any fresh application of imperial funds or of local rates to educational purposes.

England has its School Commission,[1] empowered

[1] Now a department of the Charity Commission.

XVIII.

Suggestions for Scotch Commission.

to deal with endowments, subject to the control of Parliament. It is working well, and a similar Commission would find plenty of work here, and I see no reason why it should not do it with equal success.[1] The capital sum under the care of the English Commission is of course actually much larger than the amount of our endowments here, but when compared with the resources of England, it is considerably less. Probably the Scotch Commission need only be appointed for a term of years, and its duties might afterwards be transferred to some other public board, or vested in the Court of Session. The persons intrusted with these important executive functions would of course be directed by the Legislature, as well as naturally disposed, to exercise them with due regard to the intentions of the donors with whose bequests they would have to deal.

Public bequests public property.

It is now generally admitted that property bequeathed for a public object is, in fact, public property, and that no public property is more liable to mismanagement and waste than that which is administered by irresponsible trustees. A volume might be filled with instances of the abuse of trusts, arising much more frequently from want of care than from want of honesty. One of the latest I

[1] ["The Educational Endowments (Scotland) Act," since passed, appointed Commissioners who have done much work in the directions above indicated.]

XVIII.

have noticed was in the newspapers of the 15th of this month. Under an ancient will twenty-one sixpences are annually distributed in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield to as many poor old widows. The money, it seems, is dropped on the ground, and the candidates who are too stiff to pick it up must leave it to their suppler sisters. This pitiful version of *She Stoops to Conquer* was enacted in Smithfield no later than last Good Friday. I believe charitable and educational absurdities of a like kind are in vigorous existence near home. To allow them to continue to exist is not only not to respect, but in most cases it is to disregard, the intentions of the benevolent dead. In cases where a trust has been fulfilled to the letter, and yet has grown into a folly or a nuisance, it is almost certain that the evil arises from changes of time and place, the force of which would have been at once acknowledged by the testator had he survived. To maintain a contrary opinion is to assert that a man who, living in 1576 or 1676, was wise above his fellows, and quick to perceive and anxious to relieve their wants, would, if he were alive in 1876, be beyond other men stupid and blind to the signs of the times. Large and important branches of human affairs—poor relief, public health, elementary education—which, formerly untouched, or scarcely touched, by the State, exer-

Ought to be managed on modern principles.

Other matters managed by the State.

cised the minds or wrung the hearts of the benevolent, have now been taken by the State into its own hands, to be administered by public servants at the public charge. In these matters, private benevolence has almost ceased to be needed, and, if rashly administered, may become positively injurious; and it seems to me that the State has a perfect right to say that henceforward it must be administered in conformity with existing public arrangements. XVIII.

I attach little weight to the argument that if the State interferes with the administration of private foundations we shall have no more founders. There are unfortunately many motives which lead to so-called pious bequests, and which are neither by any means pious, nor likely to cease to influence will-makers. One forlorn testator within my knowledge made a will in favour of the Bank of Scotland, a commercial corporation admirable in many ways, but hardly to be esteemed a fair object for charitable endowment. People who make bequests of this kind deserve little consideration, and if such bequests could be reviewed by competent authority, I do not see how public interests would suffer. But it is only fair to credit the benevolent founder with a little common sense, as well as with benevolence. A man of sense, looking around him for some useful public work to which to devote his fortune, is likely to be diverted from that object much more by Objections.

XVIII.

despair, induced by experience of the fate of trusts and the pranks of trustees, than by dread of the interference of the State. He sees other foundations, with fine names, minished and brought low by mismanagement, or grown fat and lodged in palaces, and yet demoralising their localities; and he pauses and says—

"Vain are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built,"

and so, leaving his plans for the regeneration of Glenmutchkin, he turns, with a sigh, to reconsider the claims and the character of his scapegrace nephew, and concludes to give that young man another lecture and another chance. The nephew, I believe, would be in much greater danger of losing the inheritance if the uncle were told that a court was constituted which would keep an eye on his trustees, see that they did their duty, and aid them in providing in the future against such contingencies as might turn his good intentions into a curse to people yet unborn, and make his endowment, in a moral as well as a legal sense, his mortification.

Conclusion.

I am glad to say that these are the views of many of the able and much-occupied men from whose ranks trustees in this country are commonly chosen, and with whom I have conversed. Experience has taught them the difficulty that often attends the

fulfilment of even clear testamentary instructions, and the assistance that individual trusts might derive from the counsels of a tribunal equipped with a wide and comprehensive knowledge of this branch of affairs. The more maturely the subject is considered, the more favourably I think these views will be received. It seems to me that they are worthy of especial consideration at the present time, and it is for that reason that I have ventured to address them to the Senate and the General Council of this University, who collectively form the trustees of one of our greatest and most venerable educational trusts, and count for much in forming the public opinion of Scotland.

Again, Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen, let me thank you for the distinguished honour which your suffrages conferred upon me last year, and for the kindness with which I have been this day received amongst you.

Univ. of California

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Title, Dedication, and Contents, 3 leaves, and pp. 51.
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Dedication: As a parting token, | we | dedicate these poems | to | our friends in the University, | who are willing | "Gently to hear, kindly to judge."
The volume is the joint production of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and the Right Hon. Alexander Beresford-Hope.
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Pp. 70, printed in black, with headings, rules, and initials in red.
Contains 10 poems.

I. The Wiving of Isaac.
II. Jael.
III. Jephthah's Vow.
IV. Rizpah the Concubine.
V. The Lament of Solomon.
VI. The Burden of Tyre.
VII. Shallum.
VIII. The Assyrian.
IX. The Valley of Bones.
X. Judith.

"They are memorials of the pleasant months in 1842, when the writer 'took to himself his curtains, his vessels, and his camels,' and became 'a dweller in tents, by the Red Sea, and in the deserts of Sinai and Seir, when he rode over the plains of Jericho and climbed to cedars of Solomon—the trees of Eden, the choice and best of Lebanon'—and spent many a tranquil evening in the cloisters

of the Holy Land, especially with those worthy friars whose hospitable palace crowns the brow, and is the chief 'excellency' of Carmel" (from *Prefatory Note*, dated Christmas 1845).

8vo.

Not published: only forty copies printed.

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Title, Contents (2 pp.), and 15 leaves, each bearing a woodcut.

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12mo.

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Pp. 33, including Title and Contents.

Contains 11 poems.

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Twenty-five extra copies on large thick paper, printed with proof impressions of the plates on India paper, rules and initial letters in red, and two additional plates, being the Dedication and the Virgin and Child, facing p. 795, and with also one ornamented leaf before Title-page, and extra engraved and printed Title-page without vol. number.

Reviewed Quarterly Review, Vol. 83, No. 165, pp. 1–37, June 1848.
Fraser's Magazine, Vol. 38, No. 225, pp. 300–308, Sept. 1848.

SONGS OF THE HOLY LAND. *London* (John Ollivier), 1848.

Title, Preface, and Contents, 3 leaves, and pp. 124.

Contains the 21 poems printed in the first and second series, and three additional pieces.

X. The Forsaken Vine.
XVI. The Lament of Jeremiah.
XXIII. The Restoring of Sion.

Preface dated London, January 15th, 1848.

Sm. 4to.

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A COLLECTION OF BOOKS RELATING TO THE ART OF DESIGN, being a Catalogue of those at Keir. *London*, 1850.

(Motto)—*Qui ubique est, nusquam est.*

Pp. v. and 64.

8vo.

Twenty-five copies privately printed.

The copy at Keir has, bound in at end, 7 leaves of bookbinders' stamps used on the books.

THE LIFE OF DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y VELAZQUEZ, Painter to Philip IV., King of Spain. By Richard Ford. London, 1837. Reprinted by the Anastatic Process. *London*, 1851.

Title, 1 leaf and pp. 11.

8vo.

Twenty-five copies, reprinted from the *Penny Cyclopædia.*

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. *London*, 1851.

(Part I.) *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. 43, No. 256, pp. 367–380, April.
(Part. II.) Do. Do. No. 257, pp. 528–545, May.

8vo.

LEMMATA PROVERBIALIA. *Londini*, 1851.

Title and 12 leaves. Printed in red.

4to.

Only ten copies printed, nine on paper and one on vellum.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. *London*, 1852.

Pp. xxvii., Errata, and 271.
Sm. 8vo.
Preface dated Keir, 31st May 1852.
Dedication: To | Richard Ford, | in token of admiration of his writings, and as a memorial of friendship, this work is | inscribed.
Reviewed Quarterly Review, vol. 92, No. 183, Art. V., pp. 107–36, December 1852 (by Richard Ford).
Translation: Das Klosterleben Kaiser Karls des Fünften. Von William Stirling, aus dem Englischen von M. B. Lindau. Pp. xiv., Contents, and 319. 8vo. Dresden, 1853.
Printed in Roman type throughout.
Second edition, probably from 3rd English edition. Dresden, 1858.
A few large paper copies printed, roy. 8vo.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. Second edition. *London*, 1853.

Pp. xxvii. and 293.
Sm. 8vo.
Postscript for a second edition, dated 128 Park St., Grosvenor Square, December 21st, 2852 (*sic*), in which the author states that he has bestowed on its pages a careful revision, as well as some new matter.
Reprinted in America, and published by Crosby, Nichols, & Co., Boston, and Charles S. Francis & Co., New York, 1853.
Pp. xxv. and 322.
12mo.
Translation: Das Klosterleben Kaiser Karls des fünften, aus dem Englischen des William Stirling, von Dr. A. Kaiser. Leipzig, 1853.
Pp. xxx. and 334, and one page of errata at end.
12mo.
With addition on pp. xxix. and xxx. of *Nachschrift des Uebersetzers.*
In German type throughout.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. Third edition, enlarged and corrected (with an index). *London*, 1853.

Pp. xxx. and 342.
Sm. 8vo.
Twelve extra copies printed for presents, on thick tinted paper, each with eighteen photographic plates, and list of illustrations

Postscript for a third edition, dated 128 Park St., Grosvenor Square, London, June 25th, 1853.

Translation: Afstand, Kloosterleven en Dood van Karel V. naar Stirling, Mignet en Pichot, door J. L. Terwen. Utrecht, 1854.

Pp. xii. and 346.

8vo.

Voorrede, dated Gouda, September 1854.

SCOTTISH EDUCATION. Speech on the Second Reading of the Lord Advocate's Bill, for making further provision for the education of the people of Scotland, in the House of Commons, on 12th May 1854, by William Stirling, of Keir, Member for Perthshire. *Perth*, 1854.

Pp. 16.

12mo.

ORIGINAL LETTER in the Autograph of Thomas James, Fellow of New College, Editor of *Philobiblon Richardi Dunelmensis, sive de Amore Librorum et Institutione Bibliothecæ*, 4to, Oxoniæ 1599. And inscribed in the copy of that work which belonged to Lord Lumley, now in the Library of the British Museum, Press mark 619, g. I. *London*, 1854.

Communicated by William Stirling to the Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society, of which 100 copies printed on laid, and 25 copies on wove paper.

Pp. 5.

Sm. 4to.

A few copies printed separately, pp. 5.

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF THE *Adagia* OF ERASMUS. By William Stirling. *London*, 1854.

Sm. 4to.

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Item 17 of Vol. I. Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society, of which 100 copies printed on laid, and 25 copies on wove paper.

A few copies printed separately. Sm. 4to, pp. 5.

THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY OF SCOTLAND. An Address to the School of Arts, at Stirling, on the opening of the Session, 1855-6. By William Stirling, of Keir, M.P. *Stirling*, 1855.

Pp. 20.

8vo.

Twelve copies printed on blue paper.
Published at the request of the audience, the proceeds of the sale to be given in aid of the Funds of the School of Arts.

VELAZQUEZ AND HIS WORKS. *London*, 1855.
With bust portrait of Velazquez, within red ornamental border, on Title-page.
Pp. xx. and 236, and Catalogue of Prints, after works of Velazquez, pp. 237–256.
Cr. 8vo.

Translations:

VELAZQUEZ UND SEINE WERKE. Von William Stirling. *Berlin* (Heinrich Schindler), 1856.
Pp. xvi. and 224.
12mo.
Note by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell:—
"This translation was made by Miss Emma Wackerhagen of Hanover, who applied, through Mr. J. W. Parker, for my permission to do so. I sent her some additions and corrections which reached her too late to be incorporated with the work. They will be found at pp. 217–224" (of her book).

VELAZQUEZ ET SES ŒUVRES. Par William Stirling. Traduit de l'Anglais. Par G. Brunet. Avec des notes et un Catalogue des Tableaux de Velazquez. Par W. Bürger. [Théodore Thoré.] *Paris*, 1865.
Pp. viii. and 295. Table 1 page, and Annexe à l'appendice, 2 leaves unnumbered.
8vo.

A FEW SPANISH PROVERBS ABOUT FRIARS. By William Stirling, Esq. *London*, 1856.
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NOTICES OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH IN 1555 AND 1556: Selected from the Despatches of Federigo Badoer, Ambassador from the Republic of Venice to the Court of Bruxelles. By William Stirling. *London*, 1856.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR AN EPITAPH. *Stirling*, 1857.

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CANTILLON'S LEGACY; When was it Paid, and who Paid it? Speech . . . in asking the above question in the House of Commons, on the 12th February 1858; with reply of Viscount Palmerston, K.G., &c. *London*, 1858.

Pp. 36.
8vo.

NAPOLEON'S BEQUEST TO CANTILLON. A Fragment of International History. *London*, 1858.

Pp. xii. and 186.
8vo.
Prefatory Note dated 128 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, 8th May 1858.

THE STIRLINGS OF KEIR AND THEIR FAMILY PAPERS. By Wm. Fraser. *Edinburgh*, 1858

Pp. lxx., 570; plates, pp. 571–598; Indexes, 599–622.
Sm. 4to.
150 copies privately printed [for (Sir) Wm. Stirling (-Maxwell, Bart.)]

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. In Memoriam. *London*, 1859.

Fraser's Magazine, vol. 59, No. 351, March 1859. [Initialed W. S.]
Pp. 378–382.
8vo.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. A Memorial Sketch. *London*, 1859.

Prefatory Note: The following sketch is reprinted, with considerable additions, from *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1859. William Stirling, 128 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, March 8th, 1859.
Pp. 24.
8vo.
Fifty copies privately printed.
Reprinted in "Storio del regno di Fillippo II." in the "Nuova Collegione di opere storiche," vol. 9, 1865, &c.

THE DESIGNS FOR THE WALLACE MONUMENT. A Letter to the Lord Advocate for Scotland, Convener of the Committee of the Wallace Monument, dated 29th January. 1859.

Pp. 10.
8vo.

THE WALLACE DESIGNS. A Letter to the Editor of the Stirling *Journal and Advertiser*, dated February 10th, 1859. *Stirling*, 1859.

Pp. 2.
4to.

THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE STIRLINGS OF KEIR AND OTHERS OF THE NAME: A Series of Designs for Dessert Plates. *Glasgow*, 1860.

Pp. 16, and 50 tinted plates of the Heraldic Bearings and Badges, printed in violet ink on thick Whatman paper, with the descriptions in duplicate mounted opposite each. The vellum copy has, in addition, duplicate plates richly hand-coloured.

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VI., pp. 59–64 . . . . . xlvii. to l.

Roy. fo.

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A COLLECTION OF BOOKS RELATING TO THE ARTS OF DESIGN, being a Catalogue of those at Keir. *London*, 1860.

Pp. 144, and 2 preliminary leaves.

8vo.

Twenty-five copies privately printed.

On back of title is a lithographic coloured print of view of the interior of the Library at Keir, 1860, from a drawing by Robert Frier.

AN ESSAY TOWARDS A COLLECTION OF BOOKS relating to Proverbs, Emblems, Apophthegms, Epitaphs, and Ana, being a Catalogue of those at Keir. *London*, 1860.

Title—with ornamental shield of Stirling arms—printed in black and red; on back thereof a coloured lithographed view of the interior of "The Library at Keir in 1860."

3 leaves, pp. vi. and 244.

Proverbs, pp. 1 to 107.

Emblems, pp. 109–160.

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Note.—Writing to Mr. J. Barclay Murdoch, 6th April 1870, Sir William stated: "The Catalogue by no means represents the present state of my Collection, which now consists of about 1200 works or editions of works."

Speech in moving the omission of Clause I. of the Appropriation of Seats Bill, for the purpose of inserting other Clauses providing Parliamentary Representation for the Universities of Scotland. Delivered in the House of Commons on the 1st of July 1861. By William Stirling, Member for Perthshire. *London*, 1861.

Pp. 28.
8vo.

Mémoire de la Cour d'Espagne sous le Règne de Charles II. (1678–1682). Par le Marquis de Villars. Edité par William Stirling, Esq., M.P. *London* (Whittingham), 1861.

Pp. 380.
8vo.
Only 100 copies published.
Dedicated and presented to the Members of the Philobiblon Society, London, by the editor.

Inaugural Address to the Students of the University of St. Andrews. Delivered on installation as Rector of the University, on the 18th January 1863. By William Stirling, of Keir, LL.D. of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, M.P. for Perthshire (from the *Perthshire Journal*, 22nd January 1863). *Perth*, 1863.

Pp. 9.
8vo.
A small number of copies printed on pink writing-paper.

Cyphers Designed for Her Royal Highness Alexandra Princess of Wales. By W. S. *Glasgow*, 1864.

Executed by Robert Brydall, under the superintendence of Charles Heath Wilson, architect, Glasgow.
Twenty copies printed.
4to.
Contains 16 designs.
Note.—The copy on vellum at Keir contains 16 designs, richly hand-coloured.

Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, MDXLVI.–MDLXXVIII. By William Stirling. London. Privately printed. 1859–1864.

Roy. 8vo.
Note.—Of this book only ten copies have been printed, each chapter separately paged. December 5, 1864.
Printed on blue and pink writing paper.

On Some Varieties of Historical Style. An Address delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh on the 3rd of November 1866, at the opening of the Session. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., M.P. for Perthshire. *Edinburgh*, 1866.

Pp. 57.
8vo.

The Pollok-Maxwell Baronetcy: Statement of the Right of William Stirling of Keir, and now of Pollok, to the Baronetcy held by his Maternal Uncle, the late Sir John Maxwell of Pollok. By William Fraser. With Illustrative Documents and the Opinions of Counsel in the case. *Edinburgh*, 1866.

Pp. viii. 38.
4to [uniform with *The Maxwells of Pollok*, by (Sir) William Fraser].
Fifty copies printed.
Note.—This is included here as having been produced under the direction of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell.

Cyphers Designed for Lady Anna Maria Stirling-Maxwell.

By 1866.

Executed by Robert Brydall, Glasgow.
Three preliminary leaves and 24 Cyphers, all hand-coloured and illuminated on vellum.
4to.

Illustrations Executed for Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, MDXLVII.–MDLXXVIII. *London*, 1867.

Pp. 15. Title, Note, and Contents.
Pp. 1–66. Initial Letters.
1–26. Typographical Ornaments.
1–24. Devices, Heraldry, Armour, and Weapons.
1–16. Shipping and Figures.
1–20. Portraits of Don John of Austria.
1–18. ,, ,, Royal Personages.
1–23. Miscellaneous Portraits.
Fifteen copies privately printed.
Roy. 8vo.

Examples of the Ornamental Heraldry of the Sixteenth Century. *London*, 1867–8.

Vol. i., pp. x. and 73. Vol. ii., pp. x. and 36 (2nd series).
Index, 4 pp.

Ornamental Title-pages and 110 pp. of illustrations executed in facsimile by Stephen Ayling from engraved and woodcut works, ornate bindings, drawings by Albert Dürer, Geoffry Tory, Burgkmair, Jobst Ammon, Stimmer, &c.

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Sopra l'Effigie de Cesare, fatta per M. Enea Vico da Parma. Dichiaratione del Doni In Venetia 1550. Facsimile. *London*, 1868.

Fifty copies printed.

Fol.

Perthshire Election, 1868: Speeches delivered by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., at Perth, October 2nd; Crieff, October 20th; and Blairgowrie, October 23rd. 1868.

Pp. 14.

8vo.

Reprint from newspaper type.

The Fall of Two Empires, 1814 and 1870. An Address to the Stirling School of Arts, published by request. *Stirling*, 1870.

Pp. 29, and 3 pp. of Opinions of the Press.

12mo.

The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Designed by Martin Heemskerck in MDLV., and now illustrated with portraits, prints, and notes. *London and Edinburgh*, 1870.

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Pp. xxxvi. and 92.

Fo.

Dedicated to the Duc D'Aumale, Patron of the Philobiblon Society of London.

Account of the Proceedings at a Public Dinner and Presentation of Plate to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., of Keir and Pollok, in the City Hall at Perth, on the 22nd of April 1870. *Perth*, 1870.

Title-page and pp. 79.

8vo.

Address to the Students of the School of Art, Edinburgh, under the Charge of the Commissioners of the Board of Manufactures. *Edinburgh*, 1870.

8vo.

[*Teste* British Museum Catalogue.]

ADDRESS ON THE CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., in proposing "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," at the festival held in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, 9th August 1871. 1871.

Published in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers of the day. Reprinted in *Pen and Pencil*, Glasgow, 6th August 1887.

CATALOGUE OF PLATE IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, BART., AT KEIR, N.B., AND X UPPER GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON. *London*, 1871.

Pp. viii., 69.
8vo.
Twenty copies printed.

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Contents.

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Notice of the Life of Andrew Vesalius and of his *Tab. Anat.*	5 & 6
Tabulæ	7–12

PREFACE [pp. vii.-xiv., dated Keir, November 6, 1872] to "A Descriptive Account of the Portraits, Busts, Published Writings, and Manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., collected and exhibited at Edin-

burgh, on the occasion of the Scott Centenary in 1871. Prepared for publication by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., David Laing, LL.D., and James Drummond, R.S.A." *Edinburgh*, 1874. 4to.

"UT PICTURA POESIS;" or, An Attempt to Explain in Verse the *Emblemata Horatiana* of Otho Vænius. Dedicated to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., who contributes Bibliographical Notice on the Works of Otho Vænius, pp. xiii.–xxxii., and Note on the Engraved Portrait of Otho Vænius, pp. xxxiii.–xxxiv. 1875.

Thirty-six copies printed, and eight copies printed on one side only, four with headlines and four without.

THE PROCESSION OF POPE CLEMENT THE SEVENTH AND THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, after the Coronation at Bologna on the 24th February MDXXX. Designed and engraved by Nicolas Hogenberg, and now reproduced in facsimile, with an Historical Introduction. *Edinburgh*, 1875.

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	62

THE ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. INTO THE CITY OF BOLOGNA on the 5th of November MDXXIX. Reproduced from a series of engravings on wood printed at Venice in MDXXX.

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ADDRESS TO THE SENATUS AND GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW. Delivered at his installation as Chancellor of the University, on the 27th April 1876. *Glasgow*, 1876.

Pp. 21.
8vo.

SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT GOING TO MOSQUE. From a Series of Engravings on Wood, published by Domenico De' Franceschi at Venice in MDLXIII. *Florence and Edinburgh*, 1877.

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ANTWERP DELIVERED IN 1577. A Passage from the History of the Troubles in the Netherlands. Illustrated by facsimiles of a rare series of designs by Martin de Vos, and of prints by Hogenberg, the Wierexes, &c. *London*, 1878.

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Preface, Transcription and Translation of Autograph Letter by Don John of Austria, and Register, pp. i.–xii. of Appendix	6
Facsimile of Autograph Letter by Don John of Austria, interleaving the translation, not numbered	4
Imprint	1
	43

A New Artistic Alphabet. Designed by Theodore de Bry, Frankfort-on-Main, 1595. Facsimile reproduction from a copy in the Library of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell at Keir.

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Reprinted from the *Stirling Journal and Advertiser*.
Also published in the *British Architect*, No. 34, pp. 120–1, 21st Aug. 1874.

Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547–1578. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. 2 vols. Edited by Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart.

London, 1883.

Vol. i. pp. xx., 513. Vol. ii. pp. xiv., 526.
Large 8vo.
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INDEX

A.

PAGE

AIKMAN, WILLIAM, painter . . 124
Alcalá de Henares, University of . 442
Alciati, Dr. 202
Alcocer, Fray F. de . . . 253
Amory, Susan . . . 59, 89
Ancient languages . . . 411
Ancient Scottish seals . . . 215
Arnold, Dr. 417
Austria, Don John of . . 322, 323

B.

BANCROFT, GEORGE . . . 83
Bembo, Cardinal 197
Bodleian Library 416
Bonaparte, Napoleon . . . 338
Books 264
Brodie, Sir Benjamin . . . 268
Bull-fights 235
  Their antiquity 246
  First recorded fight . . . 249
  The Church averse to . . 252
Burton, Sir Richard F., his *Book of Proverbial Philosophy* 41, 49
Burton, Robert 416
Buxton, Sir Fowell . . . 247

C.

CASTIGLIONE 197
Charles Edward, Prince 127, 128, 163
Chulos 241
Cisneros, Cardinal Ximenes de . 442
Classical learning 411
Cooper, Richard, engraver . . 122
  Strange apprenticed to him . 124
Cortes, Hernando 281
  His conquest of Mexico . 281–284
  His companions 287
  His character 292
Covenanters, as treated by Sir Walter Scott 391

D.

DENNISTOUN, JAMES . . 119, 165
  Sketch of his life . . 165–169
  His works 168
  His *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino* 171–200
Descamps, Strange studies under . 134
De Thou, Jacques Auguste 330–335, 419
  His *History of European Affairs* 330–335
Devises and mottoes . . 201–214
De Witt, painter 123
Diaz del Castillo, Bernal . 279–298
  His style and knowledge . . 284
Duplessis, Mons., his Bibliography of Proverbs 4

E.

EDGEWORTH, MARIA, her book-markers 96

PAGE

Edinburgh, Philosophical Institution of 277
Edinburgh University, Rectorial Address at 407
England, friendship of Napoleon III. for 369
Erasmus, his *Adagia* . . 42, 51
The extreme rarity of the first edition 51
Copy of title-page . . . 52

F.

Fall of two Empires . . . 337
Ferguson, David, his collection of Proverbs 14
Ford, Francis Clare . . 110, 117
Ford, Richard 101–110, 111–117, 235
His ancestry . . . 101, 111
His travels in Spain . . 102, 112
His famous work, the *Handbook for Spain* . . . 104, 113
His style 107
His knowledge of art. . . 107
His social characteristics . . 109
His death 110
Freeman, E. A. 424

G.

Glasgow, city of 439
Glasgow University, Chancellor's Address 437
Gomara, Lopez de. 281
Grote, George 421

H.

Hallam, Henry 278
Henderson, Andrew, his collection of Proverbs 14
Hickling, Catherine . . . 57
Historical style, on some varieties of 277
Horses at bull-fights . . . 240
Howell, James, his *Proverbs* (1659) 9
Hunterian Museum in Glasgow . 446

I.

PAGE

International copyright . . 72

J.

Jameson, George, the "Scottish Vandyck" 123
Jovius, Paul 208

K.

Kelly, James, his collection of Proverbs 14
Knox, John 298–320
His *History of the Reformation* 298–320
His character 305

L.

Laing, David 304
Laing, Henry . . . 215, 221
Lawrence, Abbot 71
Le Bas, J. P., engraver, Strange studies under 135
Lee, Rev. Dr. . . . 302, *note* 4
Linzee, Captain 56
Lockhart, John Gibson . . 97
His *Life of Scott* . . . 399
Lumisden, Andrew, 126, 128, 137, 160, 161
One of the secretaries of Prince Charles Edward . . . 128
Becomes Under-Secretary to the Chevalier St. George . . 161
Is made Secretary . . . 162
Continues Secretary to Charles Edward 162
Is dismissed by him . . . 164
His *Remarks on the Antiquities of Rome* 164
His death 165
Lumisden, Isabella, wife of Sir Robert Strange . . . 126
Forces her lover to become a Jacobite 128

PAGE

Marries Strange. . . . 132
Her character and capacity . 155
Her letters 155
Her Jacobitism 158

M.

MACAULAY, LORD . . . 97, 278
Macintosh, Donald, his Collection of Gaelic Proverbs . . . 14
Mariana, the historian . . . 253
Mary Queen of Scots . . . 314
Matador 243
Medina, J. B., painter . . . 123
Melville, James 304
Milburn, W. H. 74
Monmouth, Henry Carey, Earl of 321, *note* 1
Montes, the "Chulo" . . . 242
Mottoes 201, 225

N.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE . . . 338
His campaigns . . . 339–355
His abdication 355
His final fall 357
Napoleon III. . . . 357–378
The *coup-d'état* 359
Made emperor 360
His failures 363
His government. . . 366, 368
The Franco-Prussian War. 372–378
Nuñez, Comendador Hernan, his Spanish Proverbs . . 27, 37, 43

O.

OLLIVIER 368
Oxford, Bishop of 97

P.

PALMER, Sir Roundell . . . 408
Palmerston, Lord, on British art . 122
Paruta, Paolo . . . 320–330

PAGE

Peel, Sir Robert, and Mr. Prescott 69
Picadors 238
Pius IX., Pope 270
Pottery of Urbino. . . . 195
Prescott, Colonel William . . 56
Prescott, Judge William . . 57
Prescott, William Hickling . 55–84
Ticknor's *Life of Prescott* . 85–100
Price, Lake 235
Profession, choice of a . . . 267
Proverbial Philosophy of Scotland. 1
Proverbs in general . . . 4
Proverbs, Scottish 1
Spanish 37
West African 41

R.

RADOWITZ, Von J. V. . . 201, 205
Raffaelle 182, 194
Ramsay, Allan, painter . 124, 139
Ramsay, Allan, his collection of proverbs 14
Rectorial Address at St. Andrews 257
At Edinburgh 407
Rectors of universities, the office of 273
Reformation, the 305
Religion, few Scotch proverbs on . 25
Remon, Fr. Alonso . 279, *note* 1
Roa, Dr. Juan de 253
Rogers, Samuel 97
Runciman, painter . . . 124
Russell, Lord John . . . 5

S.

ST. ANDREWS, Rectorial Address at 257
St. Francis of Assisi . . . 190
Salgado, Diego 250
Santillana, Marquis of, his collection of Spanish proverbs . 29
Sanzi, Giovanni 182
Sanzi, Raffaelle, *see* Raffaelle.
Scotland, Proverbial Philosophy of 1
Scotland, influence of its early struggles as a nation on its proverbs 18

PAGE

Scott, Sir Walter . . . 383–406
Amount of his work . . . 384
As a poet 385
As a writer of prose fiction . 389
As a historian 391
His character and life . . 399
His politics 403
Scottish seals, ancient . . 215, 222
Scribe, Monsieur 70
Seals, ancient Scottish . . . 215
Biblical reference to . . . 216
Historical value of . . . 217
Earliest English . . . 219
Ecclesiastical 220
Secondary education in Scotland . 450
Selim II., Sultan 322
Snubert, painter 124
Southey 425
Spanish bull-fights . . . 235
Description of 237
Stanley, Dean 421
Stirling School of Arts . . . 1
Strange, Sir Robert . . 119–169
Strange, the family of . . . 119

T.

Tauromachia; or, Spanish Bull-Fights Illustrated . . . 235
Thiers 360
Ticknor, George 83
His *Life of Prescott* . . 85–100
Tulloch, John, D.D. . . . 267

U.

Umbrian art 191
Universities worthy of stately architecture 444

PAGE

Urbino 171
Its importance in art . . . 171
Its early history . . . 172
Federigo, Duke of . . 173–180
His martial feats . . . 175
His good government . . 176
His book-collecting . . 177
Francesco Maria I., Duke of 182–185
Francesco Maria II., Duke of 186–188
Guidobaldo I., Duke of . 180–182
Guidobaldo II., Duke of . 185–186
Literature of 196
Pottery of 195

V.

Varieties of Historical Style, on some 277
Venice, her position among European powers 325

W.

Walker, Dr., President of Harvard University . . . 83
Wax used in old seals, colour of . 230
Wilberforce, Samuel, Bishop of Oxford 97
Wishart, George 310
Women, proverbs against . . 30
University education of . . 428

X.

Ximenes de Cisneros, Cardinal . 442

Y.

Youth, importance of improving opportunities in . . 258, 260

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